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The American MERCURY

November 1925

THE PATHOLOGY OF SERVICE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

I PROPOSE herein to isolate the bacillus of Service, the itch to make the world better. Why it has never been isolated before I don't know. The disease rages, it has a myriad symptoms, from the Harrison Act, the Mann Act, and the Volstead Act, in its simpler phases, to such fabulous derivatives as the law forbidding the teaching of Evolution in Tennessee and the law compelling the finger-printing of infants in Pennsylvania. Yet little has been done to discover its essential nature. Those whom it oppresses carry on a desultory traffic in epithets; they denounce it as "fanaticism" and sneer at it as "uplift," but they add nothing to what is known about it.

Always they make a fatal mistake. They discuss it in terms of the symptoms rather than in terms of the disease. That is, confronted by a new delusion, a new movement for this or that, they accord it all the honors of a lucid idea, and seek to combat it as though it had sense in it. They discuss it seriously, with its supposed import of good or evil to the commonwealth, and its relation to the Bill of Rights. This is like calling out a posse to rope the pink elephants seen by a man down with delirium tremens. I shall fall into no such error. I shall treat all these fine schemes as having no objective validity at all; I shall regard them as a social

phantasmagoria, whirling clouds and specks in a national fever dream, and so doing, I shall try to discover what has brought them into being.

First, I should like to outline the problem. Service is peculiar to America. It is unknown in the Orient, in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Spain, in short, in most of the civilized world. It is known in England and the Scandinavian countries, but in a mild form, and in these places its presence is traceable almost in its entirety to feminist activities. As a dominant social philosophy it is the exclusive possession of ourselves. Moreover, even here, it is relatively recent. As I shall show presently, in the form we know it is hardly more than twenty-five years old. The problem, then, is to account for something which is peculiar to America and which has come into being in this, the glorious Twentieth Century.

If I am right, then all current theories about it are wrong. This is especially true of the theories put forward by the Servists themselves. Ask the average adherent of Prohibition why he believes in it, and if he does not cite the Bible, he will cite something which he calls "modern enlightenment." Society, he will tell you, as a result of the increase in its collective knowledge, has developed a new conscience, a new realization of the duty it

owes itself and its posterity. Prohibition, he will explain, has come as a result of this enlightenment. Inasmuch as human knowledge has actually increased of late, a specious plausibility goes with this argument. But it goes to pieces on inescapable rocks. Certain changes, it is true, may be ascribed to the new enlightenment. An example is the modern practice of sleeping with the windows up instead of down. Previously, night air was thought noxious; now it is thought necessary to healthful sleep. The point to be noted is that all persons not ignorant agree on it. But about Prohibition and other forms of Service there is no such agreement. One man is a dry; his neighbor is a wet. Both sleep with their windows open, but their enlightenment does not extend to Service. If Service were properly ascribable to enlightenment, it would enlist all informed persons in its ranks. But it does not, and its origin must be sought elsewhere.

If the Servist is thus unable to explain himself, his victims are in just as bad case. They have evolved various hypotheses. One of them is that Service results from the inferior man's envy of his superiors. The inferior man, it is held, by reason of his hoggish nature, cannot enjoy the principal pleasures of his superiors. Therefore, acting collectively, he prohibits all such pleasures. Another hypothesis, almost identical, is that Service results from the country dweller's envy of the city dweller. Still another is that Service, at least that part of it which is concerned with sex morality, results from the suppressed sex desires of the Servist. Still another is that Service is but a smoke screen to hide a mass scramble for government jobs. And finally, there are the hypotheses which ascribe Service to bigotry, malice, and intolerance, and let it go at that.

It needs but a glance at any of these, however, to show that they won't do. Service is not the exclusive business of the inferior man. Rather it is the other way around. It is notorious that Prohibition was foisted upon the working classes

against their wish. Service may not be the business of the very superior man, but it is the business of the comparatively superior man; the mediocrity, perhaps, but surely not the boob. Nor is it the exclusive business of the country dweller. The yokel has a few simple schemes to save the world, but all the rare and beautiful ones originate in the cities. Nor is it the exclusive business of those who hope to get jobs out of it. For one prospective jobholder in Service there are five hundred disciples who listen to the speeches, give the Chautauqua salute, and pledge \$10 each as sustaining members. As for the sex theory, and the bigotry, malice, and intolerance theories, they collapse before space and time. Sex, bigotry, malice, and intolerance are as old as man. They exist in France, but Service is unknown in France. They existed in 143 B.C., but Service was unknown in 143 B.C. Our problem is located on the American continent, roughly between the year 1900 and the year 1925. Factors must be found which operate in this particular place and this particular time.

II

These factors, I think, like the factors which produce cancer, are two: there is a general agent and a specific one. Of the specific agent, or factor, more in a moment. The general agent, I think, has its roots simply in the appetite for drama. That is, the Servist yearns to shine before his fellows and himself, to play a rôle which is heroic; unconsciously, he seeks an escape from the meanness of his everyday existence. In a superficial way this is often noted. The lustful satisfaction which he gets out of his labors, a satisfaction out of all proportion to anything they bring forth, is a matter of common comment. The trouble is, that this satisfaction is thought to be purely hedonistic. The Servist is thought to go his queer way because he gets pleasure out of it, of the same sort that other men get out of wine and music; and it has even been suggested that he

might be cured if he were provided with other simple pleasures, such as those offered by band concerts and bull fights. This is all wrong. There is hardly any pleasure, in that sense, in a Servist's day. Snooping down alleys and behind speak-easies must be far from pleasurable, and operating on amorous husbands must be downright nauseating: knights of such rococo grails are requited with a satisfaction that is far from pleasure, in any proper use of the word. It is my contention that this satisfaction is dramatic, that it has nothing to do with good and evil, pain or joy; that it is the satisfaction which a little girl gets when she dons her mother's hat and parades before company.

The chief buttresses of this theory, of course, are intangibles, not facts of record: you observe the Servist's grimaces, and you penetrate to his soul or you don't. But certain concrete facts bear on it. To begin with, there is the manner in which the Servist goes about his work. He is forever holding meetings, parades, and demonstrations, and for all these he provides badges, banners, and slogans. All this bears a suspicious resemblance to a college football game, which is also marked by badges, banners, and slogans, *i.e.*, yells, and which is so transparently an effort on the part of the many to dramatize themselves by seeking identity with the heroic few that it needs no detailed discussion. There is nothing about improving the world which calls *per se* for such tactics. Business men, launching schemes which are demonstrably beneficial, often do so with a brief notice on the company bulletin-board. When the Servist invariably uses whoops and noise, he lays himself open to the suspicion that improving the world is not his only object. He appears, to use childhood's expression, to be "showing off," to be seeking an inflation of his ego by merging himself with a great and glorious procession, one in which all participants are knights in shining white armor, and the despair and envy of those who line the sidewalks.

Next, I point out the sharp contrast between the kind of people who are Servists and those who are not. In Service, one finds bankers, druggists, grocers, superintendents of schools, proprietors of gents' furnishing stores, teachers, professors in third-rate universities, butchers, owners of Ford garages, proprietors of shoe-stores, grain and feed dealers, vendors of stationery and school supplies, ice, coal, and wood dealers, dentists, proprietors of soft-drink emporiums, agents for hygienic corsets, boarding-house keepers, insurance agents, proprietors of lunch-rooms, advertising solicitors, station agents, secretaries to associations, promoters of cemeteries and daylight mausoleums, realtors, and postmasters. Not in Service, one finds cowboys, actors, bootleggers, opera singers, prizefighters, lumbermen, head waiters, pool champions, baseball players, stick-up men, writers, newspaper men, gangsters, sculptors, soldiers, prostitutes, acrobats, and doctors. There is a middle ground on which stand people who may be Servists or may not, depending on temperamental peculiarities; I leave them out of consideration, and mention only those who, on the one hand, are almost always Servists, and those who, on the other hand, are almost always not.

Examining these two groups, one is struck by two circumstances. The first, the group which is in Service, is made up of people who lead insufferably dull lives. It is not that they are such dull people intrinsically, or that they lack brains of a sort, or that they lack money to seek pleasure, for most of them, in a petty way, are fairly well off. It is simply that as they survey their lives the tiny spark of imagination which flickers in all humankind must revolt at a drab, utterly pointless spectacle, and so it is not surprising to find them casting about for means to cast a bit of glamor over it. The second group, the group which is not in Service, is made up of people who according to their own notion lead a heroic existence. The people who are indifferent to Service, it is com-

monly thought, are infected by a liberal spirit which renders them immune. But looking over my samples, I find this hard to believe. That a liberal spirit infects an actor is surely not plausible. I think it is simply that an actor can admire himself hugely, and that in consequence he has no need of Service. Of course, *you* may not admire an actor, but be assured *he* does, and that is all that matters for the purposes of this inquiry.

If I am right so far, it would seem that a person consecrated to Service, if he were suddenly thrust into a heroic job, would become most shaky in respect to his vows, and that a person hitherto immune to Service, on quitting the original heroic job, would be extremely liable to contract the disease. And so in fact we find it. For an example of back-sliding Servists, we need go no further than Congress. It is full of up-standing Methodists, once ardent Servists, who on election to the heroic toga forsook the good, the true, and the beautiful, and became addicted to licentious practices. Representative the Rev. Mr. Upshaw, of Georgia, has made bitter complaint about the scandal, and as I write the outstanding facts about it are being entered on court records, as an incident to a congressman's divorce suit. As examples of heroic buckaroos who quit their original calling, and then went into Service, the names of John L. Sullivan, Al Jennings, the Rev. William A. Sunday, Robert Downing, and Benny Leonard come to mind at once. None of these gentlemen, so long as he followed the profession he first engaged in, was ever heard of in Service. Yet on retirement, each became a Servist in his own way, Sullivan as a temperance lecturer, Sunday and Downing as preachers, Al Jennings as a moral writer. Benny Leonard, after taking leave of the ring in an elegant valedictory, conceived the ambition of making the world healthy, and sent Heywood Broun an exerciser. There are hundreds of lesser lights who have gone the same way: a revival meeting is hardly complete without

one of them. And as a wholesale example of the process, we have only to look at our soldiers. So long as they were heroes, they were fine scoffers at Service, especially in the form it took under the red triangle; but as soon as they doffed their uniforms, they went in for Service with the most fanatical zeal, and were a menace to public order until they were finally reshackled safely to the oars.

There is much more evidence that I could adduce bearing on the impulse of the Servist, but I leave it out for lack of space. It seems to me, however, that the considerations I have touched on make a strong presupposition in favor of the dramatic hypothesis.

III

The specific factor brings me to the saddest part of my discourse. For it is my solemn and awful conclusion that Service, which rallies to its banner Fundamentalists and all other right-thinking men, was sired by these three: Darwin, Nietzsche, and Spencer, and that the greatest of these was Spencer.

Service, in so far as it has a philosophic basis, involves the idea of Progress. That is, humanity is conceived to be moving toward a goal, in accordance with God's holy law, and this goal is the millennium which should be ushered in as quickly as possible. This is a new idea in the world. Before the Twentieth Century you will find no record of it: men had advocated reforms a-plenty, for the general convenience or on theological grounds; but they had never conceived of Progress, apart from the specific steps which marked it, as an end in itself. The notion, obviously, did not arise of its own accord, and it is necessary to find something to account for it.

This will be found, I believe, in the writings of Spencer. He announced the thesis that society is itself an organism, and that it is in process of evolution exactly like a biological organism. He

showed that social groups in their lower forms are small and of simple structure; that as they develop they become larger and more complex, with a growing specialization of individual units and interdependence between them; that finally, in the big national groups, a structure is attained similar to the structure of the higher forms of animal life, with sustaining system, distributing system, and regulatory system all complete. Here is the beginning of the idea of Progress. It is only fair to Spencer, however, to absolve him from responsibility for the godly results his theory later led to. In his hands, it produced no godly results at all, but appeared to lead straight to atheism and despair. Pursuing his studies in the evolution of moral ideas, he was led to the conclusion that there can be no such thing as an absolute standard of human conduct. What is right in one society is wrong in another; what seems so conclusively in accordance with the will of God is usually quite illusory. To obey the dictates of biological instincts and appetites was about as far as he ever got in the way of a maxim for the young.¹

All this, of course, was equivalent to giving the Summum Bonum a kiss on the head with a potato masher, and indeed it has never been the same Summum Bonum since. It is small wonder that Spencer's English colleagues were loath to concede much sense to his ideas. Leslie Stephen and S. Alexander are very polite to him,² and even manage to fit evolution into their argument, but it is quite plain they had no intention of subscribing to his heresies. Huxley joined issue with him, and on his own ground, contending that if society is evolving, it is evolving in a direction opposite to the evolution of species, since the evolution of species acts to eliminate weak strains, whereas the evolution of society, with its tendency toward "hu-

mane" treatment of the unfit, acts to preserve and perpetuate these strains.³ It goes without saying that American moralists conceded him nothing, for they had apparently never heard of him at all.⁴ Down through the eighties and nineties and early nineteen hundreds they went their untroubled way, occasionally giving him space in a footnote, but preoccupied mainly with their categorical imperatives and four major virtues. Then all of a sudden, some time during the reign of the immortal Theodore, they had a great awakening. They embraced all that Spencer wrote thirty years before, they endowed it with evangelical overtones—and the philosophical basis for Service was complete. How did this come about?

As to that, I can only guess. But my guess is that it came about through the writings and speakings of Borden P. Bowne, who, during the closing years of the last century, was professor of philosophy at Boston University. Although forgotten now by the laity, Bowne enjoyed tremendous academic prestige in his day, and his influence must have been considerable. His specialty was examining the arguments as to whether there is or is not a God, and his bias was in favor of God. Writing at a time when evolution had rocked men's faith, he did much to hearten them for another try at the trail. Atheists confronted him, demanding proof of God, and he had back at them by demanding proof that there was no God. If a burden of proof lay on believers, he said, an equal burden lay on non-believers: here were phenomena which could be explained two ways, and neither side could claim exemption from logic. Having thus cleared his decks for action, he opened up his guns, and he had pretty good guns. It is absurd, he said, to hold a mechanistic view of life

¹ See "Evolution and Ethics," by Thomas H. Huxley.

² In regard to current thought in their field, the ignorance of American writers on "moral science" at this time was almost comic. See the writings of Mark Hopkins, Noah Porter, and Francis Wayland, presidents of Williams, Yale, and Brown respectively, for bizarre specimens of ignorant bumbling.

³ See "The Principles of Sociology," 1876; "The Data of Ethics," 1879; "The Principles of Ethics," 1893.

⁴ See "The Science of Ethics," by Leslie Stephen, and "Moral Order and Progress," by S. Alexander.

and the universe. Matter could not spontaneously have sprung into life, and life could not mechanically have developed into Man. We must have another conception of causation and teleology. We must get away from that theory of causation which regards the cosmos as a series of pool balls in a row, with man as the No. 1 ball in the side pocket. Rather we should regard the cosmic process as a great musical composition, wherein each part has a separate existence taken by itself, and yet fits into a planned and logical whole, and wherein all the parts move toward a pre-conceived goal. Thus he took the small orchestra of Spencer, the orchestra of the flora and fauna, and augmented it by adding an infinite number of pieces; he set planets and fixed stars to banging great instruments in the heavens, and earthquakes to rumbling down in hell. And above all, he said, it is unthinkable that all this fuss could have been set going as mere caprice; there must have been some reason for it, and this reason, this purpose, must include all of it, and all of it must be moving toward some goal worthy of it.⁵

It was a fine cacophony, and even the professors could catch a little of it. The orchestration was beyond them, but the main tune they could hear, and this they fashioned into a stave of their own.⁶ They forgot about the planets and the fixed stars, and all of Bowne's cautions about abstractions, and seized on the idea of society

⁵ See "Theism," by Bowne, a collection of his lectures.

⁶ Among books which state the theory with more or less emphasis are the following, all widely used in our colleges and universities: "The Elements of Ethics," by J. H. Muirhead; "Morals in Evolution," by L. T. Hobhouse; "The Ethics of Progress," by Charles F. Dole; "History as Past Ethics," by Philip Van Ness Myers; "Moral Values," by Walter Goodnow Everett; "The Socialized Conscience," by Joseph Herschel Coffin; "The Ethics of Evolution," by John C. Kimball; "Problems of Conduct," by Durant Drake; "Introduction to Philosophy," by George Thomas White Patrick. One or two of these writers are Englishmen, but their works are extensively used in our colleges, so I include them. A particularly malignant specimen is the Drake book. Dr. Drake actually argues, page 405, that there is merit in having more laws. There are plenty of other such books, if you have the heart to plow through them.

moving toward a goal, a moral goal. At last, they said, we have something which hooks up with Darwin, and the descent of man; with Spencer, and the evolution of conduct; with Nietzsche, and the superman, and with Holy Writ. So sing a little lay about progress, and the job is done!

This nonsense in one form or another is now poured into thousands of our college students every year. Every year a new crop of clear-eyed young men and women, fit in mind and body, all convinced that it boots not where we are going, so long as we are on our way! And the Liberal editors wonder what has come over the country!

IV

If I am right about the dramatic instinct, and right about Progress, it remains for me to show what the dramatic instinct did with itself before Evolution came along, and why other nations have remained immune to the disease which is a plague among us.

America, I take it, needs more artificial bolstering up of personal rôles than any nation on earth. We are a complete democracy. Other nations have representative government, and to that extent are political democracies, but ours is both a political democracy and a philosophic democracy. Here, men not only have the right to vote, but they have the right to consider themselves equal to all other men. And for this last right they pay a terrific price. Since in America, all men are equal, all men must justify their existence, must get ahead. In other countries, where it is impossible to move from one caste to another, men do not try to. In England, if a man is born a valet, he may remain a valet the rest of his life, and retain the respect of his master, his friends, and himself. But in America, if a man is born a valet, he must become a butler, a headwaiter, and finally a bootlegger, else he is a failure, despised of all men. Thus there is a frantic scramble to attain what is called success. But in the nature of things, all men cannot attain

success. The vast majority must play lowly rôles indeed, and the national imperative being as it is, this sets them to brooding and self-castigation. Naturally, even if they have not attained success, they seek a way to make it seem that they have, some means whereby they can induce other men to look at them with respect, envy, and maybe a little fear.

In the early days of the Republic, of course, this craving for drama was just as strong as it is now. The necessity for getting on was just as great, and the failures were just as numerous. But the despair of those days discharged itself in a great national adventure which has now come to an end. This was the adventure of winning the West. It was something which everybody could participate in, everybody could identify himself with, just as the howling freshman identifies himself with a fast half-back, just as a Servist identifies himself with a parade on Fifth avenue.

Everybody was on the move or wished he was; everybody had relatives who were going or had gone; everybody read about it in the newspapers and heard it talked at the village store. It was forever on the floor of Congress: whether to send a company of regulars to some corner of Colorado, whether to slaughter the Indians or geld them, whether to admit Missouri free or slave, what to do with Kansas and Nebraska, whether to insist on 54-40 or fight. That great region over the horizon came to be the symbol of romance and opportunity. If you have any doubts about the appeal that it carried, have a look at the names of the railroads which were built in the past century, and notice how many of them bear the expression "and Western." This was the magic shibboleth that evoked epic, mystic poetry, poetry which stirred the hearts of all the citizens of the land. But along about 1900, the adventure was over. The West was won, and the rest was faint perfume. Giving up that glamorous frontier was a wrench. Magazines continued to print "Western" stories long after the cowboy was extinct in every place

except the rodeo, and after the magazines quit, the movies carried on. But bit by bit, people realized that the big day was gone.

Now, it is easy to see that when the West no longer offered an easy way to heroism, people should have turned to something else. But why did they turn in the peculiar direction they took? Why did they embrace this philosophy of foreigners? Why didn't they go on with the philosophy of Emerson, or William James, or even Elbert Hubbard? I believe it is because this philosophy of progress was the only thing on the market which satisfied the craving to regard America as a land of destiny, a craving which had been acquired during the winning of the West. Previously, Westward Ho! had been the watchword, and since people rarely think more than one generation ahead, it never occurred to anybody that Westward Ho! would not be our destiny until the end of time. When we were brought up short by the Pacific Ocean, the spell of a destiny had become too strong to be cast off. We had to have a destiny, and the idea of progress, of doing God's will by hastening His divine plan, by bringing nearer His great millennium, and of beating all other nations in the race, held an appeal stronger than all other ideas. Thus we see why America embraced the doctrine while other nations let it alone. Other nations are not harassed by the scramble for success, the way we are, and their citizens have less need of bolstering up their rôles; other nations have rarely held the notion of destiny, so they have no need to find one for themselves. We alone have need of this philosophy, and we alone have embraced it.

V

Well, can anything be done about a cure? It seems to me that much can be done. I need hardly point out that the specific factor, misapplied evolution itself, appears a bad place to begin. You may argue about this until the cows come home, and never prove anything; indeed, I doubt if you could

even get the average Servist to admit the origin of his ideas. But the general agent, the craving for drama, is surely vulnerable. All that is necessary is to make it impossible for the Servist to derive a thrill from his work, and ridicule is the obvious way to do this.

I do not speak without clinical data. Ridicule has been tried, as a matter of fact, and with marked success. In Baltimore, the fair city by the Chesapeake, lives a publicist by the name of Hamilton Owens. He is editor of a newspaper which is opposed to Service in all its forms. But he never makes the mistake of taking Service seriously. He ridicules it, mocks it, tweeks its nose and pulls its whiskers. He produces grotesque maps and charts, showing how far the Servists would reach if placed end to end; he demands to know, if x Prohibition agents collect y bribes in z number of days, how many bottles of booze can be stored under Brooklyn Bridge; he makes up terrible slogans, and offers them to the Servists. In short, he

does the one thing Service cannot stand: he strips it of its glory. The result is that the Maryland Free State is probably the hardest State in the Union to perform Service in. Servists there have become timid and skittish. The Servist who would thrive and grow fat on ordinary abuse thinks long and hard before he braves the deadly ridicule of Mr. Owens.

The plan, I think, is practicable all over the country. Moreover, I do not see that it violates any of the Servist's rights, moral or civil. He, uninvited, holds a parade, and asks the help of the police to compel us to get in line. If we not only refuse to get in line, but jeer at him and withhold the admiration he so plainly desires, I do not see that he has received anything but his deserts. His plea that he works for God and morality is all bosh. Actually, he works for his own aggrandizement, and I see no reason why we should not suppress him as we would suppress any other nuisance. Progress be damned! I am a Fundamentalist.

THE COLLAPSE OF KENTUCKY

BY W. G. CLUGSTON

As the offspring of sires and dams who entered the Kentucky wilderness in ox-drawn wagons shortly after the Revolutionary War, and had the good sense to settle in the heart of the Blue Grass, and to do their bit for three generations to keep the distilleries and race courses in operation, I rise in all melancholy to discuss the rise and fall of the Kentucky culture.

As the last male of my family, and so far childless, I can speak with a frankness that is denied to those who must have a consideration for posterity. With Roundhead, Cavalier, and Celtic strains thoroughly mixed in my blood, and with the good fortune to have had both Catholic and Campbellite guardians at my cradle, I have no religious astigmatism. My political inheritances have been at long last renounced, and I have been away from the banks of Elkhorn creek sufficient time for my local patriotism to have become over-grown with perspective. But I have been back to my old haunts for short visits often enough to make notes on the lamentable changes that have been taking place.

In spots where Burley tobacco growing has not sapped the life of the soil, the blue grass grows as tall and luxuriant as it did during the Civil War, when John Hunt Morgan's troopers spraddled themselves out on it after a hard day's fighting down Cynthia way. The Kentucky water, trickling out of the limestone crevices, or bubbling out of the earth in the low level of a ravine, is as clear and cool as it ever has been known to be. And the mint that grows on the banks of the brooklets that ripple down from shaded spring-houses

will soften the tinkle of ice against the side of a frosted glass just as it always would. The arch in the Natural Bridge shows no sign of crumbling. The clay cliffs at Frankfort have not changed color. The cobblestones in Louisville are the same. But there is little else in the Dark and Bloody Ground that has not undergone a radical and pathetic evolution.

The manners, the customs and the ideals of the people are so completely altered that there is little left of the old stripes and patterns. In every section of the State mongrels are in the mixing and every circle of society is changed, and changing. Old prides are being forgotten and new pruderies prattled about all the way from Catlettsburg to Clinton, and from Covington to the Cumberland river. Nancy Hanks and Peter the Great, no more than two decades ago, were the prides of the State. Today it is the completion of the Dix river dam that every booster boasts about. Once every Kentuckian gloried in the fact that his State was known all over the world as the home of pretty women, fast horses and fine whisky. Now moonshine is the best whisky that is to be had, up-and-coming women are frequently more in favor than fair ones, and fine horse-flesh soon will be seen only in the saddle rings at the county fairs. On every hand the gods of the new commercial age and of prostituted Puritanism are demolishing the old traditions and tainting the tastes of all classes of the citizenry. The dulcimer, once all-popular in a large section of Eastern Kentucky, no longer proclaims the happiness of the mountaineers. The descendants of General Isaac Shelby, Hum-

phrey Marshall and Basil Duke no longer reign as lords and ladies of the Blue Grass.

President Frank L. McVey, of the State university at Lexington, can no longer look out the window of his office, across South Limestone street, and watch the distillers making James E. Pepper Whisky as his scholarly predecessor, James K. Patterson, could do. Even the Old Taylor distillery, near Frankfort, now looks more like Gray's graveyard than the home of the spirits of life. The Buck Theater in Louisville is no more, and the old saloon across the street, where they used to serve you an oyster, any style you wished, with every drink you bought, is closed forever. Col. Milt Young's celebrated mint julep glasses are scattered to the four winds. If Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge should come back to earth and see the crowds that now gather on Court Day in old Cheapside Square, his silver tongue would swell with indignation until it pushed his jaws out of socket. And if Col. Henry Watterson could return to life he would drop dead again when he found the *Courier-Journal* bawling for Prohibition.

II

The decivilization of Kentucky probably is no more pronounced than the decivilization of New England, Maryland and Louisiana, but in Kentucky the tragedy was held off longer and came more suddenly—and so the old traditions gave way with more of a thud. Many things combined to bring it about, but, broadly speaking, an aggravated money-madness was the principal disease—a money-madness that robbed the inhabitants of their reason—a money-madness that has sent the old Blue Grass aristocrats into the mountains to grub like worms in the hill-sides, and the poor mountaineers down into the Blue Grass country to work like slaves in the tobacco patches—a money-madness that has brought hordes of new money-mad people into every corner of the State, from every corner of the money-mad world.

Two distinctive types of civilization were developed in the settlement of Kentucky. In the closing days of the Revolutionary period all the land-hungry of the new Republic turned westward. The relatively wealthy were the first to get started; some of them, indeed, started while their poorer neighbors were still held in Washington's armies. These were the pioneers who gobbled up the rich lands of the Blue Grass. When, later on, the poorer soldiers were discharged, large numbers of them also hit the trail into the wilderness. But they were poor, with neither money nor pull; so they had to settle in the poorer mountain sections.

Almost over night two antagonistic civilizations sprang up. Roughly speaking, they were divided by a line running from Maysville on the northern border of the State to Cumberland Gap on the southern boundary. The counties east of this line were known as the poor counties; those west of it made up the region of aristocrats. The ideals and ambitions and modes of life of the people in the two sections were radically different from the start. Those who settled in the Blue Grass were largely slave-owners; they were feudal in temper and inclined to be cultured; they were firm believers in the advantages of good breeding in the human as well as in the horse family. They took land in large tracts and built big houses. In religion they were largely Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Catholics. In later years, when Alexander Campbell came down from West Virginia, they furnished recruits for the more liberal Campbellite, or so-called Christian sect.

The pioneers who settled in the mountains were more democratic, less given to class and caste restrictions, and, as a result, less ambitious. They were content with small homesteads. Slaves were of less use to them than hunting dogs, and more expensive to keep; so they were largely Abolitionists. In a way they were more liberty-loving than the barons of the Blue Grass, but liberty to them was a different thing

from what it was to the dwellers in the lowlands. Many of them construed it as simply a license to be lazy. These mountaineers were cut off from the rest of the world, and their isolation made their manner of life distinctive. Each man, on his own little patch, raised practically everything he considered necessary to life. In order to have cotton for cloth, he would cut the tops of the cotton stalks to make them bloom before the early upland frost. He raised his own corn, oats and other grains; he had his own hogs and sheep, and usually a few cattle. Almost every homestead had its own tannery, and homemade shoes were the only kind ever seen. Each householder made his own whisky and apple brandy. Coffee, salt, occasionally sugar, and a few castings for plows were all that it was necessary to import from the lowlands.

It was an easy, indolent life that these highlanders led. Usually they were free in their thoughts, courageous in their actions, and cared little what the rest of the world did or said. They were content to mind their own affairs and believed that other people should do likewise. In religion they were largely Baptists or Methodists. Many had been Episcopalians back in the East, but there were no Episcopal churches in the mountains, and so they fell under the influence of the Methodist circuit-riders, many of whom believed that the earth was flat.

The Blue Grass people, from the beginning, lifted their eyes higher. For the most part they came of the best stocks of Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina. Courage, frankness, generosity and courtesy were their outstanding virtues, but a feeling of superiority was perhaps their chief heritage. They prided themselves on their polish, and the life they led was calculated to develop high-mindedness and self-respect. They had leisure for the development of the personal graces; their slaves did all the work. Their women were ladies of luxury. I remember my own father's mother telling me that until after

the Civil War she had never prepared a meal with her own hands, although at the time of the war she was already the mother of five of her eight children and the family had not been very fortunate in accumulating wealth.

From the very earliest days the inhabitants of the Blue Grass went in for culture more than for soil cultivation, and liked to make a show of conducting themselves as ladies and gentlemen. In 1824, when General Lafayette made his visit to the State, he was greatly surprised to find a high type of civilization flourishing in all the towns from Louisville, through Shelbyville, Frankfort and Versailles, to Lexington. Lexington had already become the centre of the State's social life. On a site that forty years before had been a wilderness inhabited by savages, a city of 6,000 people had been built. In Lavasseur's work, "Lafayette in America," it is stated that the distinguished visitor was actually stunned by the culture he encountered. He found two colleges already established and predicted that they would some day rival the most celebrated universities of Europe.

When he visited Transylvania, the first seat of the higher learning west of the Alleghanies, he must have been impressed indeed. The president of the school met him with an eloquent address of welcome, and three of the students addressed him in French, English and Latin. Not to be outdone, the old boy, according to tradition, replied to each in the language that had been used. Also, there was a Lafayette Academy in operation, a fashionable girls' school, and when he visited it some of the fair young creatures complimented him by reciting poetical pieces of their own composition.

The Kentuckians of the area around Lexington were in the height of their glory, in truth, when entertaining distinguished visitors. In 1837 Daniel Webster, accompanied by William Pitt Fessenden, visited the region, and Fessenden wrote an account of their tour, declaring that,

what with the dinners, the speeches and the drinking, the pace was almost more than he and old Daniel could stand up under. "These Kentucky boys are the right sort," he wrote. "We arrived here in exactly the right season to see the last of the Spring races. Four horses were entered. I lost four hailstorms on Maria Louisa."

A hailstorm was a julep, usually made with brandy; a snowstorm was a similar concoction, but with less kick. Fessenden said that "the way they drink these things in Kentucky is a caution to sinners." Further, describing his visit to the race-course, he said: "The Kentuckians, as you are probably aware, value themselves greatly on the breed of their horses and enter into the spirit of such an occasion, and it was not disagreeable to see such men as Clay, Crittenden, Robinson and others of that stamp apparently as much excited, talking as loudly, betting as freely, drinking as deeply and swearing as excessively as the jockeys themselves."

Early in Kentucky's history county fairs were started in the Blue Grass, and they soon became gatherings where all classes came together to enjoy themselves. Everybody, indeed, went to the fair, slaves included, and there was much love-making, electioneering, horse-racing, and fighting. Also, watering places were set up, patronized by the more wealthy of the aristocrats. Olympian Springs, Harrodsburg Springs, White Sulphur Springs and many other similar resorts flourished from 1800 up to the Civil War. They were the scenes of social gatherings that were scarcely equalled anywhere else in the Old South. Every dance was like a grand ball. The finest liquors were served, and hunting with hounds—a sport that Dick Red, who died a few years ago, gave the best years of his life to preserve—was immensely popular. Poker playing was also practiced assiduously, and I have been told, although I have never been able to verify it by historical documents, that Henry Clay once won one of the most famous watering places and then lost it the same night.

III

Naturally, there was antagonism between these pleasure-loving *Junker* of the Blue Grass and the plain-living Christians of the mountains. The former, with their slaves and mansions and fine horses and fine whiskys, looked down upon the mountaineers, who dwelt in chinky cabins, drank moonshine and did not bother about luxuries. But the mountaineers, in their way, were just as proud, if not as haughty. They stayed to themselves, and they developed a shyness that was in great contrast to the way the Blue Grass people took strangers to their bosoms and won a world-wide renown for their hospitality.

The beginnings of the decay of Kentucky came with the Civil War. Many of the mountaineers went into the Union service and were marched over the mountains into new worlds, meeting new people and getting new ideas. Also, there were invasions of the uplands by troops who wore both the Blue and the Gray. In the Blue Grass the war brought a dreadful economic upheaval. Many of the most prominent families had their wealth largely in slaves, and so they were impoverished by Emancipation. At the same time others, who had never stood very high socially, were given fat government contracts and pulled themselves up to the top by their pocketbooks, or near enough to the top to be assimilated.

The Golden Age that had been before the war, and which Henry Clay had helped to prolong, never came back after Appomattox. There were imitations and emulations of it, but never again the real thing. The mountain people began to show a restlessness and a dissatisfaction with their dull, dulcimer-playing existence. Corn-pone lost its flavor and they began to hunger for the sweeter breads of a more civilized life. And down in the lowlands the aristocrats found that the luxuries of life did not come as easily as they had in the old days. Not only were the finest families impoverished, but the growing complexity of life made all necessities more costly. The govern-

ment tax on liquor went up and up. Even the Negro servants demanded wages in money and turnpikes with toll-gates were fostered by the new class of profiteers. Taxes became troublesome. A man could no longer be a gentleman of leisure on his broad acres; emergencies often forced the women to put on aprons and go into their kitchens.

But the first really alarming signs of the breakdown of the old Blue Grass civilization came a little more than two decades ago, when millionaires from the North and East began to pour in, buying up the big estates and establishing palatial homes. W. E. D. Stokes came and bought a big place near Lexington, where he kept Peter the Great, and other noted horses, and where celebrities from afar came to visit him, and to meet the local aristocrats, and to put foolish notions into their heads. James B. Haggin went Stokes one better by establishing an even more elaborate country estate nearby, and there Fritz Scheff, the opera singer, became a leading figure, and the Haggin palace blowouts attracted all the social climbers. Then there were the Whitneys, and many others. These millionaires set a pace that was too fast for the local trotters.

It was not that they brought in customs that were demoralizing. The native aristocrats, indeed, knew more about the art of living high lives than these foreigners could ever teach them. They knew how to carry their liquor with more grace and dignity; they knew how to love with more passion and patience; and even in the sports of mere spending they could not be out-done. But this last accomplishment, in the end, ruined them. Their resources were limited, and rapidly diminishing. They did not have the means to keep on spending dollar for dollar with the newcomers, and they were too proud to allow themselves to be out-done. The result was that they began to give up their leisurely lives, and to exploit their possessions in order to keep abreast of the new grand march.

An increase in the production of tobacco was one of the first symptoms. Fine blue grass pastures that had never been touched with the point of a plow were broken up and planted. Labor became scarce, but no gentleman, no matter how sorely he might be put to make ends meet, would sucker, or worm, or strip tobacco. So the Blue Grass gentry began to lure the restless mountain people down to their farms as tobacco tenants. Also, about the same time, other resourceful individuals began to go into the mountains to exploit the coal and timber and oil up there.

A mountaineer who had lived in the back hills of Breathitt or McGoffin county, when lured to a Blue Grass farm as a tobacco tenant, found that he could make more money raising one "crap" than his father had made in his whole lifetime logging or coaxing patches of corn to grow among the rocks. Soon he became thoroughly inoculated with the civilized sickness and then went back home and inoculated his relatives and neighbors. So the mountain people, before the golden era of moonshining was brought in by the Eighteenth Amendment, poured down into the Blue Grass in hordes—all bent on raising tobacco. And at the same time the most aggressive of the Blue Grassers poured into the mountain country, looking for new sources of wealth. Also, the northern and eastern exploiters who came in to visit the new millionaires and the old families saw the possibilities in the game—and got into it. Even James B. Haggin began raising tobacco on his place.

Soon there was no stratum of Kentucky society that was not caved in, and mixed with other falling strata—and outside foreign elements. Nothing was as it had been. Living for the love of life became a lost art in Kentucky, both among the log-cabin mountaineers and among the blue-bloods down in the mansions. The changes were such as might be witnessed if a hundred thousand inhabitants of the East Side were moved overnight to Park avenue and given a prosperity that would enable them

to live in comfort in their new abodes while at the same time one hundred thousand fugitives from Park avenue flocked into the East Side and undertook to make of it a second Schenectady. Social lines became like straws in sheep paths; traditions were trampled under foot like peanut hulls during a circus parade.

The confusion thus brought in quickly set up demoralizing and degrading influences. Religious mountebanks and political plum-pickers of a new stripe saw their chance and were not slow about taking it. Finally, the breakdown became so complete that the State naturally went Republican! Christian Science began to take root as far up in the mountains as West Liberty and Crocketsville. Holy Rollers, emerging from the upland wilds, began to hold forth in the open country, and Methodists and Baptists offered battle to the lowland Campbellites. The World War finished the job of uprooting what remained of the old traditions. Then the Ku Klux Klan came along on the heels of Prohibition to ram the young Kentuckians into the Kansas mold. There they are today.

At first Prohibition was not taken very seriously in any part of the commonwealth. But when the spies and snouters from Washington began to make it harder and harder to get the stocks out of distillery warehouses, and stocks already outside began to disappear, a way had to be found to meet the on-coming calamity. In the mountains there had always been much moonshining, even in the days when bottled-in-bond Hayner was delivered, express prepaid, for eighty cents a quart. One of the precious liberties the mountaineer had never willingly given up was the right to use his own still to make his own whisky out of his own corn. For this right he had defied the national government in the days when all liquor was as cheap as red lemonade. Now, with the price of even the worst liquor soaring, and the demand increasing, day by day, his defiance became truly heroic. In it he found a new source of immense wealth, much greater

even than tobacco growing offered, and what was probably of equal importance, he found that the haughty aristocrats of the lowlands were not nearly so haughty as they used to be when he became their chief succor as the dry scourge spread.

Today the mountaineers are rapidly becoming the cocks of the walk in all of Kentucky. They flood the State with tenth-rate corn juice, and rake in money by the bale. Those who have not thus got on top by moonshining—or by tobacco growing—are rapidly doing so through the development of the natural resources of their hills. The royalties they receive on the oil in their land are making some of them as rich as Osage Indians. Others are having their coal-fields developed for them by the "foreigners," and still others are becoming lumber kings. In the matter of mere dollars and cents they have out-stripped the aristocrats who began the exploitation of their mountains. Undoubtedly they have gained something beyond mere money. They are more urbane than they used to be—and so are the lower strata in the Blue Grass. But as always happens when *hoi polloi* is hoisted to a higher plane, the upper crust has been crumbled, and culture as a whole has become kinky.

One of the most pathetic phases of the great change that has been brought about by the democratizing and commercializing of the State has been the way it has affected individuals of the upper class who have refused to fall into the ways of the new order, or have been unable to do so. In these later years some of the proud descendants of the men who made the early pages of Kentucky history shine with splendor have been sorely tried. Unable to make their estates stand the strain of the new spending orgies, and too proud to engage in the new scramble for easy money, they have hung on by their eyebrows. They have stuck to their traditions as best they could, and have counted on their culture and breeding to carry them along. But they have found that culture and breeding count for little in Kentucky today. Babbitt

is on top. So the sons of many of the old families have simply got out of the State. Meanwhile others—chiefly aging men—have gone into seclusion, cherishing their old traditions and trying as much as possible to live their old lives.

I remember with much admiration the late Judge James H. Mulligan. He was a superb example of the ancient type of Kentucky gentleman. He was a scholar, a sportsman, a rare conversationalist, a charming after-dinner speaker, and an authority on good liquor. But he was not of the new generation, and so he secluded himself on his magnificent estate bordering the University of Kentucky at Lexington, and gave himself up to reveries upon the glorious past. The new society that came into power, just at the time when he was best prepared to serve the old order, had no use for him or for his peculiar talents. He took no part in its parades. In his seclusion reward came to him in the form of inspirations which enabled him to paint charming word-pictures of the good old days. Some of his poems are exquisite.

Many other old-timers have clung to the traditions of the past in the same way. Even in Lexington they manage to keep alive the old custom of gathering in Cheapside on Court Day. The Estill boys of the Winchester pike, descendants of Capt. John Estill, who settled in the State in 1776 and who lost his life in the battle of Little Mountain, have weathered the storm, and come as near today to preserving the type and condition of the old Kentuckians as any individuals I know, although they have been forced to resort to selling country-cured hams to New Yorkers in order to make ends meet. Desha Breckinridge has done as much as any man could do to preserve the past and prosper in the present, and Judge Dick Stoll, who comes from one of the most distinguished of the old distiller families, has stayed on the old ground and done much to keep it sweet. If Ethlyn Egbert Adams and her husband, Robert, have not moved away they, too, are maintaining the Kentucky

tradition. James G. Denny has become a lawyer of the new school, but he is still a gentleman of the old. On the whole, however, those who have clung to the old culture have been gradually counted out.

IV

What has happened to Kentucky, in brief, is that its old singularity has yielded to the national levelling, and it has been brought into conformity at last with all the other States. Democracy has done her foul work; the majority, now paramount, has been converted to the customs, culture and ideals of Kansas and Delaware, Broadway and State street.

In the old days the Kentuckian was a distinctive individual. He took a pride in his peculiarity. To be meant more to him than to have. The leisure of life was the most desired of luxuries. Things that were beautiful were more prized than things that might be valuable. A gentleman was admired because he was a gentleman; a lady respected because she was a lady. Personal honor meant more than money in the bank. When a man gave his word to another he put his life behind it; when a woman gave herself to a man he got something more than the hour's embrace; politics was played with a principle and reason ruled over fanatics.

But all that is now in the past. Kentucky is no longer a commonwealth; it is merely a component province of the United States. The trails that lead westward through Cumberland, Pond and Big Stone Gaps do not stop at Ashland, Lexington and Louisville; they stretch on to Des Moines, Iowa, Carthage, Missouri and Enid, Oklahoma. Carnegie libraries and Kiwanians and Ku Kluxers may be found all along their serpentine curves, in all the towns. There is no less culture in Kentucky today than there is in New York, and no more than there is in Nevada. Kentucky is joined indissolubly to Nebraska and Pennsylvania. United they stand. The steam-roller has done its dreadful work.

REED OF MISSOURI

BY SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR.

FOR all his eagerness to question every new invention in legislation, his un-failing demand to be shown, it is a fact of history that James A. Reed, senior Senator from Missouri (as he is fond of calling it), was neither born nor bred in that great commonwealth of doubters. It was not until a year before the close of the Civil War that his parents moved him as a child from his birthplace in Ohio—and then they took him to the vicinity of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. In the circumstances there is profound humor. Born in the State that fathered and houses the Anti-Saloon League, and spending the first two decades of his life in a region noted for its perverse and outlandish manifestations of bucolic Puritanism, he was destined to become, in later life, the most pertinacious and effective enemy that the Uplift has ever known.

It was probably political rather than legal prospects that caused him to move from Cedar Rapids to Kansas City in 1885. That change was obviously the most fateful event in his career. In Iowa politics has undoubtedly reached the lowest depths on record. The chief contributions of the State to practical statecraft are the more obscene sort of vice-crusading and the indiscriminate use of the injunction: the one a device for waging bitter war upon unfortunate and defenseless women; the other, one by which the new science of constructive illegality has finally eliminated the constitutional guarantee of trial by jury. But in Missouri there is an old tradition of independence, established by a line of statesmen from Benton down, who, in crises, stuck to their convictions despite

the bribes of politicians and the threats of mobs, and that tradition is maintained by an electorate still close enough to the frontier to enjoy a good fight and reward the best fighter.

Reed had early ventured into politics in Iowa, having campaigned his county for the Democratic ticket when he was eighteen, but it was only after practicing law in Kansas City for more than a decade that he got his first public office, that of city counselor. Next he became public prosecutor, and established the astonishing record of securing convictions in 285 out of the 287 cases he tried during his term of fifteen months,—the inevitable result of putting a natural fighter into a position where his sole duty was to attack. Then he interested himself in certain monopolistic abuses by the local street railway and electric lighting companies, owned by the Armours, and was twice elected mayor in consequence. In 1904 his political associates persuaded him to oppose Joseph W. Folk for the governorship of Missouri. It was ridiculous advice, for Folk had a good start, but Reed followed it and received his only popular beating. Many times before and since he has been defeated by politicians in conventions, but that remains his only humiliation by the commonalty. From that day he has been skeptical of the advice of professionals.

I don't know what he read in his spare moments in those days, but undoubtedly satire formed a part of it. His frequent quotations from Rabelais and the other great satirists upon the floor of the Senate point that way, and one cannot help think that the talent that in later years caused him to

be called the ablest political satirist in the Senate naturally sought sympathetic companionship and guidance in his youth. His capacity for clear and vigorous English was early recognized, and the comment then became proverbial that his speeches read as well as they sounded. His style is a perfect illustration of Buffon's platitude: it is the reflection of a mind that is itself clear and vigorous, keenly analytical, and at once soberly philosophical and suffused with a rare and devastating humor.

II

His political philosophy—the original Jeffersonian creed—is not acquired, but springs out of a self-reliance that has been evident throughout the man's career. That same self-reliance no doubt explains his surprising ability to stay afloat in all the terrific storms that are launched against him. The contemporary American freeman is so lacking in the sort of courage required to maintain an independent stand on any public question that he instinctively admires such courage in a politician. He would be unobserving, indeed, if he did not discover it at once in Reed, for it is evident even in his personal appearance. He is of tall, slender and impressive figure, with his square face set-off by a Roman nose. The inward and upward curves of his eyebrows give a hint of the satirist, and there is an unmistakable attitude of energy about him. Here, plainly, is a man who, while pleasant enough, is sure to have opinions and to be only too glad to fight for them.

Reed appears to be groping toward a new conception of statesmanship—a conception that will be consistent with the old ideal of liberty. His view seems to be that the function of the enlightened statesman at the moment is an almost purely destructive one. The first concern must be to destroy the burdens of bureaucracy and of sentimental legislation, and so facilitate a return to genuine freedom. In rare instances, such as in the reorganization of

the governmental departments, he can perform what is conventionally called constructive service, but usually he can construct only by destroying. All this is not new, of course. It is only the old American theory that government, since it is a hindrance *per se* to the development of the individual, should be kept down.

Reed's occasional practical failures are manifestly the result of his inability to find satisfactory remedies for the violations of liberty against which he wars. A capital example is visible in his attitude toward the trusts. Though he knows that they are often subversive of free competition, he has brought forward no scheme for curbing them. No doubt the explanation lies in his chronic suspicion of all schemes of reform involving more government. He knows that every such scheme means more jobholders and more taxes, and he is against both. So the trusts escape his barbs.

But I know of but one considerable inconsistency in his record, and that appeared in his advocacy of a bonus. He believed it could have been granted without serious financial embarrassment, by means of an excess profits tax, and he argued that the latter would not have been the burden that many financiers and industrialists talked of. But this does not alter the fact that on its face his attitude appeared a deliberate reversal of form for political effect. Yet I suspect that its real explanation was psychological rather than political. He voted for the draft (though after some hesitation), and he seems now to regret his part in forcing men to engage in a war that appears, in retrospect, to have been a criminal error. Perhaps he voted for the bonus to ease his conscience.

During the war he opposed valiantly most of the worst imbecilities of the time. He was chiefly responsible for the defeat of all proposals for a formal press censorship. He exposed and fought many of the inanities of the food administration under the directorship of Hoover. He opposed the Siberian expedition and all like enterprises. Finally, he became the chief figure

in the bitter and violent campaign that ended in the defeat of American participation in the League of Nations. Without him, the fight against the League might have had all the aspects of a somewhat dull partisan brawl. With him in the front trenches, it was lifted to the plane of a battle over ideas, a forthright dealing with realities, and what is more, a gaudy and bewitching show. This defeat of the League was only one incident in a long conflict with Wilson which began when Reed forced consideration of the Federal Reserve Bill in 1913 and ended in his vindication by the people of Missouri in 1922.

III

To one knowing the antipodal political philosophies of the two men, that long and fiery conflict must have seemed inevitable. To Reed's way of thinking, the Democratic party ceases to exist the moment it abandons the five cardinal principles upon which it was founded and which its founder set forth in his first inaugural. There is, first (to quote the words of Jefferson), "freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*, and trial by juries impartially selected." Second, there is "equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state of persuasion, religious or political." Third, there is "the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administration for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies." Fourth, there is "economy in the public expense that labor may be lightly burthened." Fifth, there is "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none"; or as Jefferson later wrote to Monroe, in commending the latter's famous doctrine: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe."

Wilson, for all his lyrical hypocrisies, was the arch-enemy of every one of these

principles. During his administration and by his will and act occurred the final eclipse of many of the constitutional rights of the American freeman. Not even the régime of Roosevelt saw a more abject surrender of local sovereignty to the avaricious federal bureaucracy, or the establishment of more vested claims by that bureaucracy upon the purse of the nation. Finally, during his presidency occurred the abandonment of the time-honored policy of abstention from the affairs of Europe. Small wonder that he and Reed found themselves constantly at grips!

Throughout the long row between them, Reed was depicted by Wilson as a heretic sent out of hell by the devil himself to question the divine inspiration of the saint in the White House. Wilson's friends and satellites in Missouri showered him with all sorts of defamations. His only reply was the cynical smile that has become part of his picture in the public mind. While the *New York Times*, the *World*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—in fact, practically the whole pack of metropolitan newspapers—were besieging him with accusations of being pro-German, pro-Irish, and so on, he kept on smiling. He did not cease when the Missouri Democratic Convention refused to send him to the National Convention of 1920 as a delegate-at-large, nor even when the former body refused to let him sit in the latter as a representative of his own district. He knew that what was taking place was of no moment; that the only thing that really mattered was the battle that was coming in 1922.

That campaign was preceded and attended by the most elaborate preparations ever witnessed in a senatorial contest in our time. For months beforehand the Democratic press of the nation carried long accounts of Reed's unpopularity at home, and discourses upon the obvious absurdity of his attempting to get a renomination. Not a device was neglected by the Wilson camorra to keep him out of the race. When it finally became evident that he could not be dissuaded from running, one of Wilson's

personal friends, a former assistant Secretary of State, was selected to oppose him. I have an idea that Reed, when he heard of the selection, let his smile break into a laugh, for it was just the sort of fight he had hoped for—a clear contest between Wilson and himself.

Reed went out to Missouri, took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and by a sudden and unrelenting offensive, turned a seemingly certain defeat into a phenomenal personal triumph. It was phenomenal in more ways than one, for against him were aligned not only the Wilson camorra, but all the quacks and dead-beats of Missouri politics—all the right-thinking and forward-looking newspapers, all the perennial candidates for office on Prohibition platforms, all the apostles of the new female freedom, all the professional patriots, and all the advocates of government supervision of everything from opinion to child-birth. Reed's defeat of the whole pack was as disastrous as it was decisive.

IV

To the average Missourian, I daresay, the result was a sort of moral victory, a triumph of hero over villain. It is a common error of superficial observers. Unable to fit Reed into any of the convenient categories occupied by his colleagues, they set him down as a reformer of a new and bizarre species. A few of them, dissenting, saw him as a disappointed idealist, a mere misanthrope. Some time ago Frank R. Kent, of the *Baltimore Sun*, usually anything but superficial, devoted a column to proving him to be "the killer of Congress." But to those who have followed his career carefully all this is nonsense, for they know quite well that behind the statesman and the politician is a man of a highly developed sense of humor,—one who lusts for such battles not from a desire to settle issues, but from a consuming delight in verbal sparring and pummeling. He always had these characteristics, of course, but not until he became a member of the

Senate did he have an opportunity to indulge them to his satisfaction. Then he lost no time in getting into action.

One of the very first things he did was to defend the constitutional right of the McNamara brothers to present a petition to Congress. In a day when the tradition of Theodore I and his grand inquisitor, Bonaparte, was still vital this caused a great deal of gabble, especially since the offender was a new member. A few years before the elder statesmen had razed the youthful Beveridge unmercifully when he had demanded a hearing as a Liberal, and had allowed him to talk only when they found that his ideas were safe and sane—the abolition of child-labor and other such survivals of the sentimental period of American liberalism. What Reed had to say was much more shocking, but after an unfortunate attempt or two no one tried to stop him. What saved him was the suave manner which enabled him, when Boies Penrose attempted to cut short his remarks by forcing a vote, to silence him by saying: "We will vote on the resolution in ample time, and you can also hear me. You will thus revel in a double pleasure."

Penrose was frequently his sparring partner in his early days in the Senate. The Pennsylvanian was quite as stolid as he was dogged, but he had what few of his colleagues possessed—a spark of humor,—and Reed took great delight in arousing it. During Wilson's first administration, the opposition in the Senate rose in indignation against a presidential statement regarding congressional lobbying, and Reed availed himself of the opportunity to start something:

MR. REED. I have no difficulty about the meaning of the word "lobbyist." I do not care in what sense the word is used; neither do I think the purpose of this investigation is to advise the new members of the Senate who the lobbyists are, in order that they may escape contamination, as was suggested by the Senator from Illinois [MR. SHERMAN]. Somehow or other I have it in mind that the Senator who made that suggestion, coming from the party he represents and hailing from the great State of Illinois, is scarcely likely to be imposed upon by any lobbyist. If he is in that condition of unfortunate ignorance, I respectfully

refer him to the senior Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. PENROSE], who has evidenced a thorough and complete knowledge of the entire subject. I was interested in the remarks of the Senator from Pennsylvania. His statement was to the effect that the city is full of so-called lobbyists. He told us they were the same old battle-scarred veterans whom he had met in other days and upon fairer fields.

Mr. PENROSE. I did not say "fairer fields." The Senator is not quoting me correctly. I did not say "fairer fields." That expression is due to the Senator's poetic imagination.

Mr. REED. I said "fairer fields." That was my language, not the language of the Senator from Pennsylvania. I exculpate him entirely from having used so frank an expression.

Reed's skill as a debater was probably better displayed during the battle over the League of Nations than at any other time, but his speeches are not easy to quote. One must read them in their entirety to appreciate how, by means of an uncompromising directness not exceeded even by Clay and Webster, along with a satire hitherto unknown in the Senate, he battered down the defenses of both the advocates of the League and the reservationists, and left the irreconcilables in undisputed mastery of the field. He can be eloquent. He knows how to make the rafters ring. Observe the following, from his discussion of the resolution confirming the election of the notorious Newberry:

You say, "This thing that crawls, and has a forked tongue and crooked teeth, is a poisonous serpent. Therefore we will admit it to the family circle and allow it to wind its folds about the bodies of our children."

You say, "This is a dog with the rabies. Every time he sinks his fangs they carry with them deadly disease. Therefore we will turn the dog loose on the community."

You say, "This is a thing black with infamy. Therefore we will spread it as a mantle over the Senate-chamber."

You say, "This office was sold for money. Therefore he who bought it shall be confirmed in his title."

The resolution went through—but Newberry, in alarm, resigned. Such things, in type, often become mere rhetoric, but on the floor they are devastating. When the Warren fight was at its hottest Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania tried to defend the practices of Warren in forming the Sugar Trust by comparing them to certain activi-

ties of the late Senator Philander C. Knox. Reed at once joined battle:

For a number of years I sat here and looked into the face of Philander C. Knox. He was an intellectual giant, and he was intellectually as honest as he was intellectually great. I challenge the right of any man to name him in the same breath, in the same sentence, in the same day, in the same chamber, in the same century, with Charles Beecher Warren. I stand to defend the honored dead against that aspersion. . . .

To some all this may appear mere rhetoric and a blow below the belt, as it did to Mr. Kent, but at least it accomplished its object—the Senator from Pennsylvania attempted no rejoinder.

Occasionally Reed's passion for combat leads him to start something he is unable to finish. Such an instance occurred during the discussion of the Four Power Pact. "People say," he roared, "that this ends the Anglo-Japanese alliance. I do not find it in the pact. I do not find it nominated in the bond." It was several moments before anyone had the courage to expose his error by reading the agreement.

But usually he encounters no such entanglements. He fared much better when he tackled the lady uplifters in charge of the Maternity Bill. What made the girls the maddest was his declaration that while every Senator had discovered a method of dealing with the male lobbyist, no Senator knew, when attacked by one of the female variety, whether to kiss her or to throw her out of his office.

But the idealistic damsels in search of jobs have had to divide honors with the Prohibitionists. Reed has had at them in season and out of season, and always with vast effect. Once, on one of those days when the pent-up elixir of idealism in the Senate foams over and runs riot in waves of iridescent bubbles, he determined to put a kick in the proceedings. Only a few days before, he said, had he first set eyes upon the author of the Volstead Act. And as he had gazed upon that countenance, he had thought himself looking at a composite portrait of all the great tyrants and inquisitors who had ever lived. More fol-

lowed, better—and worse. The Senate was aghast. Didn't Reed know the rules? And didn't they forbid denouncing a member of the House? The uproar, beginning in the Senate, extended to the House itself. The colossi who occupy the seats of Blaine, Clark and Tom Reed rose up in force to avenge the vile slander of their colleague. There must be an immediate and humble apology by this obscene libeler, this foe of righteousness. Certain zealous virtuosi are said even to have counseled the need of more southern admonishment. But happily nothing really came to pass. Nor did Jim Reed beg forgiveness on bended knee. When the storm had abated, and he had had his fun, he consented to have his remarks expunged from the *Record*. But the press carried the story, even if the *Record* didn't, and that part of the public which demands amusement from Congress got its salubrious catharsis.

V

After his Missouri Tannenburg in 1922, talk of running Reed for President began to be heard, and it increased greatly during the ensuing year. Those who desired his nomination were clearly divided into two classes according to their motives. In the first were those who simply craved a superb spectacle; in the second were the hard-boiled party men who thought chiefly of Reed's extraordinary skill at winning elections. Unquestionably he is a winner; he might be called a scientific winner. If we nominated our presidents by the primary method, instead of permitting political hacks to do it in a convention, it is not unreasonable to think that he might be President now, for since the death of Roosevelt, he has had few peers in the game of appealing to the vulgar over the heads of the politicians. To a mastery of extemporaneous speech he joins an intuitive knowledge of mob psychology. In the newspaper accounts of his Missouri campaigns in 1922 it was reiterated that his audiences studied him atten-

tively, but it was seldom pointed out that he studied them even more carefully. To see him change an intensely antagonistic gathering into a solid body of shouting enthusiasts in a few moments is comparable to witnessing the creation of a work of art.

It is told of him that when he was prosecutor of Jackson county, he used, after a day of terrific cross-examination, to climb upon a horse and ride madly for hours. It is a similar fever that one occasionally senses beneath the studied calculation of his stump speeches. His method is based upon the politico-military law that the best defense is a good offensive. The sympathies of the mob are invariably with the performer giving the better show; and a devastating attack is a better show than any defense. Reed wastes little time explaining his actions; even his so-called defense of his record before the people of Missouri three years ago was mainly a gorgeous attack upon his enemies. For a satirist the method is not only theoretically correct but temperamentally inevitable.

From the first, of course, his nomination at New York appeared inconceivable, chiefly because of his disconcerting independence. If there is one thing certain about the two great bands of cynical highwaymen who dominate politics in the Republic, it is that they would rather lose an election than a nomination, rather sacrifice their party's chances of controlling the country than risk their own control of the party. The renomination of Taft in 1912 is the classic instance. But Reed's friends protested that he was highly resourceful, and might find a way around this obstacle. He was, for one thing,—they pointed out—no reformer, but one who believed that to the party belonged the spoils.

This is one of the reasons why the so-called Progressives of his own State, who early deserted him, still denounce him as dishonorable and unscrupulous. The first he has certainly not been proven; the sec-

ond, in the sense generally understood by reformers, he certainly is. The relation of politics to statesmanship is, in his opinion, purely pragmatism; and with Machiavelian realism, he holds that one is an end that almost always justifies the other. For while as a statesman he is a disciple of Jefferson, as a politician he is one who plays the game for all there is in it, a master of intrigue and connivance, a duelist who gives no quarter and asks none. Of what possible concern to the public can it be, he asks, whether it is John Smith or Bill Jones who gets a clerkship in a cross-roads post-office, or a sinecure peering in cellar-windows and grafting from bootleggers? Neither job requires any training beyond that of a boy of ten; either could be filled competently by any deserving Democrat or Republican.

But what of the Civil Service and its promises of Efficiency? A fraud, he thunders, an infernal fraud concocted to preserve its beneficiaries in their jobs, and thus force the politicians constantly to create new jobs and hence new taxes to pay off their political debts! His friends were quite correct: it is impossible to imagine a contemporary statesman who less resembles the conventional reformer. The politicians of Missouri upon whom he puts greatest reliance are not pale prophets of the millennium, but such realistic fellows as Tom Pendergast and Joe Shannon, chiefs respectively of the "goat" and "rabbit" factions of the Democratic machine of Kansas City.

Reed's campaign for the presidential indorsement of Missouri in 1924 resulted in defeat because unpledged delegates were sent to the State convention by most of the ward and township conventions. This was the climax of a political comedy of the first order. When the minority that opposed him in 1922 awoke after its ignominious defeat, it was confronted with the problem of disposing of an organization which, while almost powerless at the moment and burdened with a great debt, extended into practically every county in the

State, and hence might be useful as a framework thereafter. No other bidders appearing, it went by default to the Ku Klux Klan, just then getting a start in Missouri and already bawling for the scalp of Reed, who had fought it from its inception. The Klan, still parading the organization under the false name of Democratic, grew so rapidly in funds and converts among the cow-stable Bleases and Vardamans of the hinterland that in less than a year and a half it was able to embarrass Reed seriously by flooding many of the ward and township conventions with 100 per cent white Protestant native-born Americans, each with a ten dollar naturalization card in his pocket and the fear of God, Goblin and company in his heart.

That the national leaders of the Democratic Party should have considered Reed's ensuing defeat as sufficient to dispose of him is hard to believe, for they must have been cognizant of two things which were plain to everyone acquainted with Missouri politics. The first was that had the question of his indorsement been put up to the voters in a primary, as is done in most States, instead of being left to politicians in a convention, he would have been approved by a tremendous majority. And the second was that without his coöperation in Missouri there was certain to be a repetition of the catastrophe of 1920, when two hundred thousand Democrats, in a State normally Democratic by fifty thousand, voted the Republican ticket in order to repudiate the State and national leadership of their party.

But the National Convention apparently accepted the black-jacking as a genuine plebiscite, and Reed's name never went before it. Turning its back upon the only popular leaders left in the party, it nominated an insipid shadow of the late Woodrow, bedecked him with the saintly robes, and set him to mouthing all the stale articles of the faith—and to earning an even more crushing defeat than that of 1920—a defeat enthusiastically aided and abetted by the Democrats of Missouri.

VI

But politicians seem as variable as the quality of bootleg. At last appreciating that he is the only Democrat who can carry Missouri, the same anointed who fell upon him with righteous yells last year have lately taken him to their bosoms again, with no injunction to love and obey. It is an anti-climax of delightful irony, but does it portend more than what was already established beyond cavil—to wit, that Reed can spend the rest of his days in the Senate if he wishes?

The attempt to rejuvenate the Democratic party by a grafting of Jeffersonian glands is foredoomed to failure. The mention of States' rights and the rights of the citizen may entice the city man with the promise of a foaming *Seidel*, but in the great open spaces it arouses only suspicion. The Democratic organizations of such populous States as New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania may revolt as often as they please; their protests will have no important effect upon the national machine. The leadership of that machine will probably continue to be divided between cornfed professionals and white hopes, while in the centre, exposed to the fire of both, will remain the Reeds, the Smiths, and the Ritchies, foes of the great enlightenment with which it is America's mission to endow mankind, obstacles in the path of moral progress, accursed of God.

And so in the Senate Reed is likely to stay. To those who perceive only the statesman, he will remain a singular and somewhat tragic figure; to those who know the man as well he will continue to be the playboy of American politics. It is his character rather than his ideas, indeed, that makes it highly improbable that he will ever get nearer to the presidency. He can, when necessary, assume an austere and superior attitude, and under the stimulus of a good fight, he is even able, as we have seen, to simulate the best brand

of moral indignation, but he is much too humorous a man to go through the hocus-pocus required of a Best Mind. When in a position where he might pose as a leader with a great mission, he goes off on a tangent in order to amuse himself.

The recent reconciliation in Missouri took the form of an invitation to speak before the Legislature. The last time he addressed that body, in 1919, his assaults upon the League of Nations provoked thirty of the outraged solons to leave the hall. Well, how did he utilize his love-feast? Did he perform in the orthodox manner of a forgiven prodigal? Did he forget past differences and talk of undying principles and burning issues? Hardly! The temptation to make fools of his erstwhile enemies was too great to resist. What he did was to deliver an attack upon the League that was even more desiccating than his former one, and he made his audience like it.

It is to be hoped, indeed, that he is as close to the White House as he will ever get. The vision of the Senate without him is too awful to contemplate. Minus its only genuine satirist, its half of the *Record* would be unendurable and its galleries would be as uninhabitable as those of the House. But the consequences to the Senate of his elevation to the imperial throne would be as nothing compared to the dreadful effects upon Reed himself. Imagine such a man condemned, by the traditions of a long line of humorless predecessors, to a daily routine of addressing national conventions of Rotary Clubs upon the value of Service, delegations of Boy Scouts upon True Americanism, and committees of Elbert H. Garys and young John D. Rockefellers upon the need of Law Enforcement! He would be precisely as comfortable in the shoes of Calvin as he would be in a heaven ruled by the Rev. William A. Sunday, Wayne B. Wheeler, and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, and with rules of cloture established by Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes.

CONEY

BY GIUSEPPE CAUTELA

UP TO some time ago I felt the usual contemptible aloofness from Coney Island. Although I live only ten minutes by train from the place, its very name made me shudder. One Sunday I sat by my window and watched the endless caravans of automobile buses and trucks that rolled, rattled and groaned toward it. In all that terrific noise I felt alone and forgotten. Suddenly there was a flare of trumpets. "The Knights of the Round Table are coming!" I murmured. But when I stuck my head out of the window I saw that there were no knights. It was only a bus from Bloomfield, New Jersey, and on it youth swayed and expanded in enthusiasm as it went along—the boys all dressed in white with open shirt-fronts, their hair glossy and slicked back; the girls charming in sailor suits. They all sang. As they sped by me the trumpets yelled in my face. A thrill went down my spine. I grinned. I was becoming human again.

By that time my children had rushed up. They had been singing Coney Island to me for weeks. I looked at them and saw the mournful expression the Bloomfield bus had left on their faces. "Papa," said Angy, "even buses from New Jersey go to Coney Island."

"Right, child, they should go from all the States."

"Why don't we go, too?"

"We shall go soon."

"Hurray!" screamed all of them, jumping on top of me. A truck went thundering by. It reminded me of a subway car. It bore a club on an outing. Its lusty members all stood up and yelled. A hurricane of joy filled the air. It flung the doors open along

Cropsey avenue and on all the side streets. It raised the windows and brought people tumbling down to the streets. The truck went by in flashes of color. From the top, the sides, the front and the back the American flag whirled to the winds in a mad embrace of sunlight. I became excited. I jumped up, flung my arms open and gave a terrific howl, my children joining with me. My wife came running up, pale, scared, fearing the house was about to be engulfed by a seaquake. (The street only divides it from the ocean.)

"No," I panted, sinking into an armchair; "No, it's only Coney Island. It has got me at last. We are going to Coney Island this afternoon!"

"In this tremendous crowd?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, in this crowd," I answered calmly. "I have been escaping this crowd for a long time. Now I want to feel it, touch it, smell it, and hear its roar. I believe that we shall never feel so free as in that crowd."

"Well, if I didn't know you, I'd think that you had gone crazy."

"I am. No one knows it better than I do. Look! Our iceman Nick and his family are going too, in his yellow and red cart!"

Nick, in shirt sleeves, his brown muscles shining in the sunlight, proudly drove his fat bay horse past the house. I tried to count the number of his children. I gave it up. Then all the automobiles in the United States rolled by.

My cousin Victor, hearing of my decision, tendered the service of his car.

"No," I said, "I am,—we are going on foot. I want to approach the place like a pilgrim."

Victor thought I was crazy, too. I had to change my plans under the severe criticism of my staff. I gave up reluctantly. "I shall go alone some other day. The subway then," I concluded. The excitement became so great that our noon meal of stuffed *lasagna* was left on the table. "We won't say good-bye to it," I said, "but *arrivederci*." I never saw my children dress as quickly as on that day. When all were ready, we went forth on our great adventure.

II

The day was brilliant and warm. I led the way with Leonardo in tow, who now and then tried to wiggle his hand free from mine. Realizing how vain were his efforts, he made faces at me.

"Stay by me," I told him, "children get lost at Coney Island."

"No-o-o-," he answered, "I know the way."

The short walk to the station made us a little warm.

"Imagine walking all the way to Coney Island in the hot sun!" exclaimed my wife.

"I am afraid you don't like fun any more," I answered grimly.

She gave me a sly look and began to ascend the forty steps of the elevated station, which is an outpost of the subway system. The train was delightfully jammed, but we managed to squeeze in.

Most of the men were in their shirt sleeves, and the women were hatless. Everybody looked hot, but that did not prevent several youths from keeping their arms around the necks of their sweethearts. In full defiance of all the Puritan inhibitions they kissed one another.

"Boccaccio has nothing like this," I remarked.

"That is not nice," answered my wife.

"No, it's not nice," I repeated, "but they think it is."

Children were sprawling all over the floor of the car. Some, tired of carrying bundles, were using them as seats. But

their eyes were all dreaming. Dreaming of merry-go-rounds, candy sticks, the beach; of romps in and out of the water; of digging in the sand with little spades, filling and dumping out the little tin pails with the American flags painted on them. This, I thought, will be the first lesson in wisdom they shall remember—that things in life are like so many grains of sand slipping through one's fingers.

Two stations away from Coney the train stopped. As I looked out of the window something familiar caught my eye. Where once lurked swamps with greenish, putrid water, rows of plume-like plants were now gently moving in the breeze. I called my wife's attention to the beautiful vegetation. "They are *finocchi*," she said. Yes, *finocchi*—fennels in English. If you want your wine to acquire a distinctly aromatic taste eat *finocchi*. Your Italian restaurant will serve them to you. I believe that the people who first cultivated *finocchi* must have reached a very high degree of civilization. There is nothing finer for the digestion, especially after a heavy dinner. *Finocchi* are conducive to brilliant conversation; they go well with wine. First you eat the white, tender, delicately flavored part of each stalk. Then, the remaining green shaft being cylindrical, you use it to drink your wine as you use your straw in drinking soda. This operation exalts the mind. You feel transported to Elysian spheres. I wonder if Omar, who sang so much of wine and roses, knew *finocchi*. If not, he missed the supreme ecstasy of wine drinking.

According to the present immigration laws, the despised peasants who have had the perseverance and courage to turn these mire fields into beautiful orchards and gardens should still be pining away in southern Italy, where land costs an eye an acre and nature is inadequate to their needs. Here, like real pioneers, they have built their own homes, which in certain respects remind one of their homes in Italy. They are square, solidly built, with white stucco finish. They have a nostalgic air. The

smothered, affectionate feeling of the owners for their motherland is encased within their walls as within a shrine. From the land they have left forever in utter hopelessness, but whose memory animates them in their new venture, they derive their love for the soil. As we passed, every member of every family was working in the fields. From grandfather to grandson. This apparently was their Sunday rite: complete communion with Mother Earth. All this at the door of Coney Island, which is not what it used to be!

As the train got near, I saw the new city that has been built in the last few years. Its inhabitants live here the year round. Working people who have found an appeal in the harsh winds of the Atlantic in Winter, and a fuller breath of air in Summer. Here their life seems to take on a larger scope; the expanse of the ocean gives them a wider horizon for their dreams. They live quite indifferent to the noisy life that goes on in the heart of Coney Island. Their homes are neat and comfortable, and their streets quiet, with two new school-houses, huge and commanding over the rest of the buildings.

III

We got out, or rather we were pushed out. The courage of all these people in the face of the hot sun is really admirable. Humanity, I suppose, was made for the outdoors. All the efforts of Progress to segregate and stifle it within four walls have failed. As long as there is a beach or a meadow left people will gather their bundles and migrate there. That is why Coney Island is a place where man in shackles breaks his bounds. Here he becomes himself. Here he finds that natural expression which makes him kiss his wife or his sweetheart. Here he becomes beautiful, because the sun is not denied him.

"Where shall we go?" asks my wife.

"Where?" I answer as if awakening from a dream. "Oh, where? Any place. Does it matter? Just let our legs go where they want to."

"Let's go to the beach, Pa," breaks in Angy.

"Let's then, sweetheart," I say. Could I say anything else? And to the beach we go. Or rather we drift. In Coney Island you don't walk. You simply become a drifter on the human tide. But soon I see something that speaks of dignity. The fetid alleys of one time have become streets. Where mystery used to lurk at every angle, you now move with a certain sense of comfort and security. The board-walk looms in the distance, and as we approach it so does the ocean.

New buildings to meet the exigencies of the times have hastily gone up. We found a new order and cleanliness that does credit to the shopkeepers if you consider the crowd they serve every day. And here also huge capital has jumped at the opportunity to establish new, sanitary bath-houses in place of the wobbly shacks of a few years ago. A little to the left of us we saw the municipal baths. Well frequented. Too well, indeed, for all the long lines of people waiting in the hot sun. Here I had a hard fight with my conscience, and I looked surreptitiously at my wife. I felt within me a great spirit of emulation. Besides, as a taxpayer I felt also that I was entitled to a share in that free bath-house. I would have liked to walk over and place myself at the end of that line and wait my turn with that spirit of discipline and sacrifice which distinguishes the American people from any other on earth. But courage failed me. I cannot for the life of me take advantage of a good woman. I saw in the eyes of my wife that she too had found herself. She was looking dreamily over the ocean. Maybe she was thinking of the blue Adriatic, on whose shore she was born, like Francesca Da Rimini. Shall I quote Dante? Well, no—but it happens in the *Inferno*, Canto V.

On we walked. A cool breeze from the ocean added to the therapy of the sun. The children started to run. I ran after them. My wife smiled. She told me that I shall never grow old.

"Not immediately," I said.

We strolled toward a bathing place.

"Do we go bathing, Pa?" demanded Antoinette.

"Sure," I answered in the solemn tone that fathers assume when they begin to realize that children have rights too.

"Why have we brought our bathing suits—for nothing?" taunts Angy.

"Now, don't take things for granted, Angelina; you are always looking for an argument. You will never learn anything by arguing."

As we approached I saw something which awakened recollections in the back of my mind. A building in the pure Renaissance style, majestically and airily overlooked the ocean.

"Look!" I called to my wife. "Do you recognize anything?"

"Yes," she said.

It belongs to a large company operating numerous restaurants. My mind shot across the water, and I saw an old familiar harmony of colors and sky.

When you bathe at Coney Island you bathe in the American Jordan. It is holy water. Nowhere else in the United States will you see so many races mingle in a common purpose for a common good. Democracy meets here and has its first interview skin to skin. The garments of Puritanism are given a kick that sends them flying before the winds. Here you find the real interpretation of the Declaration of Independence. The most good for the greatest number. Tolerance. Freedom in the sense that everyone minds his business. In no place have I seen so many lovers as on this beach. On no beach so many wonderful children. Muscles that develop from labor, and beauty that sweats in factories meet here.

Dark, velvety eyes like violets send a warm flush of life to your heart. And the straight, shapely limbs look beautiful in the sunlight. The veil of hypocrisy does not conceal Venus any more. Again she has returned to her Greek pedestal. Phidias would rejoice. Here is the neglected, un-

known pearl that is cast upon the shore out of the shell of poverty. In the midst of all the crude, brazen display I saw a girl on whose pale, sensitive face beauty had impressed its tragic seal.

We bathed, we frolicked, we stretched out on the sand. Toward evening, when the beach began to look quiet and alone again, the sea gave me an impression of being tired. The waves rolled slowly and reluctantly. After a day's work Neptune takes a rest. How old he looks! How weedy! How gray, with patches of white!

IV

Michele, my other boy, up to now had been as quiet and silent as a mouse. Upon returning to the boardwalk he clutched me. "Papa, I am hungry," I heard him say with his bird-like voice.

"Of course, we shall all eat, Michele. I am taking you to a restaurant presently."

But Michele does not like restaurants. "I hate restaurants," he told me.

"This is very promising; you are beginning to hate very early," I said.

Michele is seven years old. As a sort of retort he tried to arrest my progress. I quickly saw the cause of his prompting. Right in front of us, like so many petards about to go off, sizzled a grill of frankfurters.

"Ah," I gasp, "the plague!"

"No," responds Michele. "They are frankfurters."

"Yes, Pa," mewl the others in chorus.

It's a critical moment. I am determined to hold fast. And I don't look at Michele. If I do, I know it means surrender. You cannot look in Michele's eyes and say no. They are brown and yet they are not brown. They have an innocent, sweet, lamb-like expression. They look at you not pleadingly, but dreamily, as if pondering on the intolerance of human reason. They do not argue, but convince you by a weak submission that right is not always on the part of the stronger. Suddenly he steps in front of me; he catches my eye; I

capitulate. What is worse, I join the party. What, indeed, is a visit to Coney Island without a frankfurter?

The magic of Coney Island is such that one becomes a child. This is not easy for many men to do. Most of us lose our primeval sense of life, which is a sense of divinity. But Coney Island brings it back. There you meet your grandfather and your grandmother and they tell you all about fairyland. When it gets dark some goblin, by pushing a button, lets all the stars from heaven drop to earth. And for once in your life you taste that perfect bliss of existence where dreams become tangible. Your body swings in the ether. You climb to dizzy heights and touch the gods with your finger.

You are shown all the punishments of sin and all the rewards of virtue. You become forgetful of both, and your body, taking on wings, flies through the air with the speed of a meteor. You lose all sense of distance and space. You are shaken, you are tossed, you are whirled, you are pinned, and then, almost senseless, you plunge to earth once more. Shrieks, giggles, laughter of every sound and meaning tell you that man is still supreme. Forget, brother, the uncivil strife! The panting rush! Escape the crush of the subway! Damn the telephone, and the blow at close quarters!

Here the planet Luna awaits you. She comes down close to flirt with you. In the far distance she was cold, mysterious and silvery charming. Many a night she disturbed your thoughts. She made you restless and sleepless. But tonight she has consented to meet you and lead you by the hand. She will show you the battle of the gods for the throne of wisdom. And the many men she has charmed by her beauty. What strange faces they have! What gorgeous costumes! Look at the colors! You are filled with light. She gives you the freedom of her house. You may sport and refresh yourself in a limpid pool, or dance as only we mortals can dance. The hours go by. You refuse to leave. You have for-

gotten the world of yesterday. You begin to pity your boss for his lack of humor. His pounding tomorrow will slide over you like water that doesn't wet you. Beyond lies hell with all its burning ugliness. But here is release. The shackles of toil have gone to the bottom of the ocean.

This is not the same crowd that came with us from the subway and elevated train. All the faces have relaxed, They have a softer expression, and some of them show nobility. Their imagination has soared, and from now on they will talk differently.

V

We went out. Out into the street, and it seemed out into the night. Such is the contrast of light. The human voice became a hurricane of which one heard the rumble only. And then the cries of the vendors. How they break, how they bark, how they blend in one long hoarse howl! What do they sell? Anything and nothing. You can have milk fresh from the cow. She is the most educated cow in the world. She stays perfectly still under a canopy of lights. She is of wood, but absolutely natural. A shooting-gallery bangs away and the pigeons fall in a tank of water. They are fished out and put in place to be shot at again. They are deathless, but the instinct to kill is satisfied.

Here we have illusion in every form. The cowboy with the lasso on his arm has never seen the prairies, but my mind goes to the prairies. I feel the cactus sting me. The interminable spaces are before me. I sense all the charm of this immense country. The deep gorges, the peaceful valleys. The blue and purple dawns. The cattle driven across the plains. And the sheep of Wyoming and Montana. My wife talks to me. I can't understand her. What magic, what dreams, what detachment among so many people and amid so much noise!

As we reached the front of Steeplechase we were too tired to go in. The place bubbled with mirth. It cracked the walls and rolled in waves among the crowd outside.

I got the impression that the whole area would be shaken by one prolonged, huge laugh and then crumble into dust. So we hurried away. Beside, we were hungry.

I had taken a mental picture of a certain restaurant in a quiet spot and thither we went. We entered by walking under a grape-vine trellis, but sat in a garden. The place is Italian. The food is Italian. Orders are given and received with profound courtesy in Italian. Leisurely, with perfect poise the waiter begins to bring plates, glasses and silverware. On a corner of the house hangs a string of garlic; on another a string of red peppers. The flavor of the kitchen, aromatic, rich, floats and blends with the salty air. I think I could eat anything. I have never felt so hungry in my life. So with my wife and the children. Our health has improved one hundred per cent. Our spirits two hundred per cent. Our belief in anything a thousand per cent—and dinner has not begun.

I start to sing, *sotto voce*, "O Sole Mio"; the children join me; the *antipasto* triumphantly arrives with the last longing notes of the song. "We have singers here every night," the waiter informs me. "Bravo!" I exclaim. Then the feast starts. Well, we must have spaghetti *alla marinara*. Then

fresh green salad from the garden. They raise chickens here too. You hear nothing. You simply eat. The stars twinkle and the moon is full, melancholic, and romantic. Opposite my table two lovers eat and smile. They have not said a word all the while we have been here.

I start to sing again. My wife begs me not to.

"Oh, well," I say, "I thought you liked my voice."

"It's not your voice, but the song I don't like."

She is right; the song is a little rude. I stop. While we are finishing dinner the singers arrive. Naples begins to sigh. Naples pleads, Naples dreams, Naples loves. It loves on the enchanting gulf, on the balconies, on the street corners. And music is heard all over the town. I stop eating. My wife stops eating. My children stop eating. "Far away and long ago," I murmur. It's the charm of another land.

We left, and slowly walked to the train. It was late. The bulk of the crowd had gone. As we rode by the gardens, I saw families seated outside under the trellises before the white stucco houses. I longed to sit there and listen to those tales of the soil that never grow old.

EDITORIAL

UNDER Prohibition, Fundamentalism and the complex ideals of the Klan there runs a common stream of bilge: it issues from the ghostly glands of the evangelical pastors of the land. The influence of these consecrated men upon the so-called thinking of the American people has been greatly underestimated by fanciers; in fact, most of the principal professors of such forms of metabolism overlook it altogether. Yet it must be obvious that their power is immense, and that they exert it steadily and with great gusto. It was not primarily the Christian faithful of the backwoods who fastened Prohibition upon us; it was the rustic *curfs* working upon the Christian faithful, whose heat, in turn, ran the State legislators amok. If the *curfs*, clinging to 1 Timothy, v. 23, had resolved to spare light wines and beer, we'd have them today, not behind the arras but in the full glare of rectitude. Here, as always in our moral Republic, scriptural exegesis preceded the uplift, and gave it its punch. While the agents of the brewers and distillers were fatuously bribing legislators, and paying higher and higher prices as session succeeded session, the Prohibitionists were out in the Bryan Belt organizing the country ecclesiastics. Once the latter had steam up the rest was only a matter of choosing the time. It came conveniently in the midst of war's alarms, at a moment of mystical exaltation. If history says that William H. Anderson, Wayne B. Wheeler and company turned the trick then history will err once more. It was really turned by a hundred thousand Methodist and Baptist pastors.

As I say, the doings of these gentlemen of God have been investigated but imperfectly, and so too little is known about them. Even the sources of their power, so

far as I know, have not been looked into. My suspicion is that it has developed as the influence of the old-time country-town newspapers has declined. These newspapers, in large areas of the land, once genuinely molded public opinion. They attracted to their service a shrewd and salty class of rustic philosophers; they were outspoken in their views and responded only slightly to prevailing crazes. In the midst of the Bryan uproar, a quarter of a century ago, scores of little weeklies in the South and Middle West kept up a gallant battle for sound money and the Hanna idealism. There were red-hot Democratic papers in Pennsylvania, and others in Ohio; there were Republican sheets in rural Maryland, and even in Virginia. The growth of the big city dailies is what chiefly reduced them to puerility. As communications improved every yokel got dragged into the glittering orbits of Brisbane, Dr. Frank Crane, and Mutt and Jeff. The rural mail carrier began leaving a 24-page yellow in every second box. The hinds distrusted and detested the politics of these great organs, but enjoyed their imbecilities. The country weekly could not match the latter, and so it began to decline. It is now in a low state everywhere in America. Half of it is boiler-plate and the other half is cross-roads gossip. The editor is no longer the leading thinker of his dunghill; instead, he is commonly a broken and despairing man, cadging for advertisements and hoping for a third-rate political job.

His place has been taken by the village pastor. The pastor got into public affairs by the route of Prohibition. The shrewd shysters who developed the Anti-Saloon League made a politician of him, and once he had got a taste of power he was eager for more. It came very quickly. As industry

penetrated the rural regions the new-blown Babbitts began to sense his capacity for safeguarding the established order, and so he was given the job: he became a local Billy Sunday. The old-line politicians, taught a lesson by the Anti-Saloon League, began to defer to him in general, as they had yielded to him in particular. He was consulted about candidacies; he had his say about policies. The local school-board soon became his private preserve. The wandering cony-catchers of the tin-pot fraternal orders found him a useful man. He was, by now, a specialist in all forms of public rectitude, from teetotalism to patriotism. He was put up on days of ceremony to sob for the flag, vice the county judge, retired. When the Klan burst upon the peasants all of his new duties were synthesized. He was obviously the chief local repository of its sublime principles, theological, social, ethnological and patriotic. In every country town in America today the chief engine of the Klan is a clerk in holy orders. If the Baptists are strong, their pastor is that engine. Failing Baptists, the heroic work is assumed by the Methodist parson, or the Presbyterian, or the Campbellite. Take away these sacerdotal props and the Invisible Empire would fade like that of Constantine.

II

What one mainly notices about these ambassadors of Christ, observing them in the mass, is their colossal ignorance. They constitute, perhaps, the most ignorant class of teachers ever set up to lead a civilized people; they are even more ignorant than the county superintendents of schools. Learning, indeed, is not esteemed in the evangelical denominations, and any literary plowhand, if the Holy Spirit inflames him, is thought to be fit to preach. Is he commonly sent, as a preliminary, to a training-camp, to college? But what a college! You will find one in every mountain valley of the land, with its single building in its bare pasture lot, and its

faculty of half-idiot pedagogues and broken-down preachers. One man, in such a college, teaches oratory, ancient history, arithmetic and Old Testament exegesis. The aspirant comes in from the barnyard, and goes back in a year or two to the village. His body of knowledge is that of a street-car motorman or a movie actor. But he has learned the *clichés* of his craft, and he has got him a long-tailed coat, and so he has made his escape from the harsh labors of his ancestors, and is set up as a fountain of light and learning.

It is from such ignoramus that the American peasantry gets its view of the cosmos. Certainly Fundamentalism should not be hard to understand when its sources are inspected. How can the teacher teach when his own head is empty? Of all that constitutes the sum of human knowledge he is as innocent as an Eskimo. Of the arts he knows absolutely nothing; of the sciences he has never so much as heard. No good book ever penetrates to those remote "colleges," nor does any graduate ever take away a desire to read one. He has been warned, indeed, against their blandishments; what is not addressed solely to the paramount business of saving souls is of the devil. So when he hears by chance of the battle of ideas beyond the sky-rim, he quite naturally puts it down to Beelzebub. What comes to him, vaguely and distorted, is unintelligible to him. He is suspicious of it, afraid of it—and he quickly communicates his fears to his dupes. The common man, in many ways, is hard to arouse. It is a terrific job to ram even the most elemental ideas into him. But it is always easy to scare him.

That is the daily business of the evangelical pastors of the Republic. They are specialists in alarms and bugaboos. The rum demon, atheists, Bolsheviki, the Pope, bootleggers, Leopold and Loeb—all these have served them in turn, and in the demonology of the Ku Klux Klan all have been conveniently brought together. The old stock company of devils has been retired, and with it the old repertoire of

sins. The American peasant of today finds it vastly easier to claw into heaven than he used to. Private holiness has now been handed over to the Holy Rollers and other such survivors from a harsher day. It is sufficient now to hate the Pope, to hate the Jews, to hate the scientists, to hate all foreigners, to hate whatever the cities yield to. These hatreds have been spread in the land by rev. pastors, chiefly Baptists and Methodists. They constitute, with their attendant fears, the basic religion of the American clod-hopper today. They are the essence of the new Christianity, American style.

III

Their public effects are constantly underestimated until it is too late. I ask no indulgence for calling attention again to the case of Prohibition. Fundamentalism, in its various forms, sneaks upon the nation in the same disarming way. The cities laugh at the yokels, but meanwhile the politicians take careful notice; such mountebanks as Peay of Tennessee and Blease of South Carolina have already issued their preliminary whoops. As the tide rolls up the pastors will attain to greater and greater consequence. Already, indeed, they swell visibly, in power and pretension. The Klan, in its early days, kept them discreetly under cover; they labored valiantly in the hold, but only lay go-getters were seen upon the bridge. But now they are everywhere on public display, leading the anthropoid host. At the great outpouring in Washington a few months ago—which alarmed the absentee Dr. Coolidge so vastly that he at once gave a high Klan dignitary a federal office of trust and profit—there were Baptist mullahs all over the lot, and actually more in line, I daresay, than bootleggers or insurance solicitors.

The curious and amusing thing is that the ant-like activity of these holy men has so far got little if any attention from our established publicists. Let a lone Red arise to annoy a barroom full of Michigan lumber-jacks, and at once the fire alarm sounds

and the full military and naval power of the nation is summoned to put down the outrage. But how many Americanos would the Reds convert to their rubbish, even supposing them free to spout it on every street-corner? Probably not enough, all told, to make a day's hunting for a regiment of militia. The American moron's mind simply does not run in that direction; he wants to keep his Ford, even at the cost of losing the Bill of Rights. But the stuff that the Baptist and Methodist dervishes have on tap is very much to his taste; he gulps it eagerly and rubs his tummy. I suggest that it might be well to make a scientific inquiry into the nature of it. The existing agencies of sociological snooting seem to be busy in other direction. There are elaborate surveys of some of the large cities, showing how much it costs to teach a child the principles of Americanism, how often the average citizen falls into the hands of the cops, how many detective stories are taken out of the city library daily, and how many children a normal Polish woman has every year. Why not a survey of the rustic areas, where men are he and God still reigns? Why not an attempt to find out just what the Baptist dominies have drilled into the heads of the Tennesseans, Arkansans and Nebraskans? It would be amusing—and instructive.

And useful. For it is well, in such matters, to see clearly what is ahead. The United States grows increasingly urban, but its ideas are still hatched in the little towns. What the swineherds credit today is whooped tomorrow by their agents and attorneys in Congress, and then comes upon the cities suddenly with all the force of law. Where do the swineherds get it? Mainly from the only publicists and metaphysicians they know: the gentlemen of the sacred faculty. It was not the bawling of the mountebank Bryan, but the sermon of a mountain Bossuet that laid the train of the Scopes case and made a whole State forever ridiculous. I suggest looking more carefully into the notions that such divine ignoramuses spout.

H. L. M.

FRÉMONT AND JESSIE

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

IF THE Widow Benton had not had an account of the trial of Warren Hastings in her library, if Jean Nicholas Nicollet had not come to America to study geography in a Middle West in which the Rotarian had not yet supplanted the buffalo, and if, finally, Miss English had not given a musicale at her select school for young ladies in Georgetown, we should probably never have heard of John Charles Frémont, the Pathfinder.

But all these things, and many more in Frémont's life, occurred with the precision of a sardonic fate. They plucked this imaginative young man from an obscurity in which he might have been reasonably content and conferred upon him a tormenting delusion of grandeur. They doomed him all his life to pursue rainbows and butterflies and mirages. They made him a little like Galahad and a little like Colonel Sellers and a little like Mr. Micawber. He saw himself as a figure harassed and romantic, misunderstood, moving among sordid and little men. And in this fantasy Jessie Benton sustained him from the moment when first they saw each other in Miss English's drawing-room to the day when he lay down to die in a room in a New York hotel, a white-haired old man, with pathetic, bewildered eyes.

There were two Frémonts—or, better, let us say three. There was Jessie's Frémont, who was also Kit Carson's, and Zagonyi's and Basil La Jeunesse's, and there was the Frémont of the literal-minded historian, a bungler consorting with visionaries and thieves, and there was the true Frémont whom no one—perhaps not even Jessie Benton—ever saw. At St.

Louis, in 1861, he had three sets of sentries before his door. But how many sentries with bayonets fixed and rifles loaded did he not set to defend the secrets—or the echoing emptiness—of his heart!

Yet behind the bars and bolts, undoubtedly, was a man strangely and tragically symbolic of the youthful visions, the fatal optimism, the inability to reconcile crude fact and beautiful ideals, the sordidness and pretense and magnificent desires that form the true history of the United States.

II

The mark of the wanderer was on Frémont from his birth. His father, fleeing from Lyons to escape the French Revolution, suffered captivity in the West Indies following an encounter with an English frigate. Escaping, he fell into a gentler slavery in Norfolk, Virginia, where he married the beautiful Ann Whitney Beverley. Ann's father, Colonel Thomas Whitney, had played a creditable part in our own Revolution, married three times, begat fifteen children and gathered large estates. The elder Frémont added to these last, and the family spent much of its time in jogging from plantation to plantation. At Savannah, on January 21, 1813, the jogging was interrupted long enough for the birth of John Charles, the future Pathfinder. Five years later the elder Frémont died, leaving John to grow up under Ann Beverley's care. Jessie Benton and Ann, between them, largely shaped his life. They taught him to think of himself as a very perfect gentle knight.

In his 'teens he studied a little law, a

little mathematics and dabbled in the ancient languages, as other well-born young men, for no particular reason, were doing. One of his early tutors, Dr. John Robertson, spoke of him as "a youth of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender but well formed, and upon the whole what I should call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius." It is said that he never smoked or swore, but at sixteen he had sufficient spirit to fall in love with "a young West Indian girl with raven hair and soft, black eyes," neglect his studies and get himself expelled from Charleston College in consequence. After this he taught school for a time and then went on a two years' cruise in the sloop-of-war *Natchez* as an instructor in mathematics. Tiring of that, as he tired of most things, he became a surveyor and this led to his appointment to go with Nicollet's expedition to the upper Mississippi Valley, as a second lieutenant of engineers. Louison Freniere, fur trader and guide, taught him on that trip the fascinating lore of the prairie. His eyes began to turn westward, his feet to itch for untraveled trails. The Summer lingered like the memory of a first love. "That year," as he wrote, "the prairie flowers had been exceptional in luxuriance and beauty." He never saw "the golden rod and purple asters in handsome bloom," but it all came back to him.

Other second lieutenants in the Topographical Corps may have indulged in similar sentimentalities, without much coming of them. But Frémont, returning to Washington, met Senator Thomas A. Benton, chairman of the Senate committee on military affairs, on the pedestal of whose statue at St. Louis are now carved the words:

HERE LIES THE EAST.
HERE LIES THE ROAD TO INDIA.

Benton was the son of the Widow Benton, who owned forty thousand acres of land in Tennessee, and he believed in the sacredness of land hunger. As a boy his

imagination had been fired when he read of the British exploits in India, and Clive was his favorite hero. As he matured he dreamed of argosies on the Pacific, with cargoes of spices, cloth of gold, silks and peacocks' feathers. He wanted ports on the Pacific. He wanted Oregon and California. He wanted to open up the Orient, like a fat, pearl-bearing oyster.

Benton had four daughters, one of whom was the only woman whom Rossini could bear to hear play Beethoven. The second, Jessie, was perhaps the most like her father. She was beautiful, self-willed, energetic, volatile, ambitious. The Bentons had two homes, one in Washington and one in St. Louis. When Jessie was quite a little girl she used to go with her father to the White House, where tough old General Jackson, talking politics the while, would tangle his fingers in her brown curls till it hurt. But the St. Louis home pleased her most. There, along the locust-shaded streets, romance and adventure were in the very air. There was the old, silver-haired, broken-hearted Grandmother Benton, living in a separate wing of the great house, with her own staff of servants—chapters of history in her tired old eyes, though she never cared to tell them. Washington Irving came to St. Louis once and the Indians got up a war dance for him. Jessie became frightened at their ululations and a "kind-faced young officer" picked her up and comforted her. He was Albert Sidney Johnson, later to fall fighting against his flag on the field of Shiloh.

To the Benton mansion came bronzed missionary priests and Sisters of Charity, officers from the Jefferson Barracks, the fur-trading Choteaux and other leading French residents (they called Benton *l'ami des Français*), and "Mexican merchants in gold-embroidered velvet riding dresses and great ringing spurs." Thither came buckskin-clad voyageurs, "all animated with a common purpose," all with eyes turned westward. From the long outdoor gallery you could see Indians passing, painted and blanketed, and in the distance, by the

levees, you could hear Negro boat hands singing chanteys. A frequent visitor, sitting through tranquil afternoons, was General William Clark, discoverer with Meriwether Lewis of the road to Oregon. Once or twice Benton went to pay court to the venerable Jefferson at Monticello, and returned with a prophetic light in his eyes.

The limitless West intoxicated him, and made him oblivious to minor considerations of right and wrong. He ached, like Kipling's explorer, with the thought of "something lost behind the ranges." A rosy hope, not unlike that which illuminated the skies of the great Elizabethans, suffused his horizon. Who knew, indeed, but another Elizabethan period were not veritably about to bloom? Who knows but it might not have bloomed, but for the storm clouds already gathering in the South, but for the slaughter pens even then being made ready in Kansas and Virginia, in Missouri and the Carolinas? The squalor of America's forthcoming decades was not yet inevitable.

III

Jessie returned to Washington and took up her studies in Miss English's select school. She climbed trees and tore her dresses, and one day Lieutenant Frémont came. He was in uniform and had eloquent eyes. They loved instantly. Here, for perhaps the only time in Frémont's life, was romance without illusion. Neither the will-to-power, nor resentment, nor disappointment, nor the cynical fingers of the years had marred her then. Once, a year or two later, she obtained a pension for one of Frémont's followers, wounded in his service. He would, but for his crutches, have fallen on his knees. "*Vous êtes ma sainte Madonne,*" he cried, "*et je vous fais mes prières.*" Her Madonna phase passed, but let us remember it.

President Harrison died, after but a month in office, and John Tyler reigned in his stead. Official Washington duly mourned, and troops marched slowly along Pennsyl-

vania avenue, with arms reversed. But for Frémont, who had persuaded the Benton family to witness the funeral procession from the Coast Survey Observatory on the avenue, where he and Nicollet were working up their notes, the day was wildly happy. He filled the room with flowers, he got his best uniform dusty bringing in wood and building a fire, he served tea and ices. Next day the flowers appeared at the Benton residence. In short, it was not long before the state of affairs was too evident to be ignored, and Benton caused Frémont to be sent on a surveying trip to the sources of the Des Moines River and the lands of the Sacs and Foxes.

What tears were shed, what vows made, what passionate letters exchanged by furtive messengers may be imagined by any reader of romantic fiction. At all events the separation failed of its intended purpose. Soon after Frémont's return he and Jessie ran away—"suddenly and unpremeditatedly," he said—and were married by a Catholic priest. But Frémont's luck was better than Romeo's—or worse. Nicollet, a quaint figure in a white suit, driving about Washington in a fiacre of his own design, befriended them. "*Mes enfants,*" he would begin, addressing them in his kindly and infinitely sophisticated fashion. He helped them make their peace with Benton. But the mellowness of Autumn was upon him; he was passing into his last illness.

If the Frémont match had seemed to the Benton family an indifferent one there now was nothing to do but make it a good one. Benton was too old to go beyond the ranges; he would send Frémont, he would make him an instrument of empire, to carry the flag to the Pacific, to find the road to India. Nicollet was already too ill to go into the wilderness again. What more natural than that the projected expedition should be entrusted to his lieutenant, already an experienced explorer?

Frémont left Washington in May, 1842, with orders to go as far as the South Pass, and collected his men, "principally Creole

and Canadian voyageurs," at St. Louis. Some of them, such as Alexis Ayot and Basil La Jeunesse, followed him with dog-like devotion on two or three expeditions, over thousands of miles of desert and mountain, through all sorts of dangers and sufferings. To them, at least, Frémont was no charlatan. Another faithful companion was Kit Carson. Frémont met Carson on a Missouri river steamboat as the far-famed scout was returning to Taos, New Mexico, after putting his half-breed daughter in a convent school in St. Louis, and thereafter a call from Frémont would have brought Carson to his side from the uttermost ends of the earth.

Frémont's actual pathfinding on this and later expeditions did not amount to much. When his trips were successful he followed other men's trails; when he tried to make his own trails he failed. So far as his trips were fruitful it was because he kept and published diaries which were of service to other travelers and because he had in his party one or two scientific men, notably Charles Preuss, the topographer. Brigham Young used Frémont's report as a guide book in the Great Mormon trek to Salt Lake, and to hundreds of 'Forty-niners it was better than a Bible. The legend of Frémont the discoverer is almost wholly Benton's invention. Benton was one of the most eloquent and persuasive and unconscious liars that ever lived.

Nevertheless, the regions into which Frémont actually ventured contained enough to test the courage and endurance of the stoutest-hearted and to inflame the imagination of the most phlegmatic. Between the great rivers and the mountains wandered tribes of Indians—Pawnees, Crows, Sioux, Shoshones, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Osages, Apaches, Navajos, and many more. Some were friendly, some openly hostile, and some would accept the white man's gifts one day and try to take his scalp the next. Almost all of them would steal horses if they got a chance. Traveling and living among them were the hunters and traders for the great fur com-

panies, who usually took Indian wives and are perhaps best regarded as merely another species of Indian. Carson himself took scalps—on one occasion, by an oversight which he deplored, from a still living Indian. There were French from New Orleans, Quebec and Montreal, Spaniards and Mexicans from south of the Rio Grande, and even escaped Negro slaves, who had found a barbaric freedom. And once, far from the inhibiting influences of Puritanism, Frémont came upon a camp of half a dozen New Englanders, each with his squaws and swarm of "little, buffalo-fed boys."

The party traveled through "fields of varied flowers, which filled the air with fragrance," made fires of *bois de vache*, not so fragrant, visited Indian camps, where they ate dog meat, and the hanging shields and spears reminded Frémont "of the days of feudal chivalry," killed buffalo, mountain sheep, antelope, elk and deer, saw Long's Peak in the distance, "like a cloud on the horizon," and finally made the first recorded ascent of the peak in the Wind River mountains now known as Frémont's. Frémont was enthralled by the "wild beauty," the "savage sublimity," the "terrible solitude" of the wilderness. In his eyes it was fresh, youthful, glamorous as the dawn of the world.

He went as far as the South Pass, swung north, and came back by the Loup fork of the Platte. In October he was home again, and in May, 1843, thanks to the efforts of his tireless father-in-law, he was sent to carry his survey through to Oregon, to connect up with that already made on the Pacific side by Captain Wilkes. He took with him a brass howitzer and an artilleryman to fire it, perhaps with a vague idea of driving the British out of Oregon or the Mexicans out of California. He was already on his way when orders directing him to return to Washington and explain about the howitzer reached Jessie at St. Louis. But Jessie had no intention of allowing the United States Government to interfere with Frémont's plans. She sup-

pressed the letter containing the orders, and sent Basil La Jeunesse spurring after the explorer to bid him hurry forward.

Frémont reached the Great Salt Lake without serious difficulty, explored a portion of it in a collapsible rubber boat, passed Beer Springs, near the present Idaho-Wyoming-Utah boundary, but found they were not intoxicating, and in the first week of November was enjoying the hospitality of the amiable Dr. McLaughlin, factor for the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Vancouver. He had now carried out his instructions and might have returned home. He had, however, other plans. Still towing the faithful howitzer, he headed southward, by a route so eccentric that it has probably never been traversed in its entirety by anyone else, passed Klamath Lake, and then, searching for the mythical Buena Ventura river, reported to run from the Great Basin into San Francisco bay, turned Eastward. The consequence was that he found himself in desert country and on the wrong side of the California Mountain, as the trappers called the Sierras. He crossed, after forty days of terrible struggle and hardship—a remarkable feat but one which even at that time was no part of a sensible man's journey from Oregon to California.

Sutter, the Swiss rancher and storekeeper on the Sacramento, received him kindly and sold him supplies. From Sutter's Fort Frémont went south to strike the well-worn Spanish Trail to New Mexico, which Carson had often followed. The valley seemed a paradise; he marched through fields of poppies, lupins and yerba buena; past groves of oak, set in green meadows; saw an abundance of game; caught salmon in the mountain streams; passed, on the left, the Mojave desert, swimming in a hot mist; hit the ancient thoroughfare, over which so many priests and mail-clad adventurers had passed; and on May 23, 1844, was again in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, having in eight months made a circuit of thirty-five hundred miles. He had lost one man at the hands of the Indians,

but the party had had no other deaths and no serious illness.

He arrived in St. Louis after an absence of fourteen months. Some had believed him dead, but Jessie, waiting in the Benton home in St. Louis, had set a place for him at the supper table every evening for eight months. Honors came to him. General Scott made him a brevet captain of engineers—"the only recognition for services rendered," he afterwards commented, "that I have received from my government." The Royal Geographical Society gave him a founder's medal, the Prussian government the "great golden medal for progress in the sciences." Benton hardly exaggerated when he said that Frémont had "returned with a name that went over Europe and America." Many a weatherbeaten old trapper had been further and seen more, but being inarticulate and not being a son-in-law of Benton, remained unhonored and unsung.

Frémont spent an idyllic Winter in Washington, writing up his report—or rather dictating it to Jessie. There was more and more talk in the papers about trouble with Mexico. Polk, the new President, warned Frémont against what he called "the impulsiveness of young men," but gave him permission to go again, this time to find a direct passage over "the California mountain."

IV

California, a chronically disaffected province, was a ripe plum, ready to fall into almost any outstretched hand. Polk was already taking steps to ensure that this hand should be American rather than British. How much of what was going forward was made known to Frémont is uncertain, though he later asserted that "in arranging the expedition the eventualities of war were taken into consideration." At all events, he crossed the continent with a party of sixty-two men, among whom were six Delaware Indians, saw traces of gold in the bed of the American river, but was not then "interested enough to give

it attention," and asked permission of General Jose Castro, the military governor of California, to winter in the San Joaquin valley. Instead of staying in the valley, however, he brought his men over to the coast and finally camped within eighteen miles of Monterey, the California capital, more than two hundred miles from the site of his proposed camp in the San Joaquin. Alarmed by his approach, Castro ordered him to withdraw, upon which Frémont fortified himself on a peak of the coast range and announced, with a theatrical flourish, that "if we are hemmed in and assaulted we will die, every man of us under the flag of our country." After sitting on this eminence for three days he thought better of his intention and departed for Northern California. Such was the famous affair of the Gavilan Peak.

Frémont went as far north as Klamath Lake, where he was overtaken by an officer of marines, sent from Washington with despatches for Consul Larkin at Monterey and with letters from Benton and verbal messages for Frémont. He took these messages to mean that the government intended to annex California by force. "I saw the way opening clear before me," he explained. "War with Mexico was inevitable, and a grand opportunity now presented itself to realize in their fullest extent the far-sighted views of Senator Benton and make the Pacific Ocean the boundary of the United States." So elated was he that he forgot to set the customary camp guards that night, and in a midnight attack by Indians three members of the party were killed. Pausing only to take a swift and bloody vengeance for this outrage, Frémont started south again.

In the Sacramento valley rumors were abroad that the Californians were stirring up the Indians against the Americans and were themselves gathering for an attack. Neither of these stories was true, but they gave Frémont an excuse for joining forces with the Bear Flag party, an act which precipitated the intervention of the American naval forces at Monterey. Frémont now

led his army of several hundred settlers—some of them described as a "rough set," whose "private, public and moral characters had better not be too closely examined"—to Monterey, enlisted them under Commodore Stockton as a species of horse marine, and assisted, though without firing a shot, personally, in a single battle, in the memorable "conquest." No American has any reason to be proud of this assault upon a friendly people, who had treated the settlers from the States with the utmost hospitality. However, Frémont's conduct was, on the whole, not contemptible. He allowed his men to murder a number of unarmed Californians in cold blood, but he spared the life of Jesus Pico, sentenced to death for breaking parole, and thus made lifelong friends of the large and influential Pico family. He was, after all, a man after the Spanish-American heart; he rode like a centaur, dressed picturesquely, and was, when not angered, generous and quixotic.

A "revolt" of the supposedly pacified Californians, breaking out in September, 1846, was ended, after some skirmishing, when Frémont, who had been given the title of military governor by Commodore Stockton, received the surrender of Andreas Pico. Unhappily, a number of lives had been lost on both sides, and Brigadier-General Stephen Kearney, invading California with a force of regular cavalry, had met with a reverse, lost a number of men and been himself wounded. This did not sweeten his temper, and when Frémont refused to submit to his authority a wrangle followed which resulted in the Pathfinder going home to stand trial on charges of mutiny. "Thus," said Benton, "like Columbus, Colonel Frémont returned from the discovery and conquest of a new world . . . a prisoner and in disgrace." His worst crime, Benton said, was in daring to distinguish himself without graduating from West Point. A court martial of West Pointers heard the case, and despite Benton's eloquent defense, found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to dismissal from the

service. President Polk attempted to straddle the issue by approving the sentence, and at the same time remitting it and ordering Frémont restored to duty. But Frémont would accept no pardon. He resigned his commission.

While in California he had purchased, through Consul Larkin, a Spanish title to forty-three thousand acres of land in Mariposa county, which afterwards turned out to include two of the richest gold-bearing veins in California. For this he paid three thousand dollars. This and a number of other financial transactions, both private and public, caused some question to be raised as to his financial integrity. But as he afterwards proved so poor a business man as to be fleeced out of practically every cent he had in the world, he must be given the benefit of the doubt.

V

He was only thirty-five, and he still had Jessie Benton to admire him, but it is probable that the bloom of life was gone. Something of the look of an underrated genius or a disappointed child begins to show in his later portraits. Late in 1848 he organized a fourth expedition to California at his own expense, but it was a joyless adventure. "I do not feel the pleasure that I used to have in these labors," he wrote to Benton. The trip was disastrous. His guide misled him in the Colorado mountains, a detached party ate the flesh of one of its members, who had died of exposure, and nine or ten others perished before the survivors straggled into Taos. Frémont plucked up courage, however, went on to California, and there met Jessie, who had gone by way of Panama. She had imported from the East the first survey ever used in California, and the family led a picturesque, nomadic life, now at Monterey, now at San José, now at San Francisco, and finally on the Mariposa estate. Here, after gold was found, Frémont worked his mines on a great scale, employing at one time two or three thousand men.

In 1850 he was sent to Washington to fill out the few remaining days of the short term as one of the first senators from the newly-admitted State. Two years later, failing of reelection, he went abroad, where, as his friend Bigelow said in his biography, he met with a "flattering reception from several of the most eminent men of science and letters then living." Jessie Benton was presented at the court of St. James's, as her daughter records, in "a gown of pink silk, with pink moire train, trimmed with roses," and in Paris they rented Lady Dundonald's house and mingled in the society of the nascent Second Empire. Even their financial affairs seemed for a time to prosper. Frémont organized the Nouveau Monde Mining Company, and offered a million shares at five francs each, with the backing of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The Mariposa mines were doing well. They yielded as much as seventy-five thousand dollars in a month.

In 1853 reports of a transcontinental railway survey caused him to hurry home and embark on his last pioneering expedition. But there was much hardship and little illusion in these journeys now. For fifty days his party lived entirely on horse flesh, coming out at last into the Utah valley barefooted and half-starved. One man died on the way. Frémont had proved that a wagon road or a railroad could cross the country in the neighborhood of the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels, but it remained for other men to make the final surveys and collect the profits. He could not stay long in one place. In 1856 he was back in New York, angling for, and obtaining, the first presidential nomination of the idealistic young Republican party. Some unpleasant tales of his financial idiosyncrasies were abroad, but he had nearly all the church members, college professors and Northern liberals behind him; Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant and George William Curtis were for him; Greeley, Thurlow Weed and Abraham Lincoln campaigned for him; and great processions marched with banners reading, "Free Speech, Free Soil and Fré-

mont," or, sometimes, "Frémont and Jessie." He probably ran as well as any candidate on that ticket could have done in that year.

Throughout the campaign Jessie Benton censored her husband's mail every day and destroyed every letter and every line in a newspaper that might have caused him bitterness. The fact was characteristic. He did not live in the real world. She did not let actualities touch and lacerate him.

He went on blowing bubbles for fate to prick. There were idyllic moments in the little cottage in Bear Valley, in the Mariposa, and again at the house on Black Point, opposite the Golden Gate. But his vast claims against the government were unpaid, his title to the Mariposa was questioned, squatters jumped his mines, and he lost popularity, even in California. He was always trying to raise money. He was in Paris trying to raise money when the Civil War broke out.

VI

Somehow the Frémont legend was revived. A commander was needed in the West; why not the Pathfinder? "The dash of romance in his character," wrote Nicolay and Hay, "easily rekindled popular enthusiasm; political sagacity indicated that he should be encouraged to change this popularity into armies." Accordingly, Lincoln gave him charge of the new Department of the West, with headquarters at St. Louis. But the dash of romance, for so utilitarian a conflict, was a dash too much. It led Frémont to organize Major Zagonyi's Hungarian Guards, who were magnificent but not warlike. It led him to assume, as General Farrar said, "all the prerogatives of an absolute ruler," to surround himself with a brilliantly uniformed but undependable staff, to move about "with all the trappings and surroundings of a royal potentate," to let himself be duped by contractors and spoilsmen. It led him to refuse aid to General Lyon, in Southwestern Missouri, with the result that that commander risked a despairing battle and was killed.

It led him to spend a month getting ready to strike while the Confederate General Price raided Western Missouri at his leisure. It led him to issue his famous emancipation proclamation a year before Lincoln was ready for it. It created a mess of inefficiency and corruption which startled even the Postmaster General, the Quartermaster General and the Secretary of War, familiar as they were with conditions in Washington. It kept him as confident and hopeful as Napoleon himself. When the axe was already hovering over his head he could write to Jessie: "My plan is New Orleans straight; Foote to join in the river below. I think it can be done gloriously, especially if the secret can be kept." A week before his dismissal he reported: "Every way we are doing well."

Jessie, not quite so confident, hurried to Washington, demanded a midnight audience with Lincoln, and overwhelmed him with reproaches, even hinting, as Lincoln told his secretaries, "that if General Frémont should decide to try conclusions with me he could set up for himself." But neither Jessie Benton's pleas nor threats, nor the ghost of her beauty (her hair turned gray during that Summer and Fall in St. Louis), could offset the crushing evidences of her husband's incapacity. On November 2 a messenger reached him with orders to be delivered if he were not found to have won a battle, or to be engaged in a battle, or to be on the eve of battle. Frémont had fulfilled none of these conditions and he was accordingly superseded by his subordinate, General David Hunter.

He returned to St. Louis like a conqueror; his train was met by throngs of loyal Germans; flowers strewed the streets; and the Zagonyi Guards, torches flaring, sabres glittering, escorted him to his home. For a few days the Hungarians mounted guard regularly in the Frémont house and swore they would not fight for anyone but Frémont; but though they wept fiercely when he got into his carriage to start for New York they did not attempt a *coup d'état*. Meanwhile, Ulysses S. Grant, wear-

ing a queer set of whiskers, had captured Paducah in his unostentatious way, and was setting forth on his long journey to Appomattox, the White House, Mount McGregor, and Riverside Drive.

In Virginia, a year later, Lincoln gave Frémont another chance, with the result that he was speedily beaten by Stonewall Jackson and outwitted by Ewell. Lincoln then placed his former subordinate, General Pope, in authority over him and he resigned. Two years later he emerged as candidate of the radical Republicans against Lincoln, but when he was told that this might throw the victory to the Democrats he withdrew. He did not have the stuff in him to be an Arnold or a Burr. He sulked in his tent while the war dragged to its conclusion; other men's fame blazed up over night; his died into gray ashes.

VII

And this was really the end. There were no more explorations—indeed, there was little left to explore. Roads to India were not much in demand. Bankers, commercial travelers and tourists, journeying over the old trappers' trails in Pullman cars, complained because their chops were underdone. No one wanted romance; everyone wanted money. Frémont tried to meet this demand. He sold mining stock. He plunged in railroad enterprises. He solaced himself with meeting royalties and near-royalties during his trips abroad. But all the gold he touched turned to dross, and in 1878 he was glad enough to accept an appointment as territorial governor of Arizona for the sake of the two thousand dollars' salary it carried. He found copper near Jerome, and tried vainly to interest New York capitalists in it. He moved restlessly from Arizona to California, from California to Washington, from Washington to New Jersey, thinking up magnificent projects and failing to carry them through, getting to be more and more like Colonel Sellers and less and less like Galahad. In 1888, a pathetic figure, he received a round of ap-

plause at the Republican national convention, and uttered a few banal words. He was like a ghost now—an actor stumbling back upon the stage after the lights had been turned down and the audience was already shuffling out. He was a man from another age, who would have found it easier to talk to Daniel Boone, or Balboa, or Francis Drake, or Marco Polo, than to these soft-bellied politicians of the swinish 'eighties. But he had no scorn. He looked humbly in their pasty faces and thanked them for their perfunctory acclamations.

In April, 1890, his friends succeeded in having him pensioned off as a major general at \$5625 a year. But this belated wage did him little good. On July 13 he died—this man who had faced so many dangers, suffered so much from thirst and hunger and cold, slept in so many lonely places—of promaine, in a New York hotel. "Just as he was sinking into unconsciousness," said his daughter, Elizabeth Benton Frémont, "he spoke of leaving for home. 'Which home, General?' asked Dr. Morton. 'California, of course,' whispered my father." Thus he set forth, for the last time, without Carson or La Jeunesse or Godey, with no Benton to cheer him on, riding, perhaps, on the ghost of that splendid charger, El Toro de Sacramento, which had carried him into Monterey in 1846, to find a trail to India.

Jessie Benton received a pension by special act of Congress, and a house from the women of Los Angeles, and lived until December 27, 1902. Did her faith in her Pathfinder endure to the end? Or did she penetrate the triple line of sentries and stand finally in an empty and resounding chamber? And did she at last perceive the irony of those words upon her father's statue in St. Louis? Did she come to understand that Jefferson, Clark, Benton, Frémont, she herself—yes, and America, too—had pursued something that never had a real existence; that in the sense in which those words were fondly used there was no East, there was no India?

UNTAMED

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

STRIDING across his field, Richard suggested one of the pagan gods of corn, or wine, or fertility, or the harvest, or something of that sort. I never did determine which god, precisely, it was—perhaps for the reason that he didn't actually resemble any of them. But he was obviously pagan.

Richard's skin was snow-white velvet except where vivid corpuscles had responded to the summons of wind and sun. His eyes were sky blue, very large, and so far as I could ever determine, expressionless. They were rather too perfect; in fact, somewhat like the glass eyes of a doll. His height was difficult to estimate on account of the extraordinary breadth of his shoulders. At times he looked fat, and roly-poly, and funny. But if you happened to see him standing on the summit of a ridge of plowed ground with nothing but piled up Summer clouds for a background he looked ten feet tall. Great shoulder muscles rose and fell as he swung along behind his plow, propelling enormous boots with soles half an inch thick. He was always graceful—and yet always in a crude, heavy way, as it seemed to me a pagan god of the fields should be.

Two dogs scampered after Richard, running this way and that. He would take off his broad-brimmed straw hat and wave it at them, exposing silky blond hair in such disarray that you couldn't say whether it was curly or merely tangled, or both. From time to time he would encourage the antics of his dogs with a peculiar call that was like yodling, for it began with a high, quavering note, dipped to bass, and then rose higher and higher until it simply

faded out. Usually, Richard's two little sisters would come running out of the back door as soon as they heard this call but they never proceeded farther than the gate. Their mother would shrill her command, and they would reluctantly return.

He was very fond of these sisters but took his own way of showing it and had endless quarrels with his mother as a result. For some unknown reason they considered it a high honor to be permitted to handle his boots, perhaps because they were the most important items in his wardrobe. Anyway, if he was in the very best of humor, he would toss one boot to each sister and allow the girls to grease them. They gurgled and chattered gleefully as they performed this rite—that is, until their mother caught them at it and put a stop to the fun.

On hot days, when he came in from the field dripping wet, Richard would pick up five or six milk pails and fill them with water at the well. Then he would summon his sisters, adjourn to the stable, strip off his clothing, and step into an oak sack that was open at the bottom as well as at the top. Wearing this improvised bathing suit, he would push open the stable doors and allow the girls to throw buckets of water on him. They would squeal with delight and he would splutter and roar and shout until their mother came. She bitterly disapproved of this and usually broke up the play with a buggy whip.

Mrs. Black, Richard's widowed mother, seemed overfond of using that buggy whip. I have often wondered just what her experience may have been as the wife of Richard's father. Sometimes it seemed to me that Richard got beatings merely for

resembling his departed sire. At any rate, we of the neighborhood knew that he got many that were never explained.

One evening, as I walked along the road at the point nearest their home, I heard Mrs. Black call out, angrily: "Come here, you Richard! Come here, I say!" She was standing in the back yard and held a buggy whip in her hand. Richard ambled out the door, stopping for a moment to pull his sisters loose from his coat. They were crying hysterically. He removed the coat, glanced at his mother with a scornful smile, and then turned and stood with his back to her. She gave him ten lashes. I could see his lips draw back ever so slightly each time the whip cut across his shoulders, but he made no sound. At last Mrs. Black said: "Now then, get into the house!" Towering above her, Richard took the whip from her hand. For a few seconds they stood looking at each other while he slowly bent the handle until it snapped.

This interesting pantomime puzzled me at the moment, but on thinking it over I decided that it explained Mrs. Black's frequent use of the whip. She wanted to subdue something in that boy—and she could never do it, not even for an instant. To Richard his mother was an inconsequential person, even when she was wielding a lash. He looked upon her outbursts of anger as something that concerned her alone, and never seemed to resent their effect upon himself.

One day I expressed surprise that he did not run away; many other country boys did.

"I can't," he replied. And then, without the slightest emotion, he explained: "Just before my father died he called me and said: 'Richard, no matter what happens, stay on the farm until the mortgage is paid off. Never sell the farm; keep it free from debt. Four months before you are twenty-one the last payment should be made. After that do as you please.' I gave him my promise and that is what I shall do."

Richard's chief diversion was hunting; he was enamoured of guns. He used to load his own cartridges, and when he spent an

evening at this task the two sisters always hovered over the table, their eyes sparkling as they watched his dexterous fingers. Meanwhile Mrs. Black would sit nearby, sewing and scowling.

In return for all these services, Richard built log cabin playhouses for the girls, always keeping each one a secret until it was completed. Then he would seat one girl on each shoulder and carry them away to their new "home." The boy seemed absolutely tireless.

II

Richard's peculiar way of calling his dogs interested me, for the same combinations of notes occur in some of Wagner's operas, especially "Die Walküre." But I doubt that he had ever heard of Wagner, or of yodling either, for that matter, although his grandfather was a native of Germany. This grandfather, whose name was Richard Schwartz, emigrated in 1849, and joined a small German settlement in South Texas. Most of those Germans had been citizens only a few years when the Civil War broke out, so about nine-tenths of them, influenced by their recent oaths of allegiance, defied local sentiment and joined the Union Army. But Richard's grandfather had married an American girl and thus come in touch with the Secessionist point of view; he therefore fought under the Stars and Bars. His son grew up in a community that considered the name Schwartz not only difficult to pronounce but funny, so the son changed it to Black, shortly before marrying an American girl. Their son was the boy I knew, Richard Black.

Mrs. Black was no less interesting than her son, but for very different reasons. She was one of those nervously energetic, opinionated heralds of the coming era of feminism. While she was proud of Richard, he was also a thorn in her theories. The boy himself seemed to have no opinions, but a scoffing demon could scarcely have devised behavior better calculated to nettle her. At times, I think, she hated him.

Mrs. Black wanted her daughters to be

beautiful, but it was plain to be seen that they would develop into healthy, squat little creatures like herself, with uncertain complexions and no particular distinction of any sort. Long before the mortgage on the farm had been paid off she arranged for the girls to take music lessons, but Richard spoiled even this. He would come into the room while one of the girls practiced, brush her off the seat, and then say: "Listen, you funny little towhead." Thereupon he would play the lesson, and the teacher would say: "Richard has a sense of music." But Mrs. Black usually replied: "Richard thinks he is too smart."

All the girls of that community liked him. Aside from the fact that he was a capable young farmer well on the way to independence, they were caught by the strange attraction that everyone else seemed to feel, though I do not believe it can be defined. You had to see him walk, and notice the carefree tilt of his head to sense this attraction—then it was inescapable. Work could not bind him to the soil, nor did heavy responsibility bend his shoulders. In him was strength like that of the wind and sun and tides—and something, too, of nature's tireless joy in the repetition of the same activities.

On cold Spring mornings, when he plowed, I would sometimes hear him shout to warm his blood, and at such a time one required very little imagination to believe that he himself summoned the North wind. He used to tell me that he was going to be a sailor, and immediately, for no reason at all, I saw him standing with shield and spear in the prow of a Viking ship.

Of the many girls who let him know they liked him, two were bolder than the rest. One, indeed, proposed to him.

"We can get the Gaines place cheap," she said. "The county road will be built out there next Summer. It's a good place to settle down."

"And wouldn't you like a gold ring with a diamond in it, too?" he asked. The girl blushed.

"Certainly you would," he continued.

"A nice diamond ring, and a little automobile, and a good farm with a ten-year mortgage, and a strong man to work it for you." He paused and cocked his head to one side, smiling. "Yes, indeed," he resumed, "that would be very nice—for you."

Lily Carter, the other girl, was more subtle. She made her advances to Mrs. Black. Since all knew that Mrs. Black would be a "perfectly terrible" mother-in-law, Lily easily won her heart. The result was that Lily visited the Blacks frequently, and on each occasion Richard was required to escort her home. In the little village church she would look at him and his mother in a way that everyone thereabouts understood, so that within a few months people took it for granted that an engagement existed. Thus, without making progress, so far as Richard was concerned, Lily at least drove off competition.

One day Richard's mother said to him: "Son, aren't you thinking of getting married?"

"No," he replied bluntly.

"What about Lily?" she asked.

Richard looked at his mother for a long time and then said: "Well, what about her?"

"I think you and Lily ought to get married."

"What you think is your business—and may be Lily's—but not mine."

"A boy ought to get married."

"Not necessarily."

That roused Mrs. Black's ire. She retorted: "Yes, necessarily."

Richard laughed while his mother glared at him, but she continued to glare until finally he lost his temper.

"Not necessarily," he repeated, though there had been an interval of at least a minute. Again they stood, looking at each other, Mrs. Black flushed and angry, Richard with a mocking, taunting smile. Interpreting it, she exclaimed:

"You beast! Come out with me! Come out, I say!"

Mrs. Black evidently had in mind another session with the buggy whip. Rich-

ard looked at her with that expressionless stare of his but did not move.

"I am tired of that, mother," he finally said, indicating the buggy whip. "It annoys me, and sometimes it makes my back bleed. Next day the sweat gets in and stings. Now sit down."

But she did not sit down. Again their eyes were blazing defiance. At last Richard smiled, then covered her face with his huge hand and pushed her back into her chair.

"You women make me sick," he remarked impersonally. "You squeal like stuck pigs about your work and your babies, but hell and high water can't keep you from chasing marriage licenses. If that girl comes around here again I'll spank her. Do you hear?"

Mrs. Black heard but she couldn't answer. Her mind was trying to grasp the fact that the final revolt had taken place; she could no longer hurt him with her hands.

"You could be arrested for pushing me around like that," she said.

"I don't doubt it," Richard replied. And he rubbed his back. Those two had a queer way of communicating with each other in pantomime.

III

Gradually the impression spread through the village that Richard had not dealt fairly with Lily. The girl was clever enough to protest against this, but her protests were histrionic.

"Oh, no," she would sob, "you mustn't say such things about Richard. He is a fine boy."

But the fact that she sobbed was a more than sufficient denial of her words. On the whole, hers was masterly work; it increased Mrs. Black's enthusiasm for her and maneuvered Richard into a very uncomfortable position. People no longer spoke to him cordially when he appeared in the village streets; later they didn't speak to him at all. He cared little enough for them, but their slights stung his pride none the less. To have people for whom one cares very

little daring to draw away their skirts is perhaps harder to bear than facing worthy foes. However, those of us who knew Richard best did not doubt that he would remain firm against all pressure.

From time to time Mrs. Black would visit Lily and her bewildered parents, but the girl no longer visited the Blacks. People noticed this and said Richard's mother was doing her best in a difficult situation. They made it a point, therefore, to be very polite to her, even sympathetic. This was especially noticeable in any gathering, for there Richard himself was treated as a leper. No one seemed to think that Mrs. Black was not loyal to her son; quite the contrary. As for me, I regarded the whole proceeding as an interesting game. In that community there were not enough husbands to go round because so many of the young men went away. Lily Carter was doing her best to get a husband and Mrs. Black was coöperating with her in order to retain an extraordinarily capable farm hand. The rest of the community was lending such aid as it could. How else, I meditated, were the rural districts to be saved from depopulation?

Richard proved harder to handle than the others. Months passed, and still the lash of public opinion cut him no deeper than his mother's buggy whip. Months meant very little, however, in that community. Everyone had plenty of time. They were playing a game whose rules provided for no truce and no quarter as long as the girl stuck to her tears. Lily fought gallantly.

One day Richard said to his mother: "It would be very nice for you if I were to bring home some girl that you like and settle down."

Mrs. Black knew his way of speaking ironically, but was trapped by her eagerness into smiling.

"Yes," he continued, as though thinking aloud, "I made the last payment on the farm today. The title is clear now. That man Ford who helped me with the crop a year ago is a very good workman and honest. He could take care of the farm and

I could do what I want to, but still it would be very nice for you if I married some girl that you like and settled here."

Again Mrs. Black smiled in spite of the fact that she was uneasy.

"Well, then," Richard resumed, "go and tell Lily that we'll be married."

"Do you mean that?" his mother asked.

"Yes, I mean it."

Lily and Richard were married on the following day. Nor was the wedding very much discussed. Others had been brought about among us in the same way. The community, indeed, seldom lost such a contest, unless the young man took French leave. Of course, some did that.

About a week after the ceremony I met Richard in the village blacksmith shop. We had each brought a plow point to be sharpened. I noticed that he was dressed in his Sunday clothes.

"Hello," I said.

Richard smiled cordially, and looked at me for a long time, appraisingly. Finally he decided in my favor—whatever the question was—for he said: "Come here, youngster, and I'll tell you something funny."

I came nearer.

"If a man wants a woman and takes her," he said, "that is a crime. If a woman wants a man and takes him—"

I was embarrassed and looked away.

"Isn't that funny?" he demanded.

No answer.

"Well then, I'll tell you another one. If a woman deserts her husband, that is a good joke on him. If a man deserts his wife that is a violation of our State law. Don't you think that's funny?"

No answer.

"Do you know the story about the man who blew a trumpet and knocked down the walls of a city?"

I nodded.

"Good! Now this time you will laugh. After the walls fell they had to fight the people, but I knocked a whole town flat on its back merely by saying 'yes' four or five times. Isn't that a good joke?"

I didn't know whether it was or not. While I debated the matter Richard walked out of the blacksmith shop. Later Mr. Ford came and took his plow point home. He said Richard had been called out of town. Richard never returned—not even when his daughter was born.

IV

But a year later I saw him in the Union Station in St. Louis. He was in a hurry and tried to pass without being recognized.

"Hello," I said. "I'm bound for New York; where are you going?"

"When does your train leave?" he asked.

I looked at my watch and told him I had precisely seventy seconds.

"I'll go with you," he announced.

Now that, I meditated, was rather interesting, so when he joined me in the smoking-car I questioned him. He evaded the first five or six queries, meanwhile grinning like a boy who has just played a prank. Finally he handed me a newspaper, indicating a certain column. I glanced at the headline, then read what followed with growing interest. And for no reason at all I, too, began grinning. Finally I asked:

"Well, why did you do it?"

"I'll tell you," he answered. "You remember how I left home? Well, naturally I didn't take much money with me, so there was a hurry for a job. Here in St. Louis I didn't know how to find one. But one morning I saw a sign where some men were digging and I got a job. Next day they let me drive a truck. And that gave me an idea. I looked at the newspapers, and, sure enough, chauffeurs were wanted. Pretty soon I was a chauffeur. I drove a beautiful car for a rich man. Not exactly for the rich man, but for his wife. And I did other things, too. That woman was like my mother—she could think of lots of things for a man to do. I should carry this and bring that, and put something else here and pull up another thing there. The things that woman could think of for me to do! And no sense to it. She would look at my

shoulders and right away they gave her ideas. And what good was she, I used to ask myself. No good at all. Except to lose her jewelry; also the cook. She did that often. 'Be there at five-thirty,' she'd say; and then I'd wait until seven. 'Don't drive so fast.' 'Don't drive so slow.' 'Look out, here comes a truck.' 'Be careful at this corner!'

"What a woman! I was not in the house often, but lots of mornings when I waited at the curb that man would come out saying: 'All right, my dear. Yes, my dear. All right, all right, all right.' He had to sing that song in order to live in his own house."

"But you haven't explained how *this* happened," I interrupted, pointing to the newspaper headline.

"I'm coming to that," Richard replied. "This woman always knew better than I did which was the right road. Now you know how a country boy is on directions. We can smell our way home. But no—she must be the master mariner, just to hear her head rattle. Last night she went a long way out in the suburbs, and it rained. It rained hard all evening. Well, coming back she screeched, 'Richard! You are going the wrong way. Turn to the right here. To the right! To the right!' Well, we argued but it was no good. Either I would turn to the

right or stand there until a policeman came along so she could have me arrested. For mutiny, I guess. Anyway, I turned, and of course it was the wrong road. We bumped and banged and nearly fell through a wobbly bridge and finally we got stuck good and hard in the mud, with a creek not ten feet away, rising out of its banks. 'Now,' she said, 'I hope you are satisfied.' Well, I can tell you I was not satisfied. That fine car was ruined. I sat there helpless, but every minute getting a little more sick of that woman, so finally I just took hold of her. She'll eat off a mantelpiece for the next month."

Richard was grinning again. Finally he asked: "What could they do to me for that."

"I'm not sure," I said. "Perhaps a year. Maybe longer. Of course, they could let you off much lighter if they wanted to."

"It's how much, not how little, that I'm thinking about," Richard remarked.

"What are you going to do in New York?" I asked.

"Go aboard a ship just as quick as I can."

"You must have been saving money."

"No; I'll get a job on the ship," he explained. "Ever since I was knee high to a duck I have wanted to be on a ship. That's the life!"

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

JUDICIAL verdict of the Rev. Bob Jones, a distinguished evangelist of Andalusia, as reported in the *Star* of that fair town:

William Jennings Bryan was the greatest statesman America ever produced.

HYMENAL orgies among the high-toned colored folk of Mt. Meigs, as described by the special correspondent of the eminent *Montgomery Journal*:

A marriage of cordial interest to a host of friends both in Alabama and Texas was that of Alice Olenza Wingfield and James W. Smothers, which was solemnized Wednesday evening, at 6:30 p. m., in the auditorium of the Rogers building, State Reform School, Mt. Meigs, Ala. The ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Holmes, pastor of the Old Ship A. M. E. Zion Church, Montgomery. The auditorium was beautifully decorated for the occasion with southern smilax, fern and tall hanging baskets filled with gladioli, roses, and other cut flowers. The decoration on the rostrum was arranged to resemble a large flower garden, which formed a beautiful background. An appropriate program of music was rendered before and during the ceremony. Professor F. D. Adair, director of music at the State Normal School, presided at the piano. Marie Mitchell, of Birmingham, sang "Because." Bertha Loveless, of Montgomery, sang "My Destiny." E. L. Goff, of State Normal School, sang "Oh Promise Me." Under the direction of L. Camilla Hightower, director of physical culture of the State Normal School, the wedding procession began. As the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march pealed forth from the piano, Groomsmen Harold Saunders, of Montgomery, and W. E. Mitchell, of Tuskegee, entered, followed by Faustine Hamblin and Elizabeth Charles, of Montgomery, bridesmaids. Next came W. B. Hill, of Centreville, and Burrell, of Tuskegee, followed by Fannie Nelms and Hortense Lewis, of Montgomery, bridesmaids. Then came Wilhelmina Welch, of Tuskegee, bridesmaid, and Clarence Lee, of Montgomery, groomsman. All of the bridesmaids and groomsman stood upon the rostrum during the ceremony, which, added to the background of flowers, made a very beautiful picture. A. W. West, Jr., son of Dr. A. W. West, and Morris Hightower Williams, son of Morris Williams, both of Montgomery, were pages. Ge-

lene Gregory, of Greenville, and a childhood friend of the bride, was maid of honor. E. Jones, of Marion, Ala., was matron of honor. Wilhelmina Gray, daughter of Dr. W. E. Gray, of Montgomery, and Annie Lee Cotton, sister of Jean Cotton, were flower girls and scattered rose petals in the path of the bride. Wilhelmina's dress was blue georgette and lace, and Annie wore green georgette and rosebuds. The bride entered on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage. Her veil formed a train, was trimmed with pearls and caught to her hair with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was bride's roses, showered with fern. She wore a string of pearls, the gift of the groom. They were met at an improvised altar of smilax, ferns and white roses by the groom and his best man, Calhoun of the Veterans' Hospital, Tuskegee, Ala. Professor Adair softly played "To a Wild Rose" during the ceremony. More than four hundred representative citizens, white and colored, of Mt. Meigs, Montgomery, Tuskegee and other sections of the State witnessed the ceremony. Gifts received were numerous and valuable, coming from citizens of the community and other sections, representing both white and colored of all professions. An informal reception was tendered the guests, in honor of the bride and groom, on the campus while the school band entertained with choice selections.

THE Hon. Mr. Cloe, Commissioner of Education of Birmingham, in the distinguished *Post* of the same:

No one should teach in our schools who does not believe in Jesus Christ and the Bible.

THE delights of theatre-going in Montgomery, as described by the eminent *Journal*:

During the second intermission Peg Jones gave a whirlwind dance, after which he played a number and danced, using his harp. Loud applause was echoed throughout the audience and he was summoned for an encore, after which he danced with his hands, making his own music with his harp, which was beyond everyone's imagination.

CALIFORNIA

LARGE red-lettered sign posted on all the barn-fences and lamp-posts of the charming town of Glendale:

Hear Astronomer-Evangelist Knox tell of
Great Discovery

HELL LOCATED!

In these days of research and discovery, the planet on which the fires of hell will consume the wicked has been definitely located. Remarkable screen pictures of the "Burning World" will be shown during the enlightening lecture on

"THE FATE OF THE SINFUL"

Mr. Knox will answer the question—"How Long Will Hell Burn?"

KNOX TABERNACLE

CORNER BRAND AND CALIFORNIA

NOTE on the literary state of the Union, from the Los Angeles *Evening Herald*:

Miss Blanche M. Herzog, of the general literature department of the public library . . . said that Young America is developing a profound love of poetry. . . . Kipling, she added, is at present the most popular bard, his nearest rival being Service, with Edgar A. Guest third.

CONTRIBUTION to scientific method by the gifted editorial writer of the Lodi *Sentinel*:

The true test of any doctrine, religious or scientific, should be the effect it will have on the lives of young men and women who will soon be carrying on. If it leads away from the religious beliefs of our forefathers and tends to weaken faith, it should be condemned.

BITTER protest from a Bryanite reader of the intellectual Los Angeles *Times*:

My daughter, Myrabel, until a year ago, was attending a private school where the biblical explanation of creation was taught. She was then a righteous and Christian maiden who had the highest ideals. She never smoked or swore.

Then I sent Myrabel to one of our so-called "Christian colleges" where she was compelled to study biology and its attending theory of evolution. I should have known better than to send her to these iniquitous colleges. After Myrabel had been taught evolution she no longer had the ideals that were hers before. Her self-respect is shattered. She has bobbed her hair; she uses cosmetics; she smokes and swears. Yesterday she fell so completely into the hands of the devil as to take liquor. I felt compelled to refuse her further admission into our home.

So, Mr. Editor, can you not help in the spreading crusade to stamp out the evolution forever and guide the Southwest in a return to a God-fearing righteousness?

JONATHAN MORTON

COLORADO

INTELLECTUAL recreation of a 100% Nordic Blood of the fair town of Loveland, as

brought to light in the estimable *Reporter-Herald*:

Kent Reeves spent eight hours counting and listing the cars that passed Derby Hill, south of Loveland, and has turned in the following report: Fords, going North, 185, South, 162; Chevrolet, N. 71, S. 55; Dodge, N. 34, S. 33; . . .

Four hundred and fifty-six of the cars were traveling North, during the eight hours, and 400 were traveling South. During that period fifteen motor trucks went North and twenty-six traveled South. One team went in each direction; one man walked North over the highway, and one bicycle went in each direction.

FLORIDA

ADVERTISEMENT in the Tallahassee *Daily Democrat*:

GRAPES FOR SALE—One dollar a peck. None sold for wine-making. J. B. GAMB. Phone 416-L.

GEORGIA

PERSONAL note from the eminent Valdosta *Times*:

This is to certify that I, Henry Rains, who was accused and arrested on a charge of selling poisoned whiskey to W. A. Curry, undertaker, was found not guilty, because it was only embalming fluid, which he asked me to bring him and not poisoned whiskey. I am making this statement to vindicate my name.

JUBILANT news item in the distinguished Hazlehurst *News*:

Farmers, professional men, business men, women and children met with Dr. Godwin at the Grace Baptist Church during the week and Sunday afternoon and prayed for rain. . . . God answered those earnest prayers and today Jeff Davis county can claim the finest crops it ever had. Praise the Lord!

News note from Athens, on the Oconee river, seat of the University of Georgia, the Georgia State College of Agriculture, and the Lucy Cobb Institute for Girls:

Students of Lucy Cobb Institute are allowed religious freedom, though it is a regulation of the school that the girls must attend Sunday-school and church services of the denomination of their choice.

CONTRIBUTION to scientific methodology by the Rev. Dr. Marion McH. Hull, nationally known Bible scholar, as reported by the Atlanta *Journal*:

If the scientists want to test the truth of any theory, they should search the Scriptures, and if the theory and the Bible do not conform, the theory should be rejected. . . .

ILLINOIS

PROCLAMATION of a cosmic event in the
Elmhurst Press:

SH! SH! SH! ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL
OF A BABY

He Is Here! He Is Here! He Is Here!

The Greatest, Grandest, most Glitteringly Gor-
geous Gift of God!

A BABY!

Opens an unlimited engagement at the home
if Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Cruget.

Positively the first appearance in any crib.

Eight—count them—perfect pounds. You
should see this burly, bouncing boy. See him
toy with his ten—count 'em—ten tempting
toes.

SEE HIM FREED!

The tidy, taut and typically trim trained
nurse tips him his boiled and brittle bottle in
six superb exhibitions daily—morning, matinee
and evening.

If you want to see him, present this coupon
at the door two weeks from today.

INDIANA

RENAISSANCE of literary passion in this
great State, as revealed by the Elkhart
Truth:

A literary club which has been named the
Thanatopsis Mental and Moral Uplift Club has
been organized by sixteen young men of this
city.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the town
of Goshen:

A. E. Kundred, gladiolus grower of Goshen,
has been banned from the strict orthodox church
he attended. The church cast out Mr. Kundred
because authorities decided that in hybridizing
his gladioli to produce new varieties he was
interfering with the divine scheme of things.

IOWA

FROM a public bull by the Hon. William
L. Harding, LL.B., ex-governor of this
great State:

We must have a nation of all-Americans. We
must expel those who can not recite the Con-
stitution of the United States and Lincoln's
Gettysburg address.

KENTUCKY

FROM the political advertising columns of
the eminent Lebanon *Enterprise*:

I, Richard Yates, son of Joe Yates, am making
the race for Jailer, and I pray all of you good
men and women will go to the election and
make one little cross mark for old Richard.

No man in the county needs the place as
badly as I do. I am a poor man and haven't
asked for any office. Those other fellows have
an education and can get a good job.

I can't see you all. I have to work every day.
I wish I could. Please go to talking for me,
and vote for me and God will reward you.
Charity is the best thing we can do.

I hope God will bless you all at the last hour.

RICHARD YATES,
Candidate for Jailer.

FOOTNOTE on the Christian magnanimity
of Fundamentalists from a recent Madison-
ville dispatch:

The Business Men's Bible Class at the First
Baptist Church made recommendations, that,
if put into effect by the State legislature, would
result in every person in Kentucky paying with
his life for conviction of manufacturing, sell-
ing or buying liquor.

LOUISIANA

EXTREME measures used to convert a noto-
rious heathen, as revealed by a Mandeville
dispatch:

Prayer for the conversion to Christianity of
Clarence Darrow, defense attorney in the John
T. Scopes trial, was offered at the State assem-
bly of the Baptist Young People's Union here.
The prayer was given at the suggestion of E. D.
Solomon, State secretary of the organization,
and hope was expressed that Darrow might be
won. At the conclusion of the prayer a chorus
of "Amens" rang out.

MARYLAND

FINAL collapse of Fundamentalism in Bal-
timore, as revealed by a handbill distrib-
uted upon the public streets of that godless
city:

EVOLUTIONARY CARNIVAL

300 block S. Payson street

SOUTHWESTERN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

DANCING

Direction of Wm. H. Ryan

CHRISTIAN words from the Hon. Richard
H. Edmunds, editor of the *Manufacturers'
Record*, organ of the Christian cotton-mill
owners of the Fundamental States:

Old-time religion, the religion of the prayer-
meeting, the religion which accepts Christ as
the Son of God—this is the foundation, and
the only sure foundation, on which to build
business and civilization.

MASSACHUSETTS

FINAL explosion of the famous Puritan
love of human liberty:

A PROCLAMATION AND DECREE TO ALL PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

Whereas, the British Empire has been the greatest robber nation of modern times, and *Whereas*, owing to the world war it has become bankrupt, and cannot any longer be bolstered up by American criminals with money stolen from the American people, and *Whereas*, the government refused to protect me in my legal rights against criminal officials of the United States government, and *Whereas*, its principal function is to rob the people of the colonies without protection; *Therefore*, I hereby proclaim to the world the fall of the British Empire.

All her self governing colonies are hereby declared to be Free and Independent Republics, without control by nor tribute to the government of England. . . .

Done in the City of Boston, United States of America, in the year of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

LEWIS LEVI JOHNSON MARSHALL
ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE ENTIRE WORLD

MINNESOTA

ELEGIAC lines by the official poet of the St. Paul Association of Office Men:

I am twenty-five cents.
I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.
I am too small to buy a quart of ice cream.
I am not large enough to buy a box of candy.
I am too small to buy a ticket to the movie.
I am hardly big enough for a tip—but BELIEVE ME—
When I go to Church on Sunday I'm CONSIDERED SOME MONEY!

LITERARY announcement from Minneapolis:

REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL'S

LATEST, LIVELIEST AND MOST LURID BOOK

"MIDNIGHT SUN TO MADAGASCAR
DAUGHTERS"

Illustrated with Snappy Photos of Alluring Ladies
Just Off the Press—Author's Private Edition—
Unexpurgated—"Nuff Said

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G. L. MORRILL

3356 10th Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

MISSOURI

PROGRESS of Law Enforcement in Kansas City:

Kansas City's youngest bootlegger, ten years old, was brought to police headquarters by the city's biggest policeman. The boy was found with a half pint bottle of corn whisky in one hand and an all-day sucker in the other. He told the police his grandmother sent him after a quarter's worth of whisky.

CRIMINO-SOCIOLOGICAL note from a recent Mexico dispatch to the *New York Times*:

James Crump, a Negro, slayer of Sheriff Charles Blum, . . . will be hanged in an enclosure behind the county jail, . . . Sheriff Farmer stated. It had been planned to hang the condemned man in a barn, but the change was brought about through the fear of the Montgomery County Court that the barn, which is in the jail yard, would become haunted following the hanging.

WANT AD in the St. Louis *Times*:

GOOSE WANTED—With acting ability, to take part in theatrical presentation. Stage or motion picture experience preferred. Strict morality demanded. Apply William Goldman, Kings Theatre, 816 N. Kingshighway.

NEW JERSEY

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit at Ocean Grove, as revealed by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*:

The fact that the North End Hotel was not entirely destroyed by fire was attributed by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Boswell to the prayers offered by him and several guests in the streets in front of the flaming structure just when firemen despaired of checking the blaze.

"We got down on our knees and prayed for the safety of the building," said Dr. Boswell, "and it seemed we had no sooner finished the prayer when the wind changed."

FROM a circular distributed along the boardwalk at Atlantic City by a local sorcerer:

Spells of all kinds released and broken. Love apples in all forms. High John, the Conqueror; Adam and Eve, black cat's ankle dust, and all kinds of highly appreciated roots and herbs. Cash or credit.

Guffer dust (new moon) No. 1, \$50; happy dust, \$40; black cat's ankle dust, \$500; black cat's wishbone, \$1,000; King Solomon's marrow, \$1,000; easy life powder, \$100; tying down goods, \$50; chasing away goods, \$50; boss fix powders, \$15; buzzard nest, \$100.

NEW YORK

FROM a circular recently distributed among the students of the College of the City of

New York by the Department of Military Science and Tactics:

In connection with the military policy and history of the United States remember two things:

First: That the wars of the United States have never been for the purpose of conquest or aggression.

Second: That the wars of the United States have always made for progress of the world and betterment of humanity.

OBITER DICTUM by Ford, J., as reported by the intellectual *Mirror*:

When a man and a woman are alone for two hours or more the inference is reasonable that they are not there to say their prayers.

OCCULT diversions of American men of vision, as revealed in a report by Evan Jones, president of the Poughkeepsie Rotarians:

We had a ladies' night that was a tremendous success. Not a serious thought was uttered all evening. The members of the Rotary Club were introduced by Cort Torrance in rhyme. The men arose from their chairs, right faced, marched two empty chairs forward, and sat down by some lady that they did not bring to the party. They then introduced the lady on their left by their complete name. (The man might never have seen the lady until that night.) George Slingerland made a funny speech that lauded the bachelor and then took the hide off him. We then held two . . . crossword puzzle . . . contests simultaneously; the women, having the names of the club members, filled in their classifications; and the men, having heard the ladies introduced by their first names, tried to write down the first names as they remembered them. There were prizes offered for the best papers.

MELLOW reflections of the gifted editor of the *Progressive Mortician*:

There are funeral directors in the world who can sit in the twilight and sense only that another day is ended. To such as they the marble of life is only a bit of hard stone. There are other funeral directors who can see, even in suffering, the touch of God's fine chisel, chipping away imperfections and evolving beautiful souls. Who can see through their discouragements little by little their dream-establishment come true.

NORTH CAROLINA

SPECIMEN of humane news reporting from the Hon. Josephus Daniels' *News and Observer* of Raleigh:

J. L. Castlebury, chief of police of Apex, yesterday brought in a 50-gallon copper still to the sheriff's office. He captured it near W. B. Upchurch's place in White Oak township. No arrests were made. There was no intimation

that Mr. Upchurch had any knowledge of the existence of the still, as he is superintendent of a Sunday-school and a strong believer in Prohibition enforcement.

OHIO

Rise of a spirit of skepticism among Cleveland Freemasons, as indicated by a note by Prophet Charles O. Grissom, of Al Sirat Grotto, Mystic Order Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, in the estimable *Black Fez*:

It is my contention that the majority of stuff passed out as religion, and as such contains our one hope for happiness and salvation, is wholly obsolete and much of it pure bunk.

PENNSYLVANIA

MELLOW remarks of the Hon. David Elmer Smiley, editor-in-chief of the eminent *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, in the *Editor and Publisher*:

The editorial page of a newspaper is the place where the beautiful in the English language should find opportunity for proper expression. There is nothing so entrancing, so delightfully resting and soothing, so helpful or so inviting as words expressed in the language of the beautiful. It brightens a newspaper and injects a ray of sunshine that relieves and rests the mind.

PROGRESS of liberty in the Coolidge Golden Age, as brought to light by a current Monongahela dispatch:

The Monongahela Valley Ministerial Association . . . has appealed to the burgess of Charleroi and other nearby towns to prohibit the use of the beaches on Sunday and make it a misdemeanor to go bathing in the river on Sunday.

OFFICIAL pronouncement by the Hon. Richard Bennett, eminent actor, before the Philadelphia Rotary Club, as reported in the *Public Ledger*:

Babbitt . . . is in reality the best type of American manhood.

FROM a Christian and 100% American reader of the intellectual *Philadelphia Record*:

While browsing in the Free Library of Philadelphia I discovered a sign over a row of books with the word "Biology," painted in large letters. Imagine my surprise when I read the titles (not the books) of several of them. Here are a few: "Lectures on Evolution," by Ernst Haeckel; "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man," by Charles Darwin. . . . There is grave danger of these books getting into the hands

of the students in our high schools and colleges and perhaps reading them. . . . It is the duty of our chosen representatives, if they have the welfare of our youth at heart, to protect them against the forces of darkness which seek to undermine the foundations of truth by poisoning the youthful mind with ideas. It can be readily seen that it will be useless to pass a bill prohibiting the teaching of the theory of evolution in the class-rooms of our schools if we are going to permit a leak of this information from the shelves of the public libraries. This leak would soon assume such a size as would be comparable with the leak of intoxicating beverages which our political plumbers seem unable or unwilling to shut off. As a preventative of such leak I would suggest that these books and others of their kind be removed from the shelves and no further appropriations made for additional ones.

TICK TACK

TENNESSEE

NEWS-NOTE from the Memphis *News-Scimitar*:

Two ambulance companies refused to administer first aid to or carry Will King, Negro, to the hospital after he had been seriously injured in an automobile accident on the corner of Poplar avenue and Second street. Ambulances which answered the emergency call refused to touch the Negro, who lay gasping in the gutter in front of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. One ambulance, upon hearing that a Negro was the emergency patient, sped away, witnesses say. The other pulled up half a block from the scene of the accident, and stood by for 15 minutes. . . . The injured Negro is in a critical condition at the General Hospital. He is suffering from a fracture at the base of his skull and a fracture of the back.

CIRCULAR recently distributed throughout Knoxville:

AMERICANISM

My friend, do you stand for America first
And the protection of her pure womanhood,
And believe in the true living God?
And the practice of doing good?
Do you think that the white race should be
supreme,
And the Negro kept in his place;
That America should rule this country of ours,
And not some foreign race?
If you believe that the Bible should be read
And not placed under a ban,
Then shake, my friend; though you know it not
You're a Knight of the Ku Klux Klan.

BE AN AMERICAN

Unit with American Citizens
Join the Ku Klux Klan No. 14
ADDRESS P. O. BOX 61

FRUITS of the Bryan influence upon the Higher Learning in Tennessee, as revealed by a questionnaire recently inflicted upon the faculty of the State University:

The following questions are presented in the most sincere attitude to help in discovering the moral and religious influence of the faculty of the University of Tennessee in order that the moral and religious needs of faculty members as well as students may be better known.

Directions: Answer questions by marking an X in blank space or by filling in with yes or no or some other word or sentence whenever necessary.

Church member? . . . Denomination
Do you attend church? . . . Regularly Occasionally

Do you take an active part in church work?
. . . . Active Passive

Do you read the Bible daily? Daily Occasionally Not at all

Do you relate the subjects you teach to the moral and spiritual life of your students?
If not, why?

Do you strive for such an atmosphere in the classroom that your students will show an active interest in things religious?

FROM a prayer by the Rev. George E. Moody, evangelist, at a baseball game in Knoxville, as reported by the *Christian Journal*:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we invoke thy blessings on the occasion which has brought this great crowd of people together. Lord, tired business men have taken this time to relax the grind of commercial activity; lawyers have closed their office doors for an hour, stenographers and clerks have rung down the curtain for one afternoon's relaxation and pleasure. Grant that nothing shall happen to mar the joy of the day. Hold back the rain, let the sun peep through the clouds for a little while.

Lord, give to the management business acumen to pull each team through the shoals of discouragement, and past the rocks of financial embarrassment to a real glorious success.

May the public support the teams, and discourage in every way anything that might bring discredit on the great national game.

TEXAS

CONTRIBUTION to science by the Rev. Alfred E. Seddon, D.D., a distinguished Presbyterian divine of El Paso:

Electricity as a force in nature has existed ever since man has been upon the earth—6,000 years about. . . . Under God's tuition I see no reason why Adam might not have had a radio in his home, through which he might have listened to the anthems of the angels.

THE NEGRO AS A WORKINGMAN

BY KELLY MILLER

WHERE does the American Negro stand, and where should he stand, in the battle between capital and labor? His position is anomalous. Race prejudice violates every canon of logic, and causes its victims to do likewise. Logic aligns the Negro with labor, but good sense arrays him on the side of capital.

The Negro is essentially a manual worker. He belongs to the proletariat which works with the hands. He is therefore vitally concerned in every concession wrested from unwilling capital by the militant demands of labor. Ninety-five percent of his race are wage-earners. He is thus most keenly concerned in the advancement and maintenance of a high scale of wages. [He might therefore be reasonably expected to join hands with his fellow laborers of the white race for the common advantage of their calling.]

But the issue of race is deeper than the question of wages. Should labor once triumph over capital, the conflict between white and black workmen would assume an intensified form. The attitude of Australia and Canada towards the exclusion of non-white rivals but suggests the fierceness and ferocity of this issue in the United States if it is ever precipitated at close range. [The Negro is as helpless as a leaf in the wind. He is wholly dependent upon the outside controlling forces by which he is directed and controlled, and so he becomes the ready victim of the issue in both its industrial and its racial aspects. In such a situation he must seek, not so much alliance, as protection from one side or the other. To which side shall he turn, to that of capital or that of labor?

Every consideration of caution and prudence impels him to seek shelter and protection from those who have rather than from those who have not. The industrial situation may be likened unto a triangle of which the Negro forms the base, with capital and white labor forming the sides. White labor presses upon the black base perpendicularly, while capital slants obliquely, and with a less perceptible pressure.

When the black man was introduced into the industrial equation it was deemed the privilege of any white man to exploit him for his economic advantage. This traditional conceit still survives. The Negro is yet regarded as an industrial tool, the surplus fruitage of whose labor should inure to the advantage of some white overlord. Just as capital feels that God ordained its prerogative to exploit labor as an agency to swell its own profit, so the white man, rich or poor, regards the Negro as the appointed instrument for his own aggrandizement. If there were no surplus productivity, capital would have no use for labor, white or black. The Negro thus becomes the victim of double exploitation. He shares the inferior estimate which capital places upon labor as subsidiary to its higher prerogative, and at the same time is the victim of the age old conceit of the divine right of the white race to exploit the lesser breeds of men.

The captain of industry feels that he can afford to be kindly and generous to the Negro laborer. He is removed by the double barrier of race and class from the plane of competition. The white workman, on the other hand, feels the keen stigma of being

forced into intimate rivalry with an inferior race. Labor differentiation always tends to the fixation of caste. Race and color are the easiest badges of distinction. It was the philosophy of the institution of slavery that the Negro should form the lowest caste, the mud-sill of society, with the entire fabric of the white world superimposed upon it. Every class stratification in the world rests ultimately upon labor. It is always pyramidal in form, with the broader layers at the lower levels.

Slavery was doomed to final overthrow by the relative number of Negroes in the total population, and the localization of the institution. If it had been spread evenly over the entire area of the United States, with a sufficient number of Negroes to do all the rougher work of society, the term of its duration would have been indefinite. In the eleven slave-holding States in 1860 only one white person out of ten was a slave-holder. The presence of the slaves was a constant reminder to the non-slaveholding whites of the menace to their racial dignity and prerogative. The two groups held each other in mutual disdain. Even down to the present day, the Negro holds the poor white man in contemptuous disesteem. The fatal blow was struck at the vitals of slavery when there arose the sharp insistence upon the political separation of free soil from slave soil. In terms of deeper meaning, this was merely the expressed determination of white labor to remove itself from the plane of competition with black labor.

II

The fact that the Negro constitutes only a fraction of the labor fund of the nation today greatly frustrates the scheme of racial and industrial adjustment. If there were Negroes enough to do all the cruder forms of work, industrial subordination would inevitably follow the color line. But such is not the case. The Negro constitutes only ten per cent of the total population, and is thus not sufficiently numerous to man any important level of industry.

The Pullman porter service is the only sharply segregated sphere of industry wherein caste and color coincide. According to the census of 1920, there were 206,290 persons in New York City engaged in domestic and personal service. The total Negro population was only 152,467. If every Negro man, woman and child had been impressed into what is usually designated as menial service, there would have been an insufficient number to meet the demand. As a matter of fact, there were 156,219 white persons and 50,081 Negroes in this branch of service. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to maintain sharp separation between groups who must perform the same tasks at the same time and under the same rate of wages.

Negro workmen are widely scattered in thin numbers throughout the entire list of industries. Even in the South the Negro represents less than a third of the population and does only a fraction of the manual labor. The current notion that every Southern white man is an employer of Negro labor, or boss of a gang of Negro workmen, is quickly exploded when we consider the relative number of the two races.

Where the two races work side by side at the same task at the same time, the white workman must be ever on the alert to keep up the line of demarkation. The mere circumstance of color, of itself, is not enough. The juxtaposition implies social equality which wounds his sensitive pride of race. The colored workman who applies at the office for skilled employment is invariably told: "I have no objection, but all of my white workmen will quit if I give you a place among them."

In all of the leading lines of industry the white workmen organize either to shut out the Negro competitor or to shunt him aside into separate lines of work, with a lower level of dignity and a lesser rate of compensation. The bricklayer must be white, the hod-carrier may be black. The Negro may indeed bring the brick to the scaffold, but should he attempt to adjust it in its place in the wall the white brick-

layer would throw down his trowel in indignant protest. The Negro fireman may shovel coal and make steam for the engine, but must never put his hand on the throttle.

In so far as the labor unions recognize the Negro they are forced to do so by the attitude of capital. Black labor stands between the labor union and the capitalist. It would seem to be easier to handle the black competitor through the union than to have him as a menace on the outside, but the regulations of the unions, however fair they may seem on their face, always work to the disadvantage of the Negro in application. There is no practical advantage in maintaining the same level of wages at the same craft if the black man is not permitted to enter upon that craft. Capital stands for the open shop, which gives every man the unhindered right to work, according to his ability and skill, at whatever rate of wages employer and employé may agree upon. But the unions insist upon collective bargaining, which is advantageous enough for those inside the circle of benefit, but not to the Negro who loiters on the outer edge.

On the other hand, capital is impersonal. It has but one dominant motive: production, sale, and profit. The race and color of the workman count but little. The workman is listed along with the material assets as an instrument of production. A good engineer and a good engine are equally essential factors in the process of transportation. Manhood and mechanism are merged. There is no personal closeness or intimacy of contact between the employer and the employed. Race prejudice finds little room for manifestation. The capitalist, therefore, is ever disposed to be kind and generous towards black workmen. This is no less observable in the South than in the North. The Negro is as acceptable as the white man, purely as a tool of production, according to the measure of his merit and efficiency. There is also the reserved feeling that on the whole the Negro may be a little cheaper and much more obedient to command.

The political revolution in the South led by Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina grew out of the conflict between white and black labor. The Southern aristocrat of the slave-holding class, having no doubt or misgiving as to the superiority of his position, stood ready and willing to form a political alliance with the Negro on the basis of the amended Constitution. So declared Governor Wade Hampton of South Carolina and others of his class. "Not so!" shouted Tillman in strident tones. "This would put the Negro and the laboring white man on the same level, with the former aristocrats as overlords of both." Under his leadership, the reins of power were snatched from both aristocrat and Negro, while the white laboring man so manipulated the machinery of government as to keep the one on his good behavior and the other in helpless subordination.

It may be well here to recall an almost forgotten chapter of Southern political history. It covers the eighties and the early nineties. There was a serious and seemingly successful attempt to unite the poorer whites and the Negroes in a political alliance. By this fusion of the working man of both races against the aristocratic classes, Mahone won a victory in Virginia, and Pritchett and Butler in North Carolina, and Tom Watson claimed to have carried Georgia and Cobb Alabama. Both the latter were counted out by the peculiar arithmetic known to political mathematicians. Then arose Senator Tillman, the apostle of the poor white. Since then a political wedge has split the white and Negro laborer asunder.

The Negro is the weaker industrial vessel. He has not as yet the developed capacity and experience to organize and conduct enterprises affording employment to his own group under his own initiative. Developments in this direction are interesting and encouraging, but they are not yet of sufficient scope and magnitude to materially affect the industrial situation. He must look to the business world for his means of livelihood. Business stagnation spells ruin for

him. The white laboring man has nothing to give him. He, like the Negro, has only his labor to sell. The capitalist must buy from both. If, by striking hands with the white working man, the Negro should help to promote the triumph of the common cause, he has every reason to fear that he would be denied fair participation in the common fruitage of the joint victory.

III

The Northern migration of the Negro tends to increase rather than to decrease his industrial helplessness. In the South he is rapidly becoming a land owner. He owns, controls and manipulates the implements of production and gives employment, not only to members of his own family, but to additional help. The renter and the share tenant exercise a large measure of self-management. All of this is lost when he abandons the farm for industrial pursuits in the North. He becomes a hand or a helper or at best a skilled worker wholly dependent upon the corporation which employs him. What the Negro in the North gains by way of better wages and political and civic advantage, he loses in industrial independence. In an agricultural community the farm is the unit of production. An intelligent and industrious individual may hope to become owner and manager by reason of the limited investment required. In the industries large aggregations of capital, highly technical equipment, efficient organization and trained experience are demanded. The Negro can hardly hope for the present to cope with these conditions on a scale commensurate with his racial strength. He can only fit in where he is placed.

The employers of labor have been very kind to him during the past few years. The exigencies of the war created a vacuum in the labor market of the North. The black man rushed in to fill the vacancy. He came without skill or experience in the mechanical industries and without the discipline which their exactions demand. Sun-

dry faults and imperfections were overlooked. The recruits were given a fair chance. Accustomed to the loose and slovenly methods of the Southern farms, they were taught the higher standards of discipline and efficiency of Northern industry. There were, of course, some failures in the process of readjustment, but on the whole the experiment has been justified. This is due in large measure to the tolerance and patience of managements in helping the newcomers over their imperfections and handicaps. There is every indication that it is the intention of the great industries to foster and favor the Negro workmen to the fullest extent of his merit and efficiency. For the Negro wantonly to flout their generous advances by joining the restless ranks which threaten industrial ruin would be fatuous suicide.

At present the capitalistic class possesses the culture and the conscience which hold even the malignity of race passion in restraint. There is nothing in the white working class to which the Negro can appeal. They are the ones who lynch and burn and torture him. He must look to the upper element for law and order.

But the laborers outnumber the capitalists ten to one, and under democracy they must, in the long run, gain the essential aims for which they strive. White labor in the South has already snatched political power from the aristocratic overlords. Will it not also assert its dominancy in the West and in the North, and indeed in the nation? How will it fare with the Negro in that day, if now he aligns himself with capital, and refuses to help win the common battle?

Sufficient unto today is the industrial wisdom thereof! The Negro would rather think of the ills he has than fly to those he knows not of. He has a quick instinct for expediency. Now he must exercise the courage of decision. Whatever of good or evil the future may hold in store for him, today's wisdom, heedless of logical consistency, demands that he stand shoulder to shoulder with the captains of industry.

WILL CANADA EVER COME IN?

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

ANY statement about national sentiment at any particular time is valueless without a knowledge of the history of the nation in question and an understanding of the character of its people. Germany was taken by surprise when England declared war in 1914 because German statesmen had underestimated certain imponderables. Military unpreparedness, suffragette disturbances, Irish troubles and a dozen indications of domestic and imperial strife pointed to the conclusion, proved false by the event, that Britain could not fight. In much the same way the optimistic American of today reads a few snatches from Canadian newspapers, glances at the trade and population statistics, takes a squint at the map of North America, and sits back confident that in a few years Canada will be applying humbly for admission to the Union. What he is slow to understand is Canada's position in the Empire, and her real attitude toward it. Out of that position and attitude spring the nationalistic sentiments and aspirations of the Canadians, which have their roots far back in the 162 years of the country's history as British territory.

After the Seven Years' War, during which Quebec fell to Wolfe in 1759, England was by no means proud of her Canadian possessions; instead she was keen to own the little island of Guadeloupe, for sugar was just beginning to be an important commodity. France being equally anxious to retain the island—in preference to Canada—a deadlock in the peace negotiations lasted until Benjamin Franklin, who later became Canada's first postmaster-general, pointed out that, while Canada was worth-

less in itself, it might be dangerous from a military standpoint to have a foreign power situated so near the New England colonies. So Canada became British. The American Revolution got it, in 1791, representative government and extensive control of its internal affairs, but George Canning, the British foreign minister, was sure that it was only a matter of a few years until Canada would join the revolted colonies, and that therefore all attention to Canadian affairs by the British Parliament was a waste of time. This opinion was held by many Englishmen until quite recent years. When Sir John A. Macdonald and his Canadian associates went to England in 1866 to obtain ratification of their plan for federating the provinces, which included complete autonomy as to internal affairs, their business was treated as of negligible importance. Macdonald compared the progress of the bill granting Canada a national constitution to that of "a private bill uniting two or three English parishes." Sir A. T. Galt, one of the Canadian delegates, said that England was possessed of "a servile fear of the United States" and would prefer to abandon Canada rather than defend it against the latter. Among the English statesmen engaged, Bright and Gladstone were indifferent, while Sir Frederic Rogers looked on the federation as merely "a decent preparation for divorce." The point of all this is that the British connection has been maintained by the will of the Canadian people in spite of the apathy, and often gross ignorance, of the English people and their statesmen. Since the late war, Canada has become a land of promise in the minds

of the English masses, and Canadian opinion is taken into consideration by the framers of imperial policies at Westminster; secession from the Empire would now be considered a grave matter by the inhabitants of Great Britain. But no one believes that force would be used to prevent Canada leaving if she wanted to do so.

Neither British nor Americans have ever been able to see exactly why Canada has wished to remain. Consequently, at her slightest move, her representatives have to deny the rumor of her incipient apostasy, which the English have always expected, and latterly feared, and which many Americans have long awaited with the complacent expectancy of a spider watching a fly in the vicinity of its web. That they have both been waiting for over a century does not seem to convince either of them that the event is not imminent. When W. L. Mackenzie King, the present premier of Canada and a grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the 1837 rebellion, was in London recently, he was kept busy denying the assertions of the London newspapers that Canada was about to withdraw. Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, speaking to the Pilgrims' Club in London, on May 11 last, said: "At one time there was talk [in England] about annexation [to the United States] *because Canada was dragging Britain into North American questions*. Such talk is never heard now, except sometimes among ourselves [Canadians], when people get depressed." He had gone to England to deliver a course of lectures upon "The United States as a Neighbor," so that his remarks were not the idle utterances of a casual after-dinner speaker.

II

British fears are based upon a misconception of Canadian nationalistic aspirations; American hopes upon ignorance of the historical experiences that color the Canadian's political outlook. The history of Canada's constitutional development is a

history of steps toward a completer autonomy than any part of any other empire has ever known. For the last sixty years Canada has been in complete control of her internal affairs, with representative and responsible government and a constitution similar to that of Great Britain. The Governor-General (an English appointee) takes the place of the King as titular head of the government, and the premier, in Canada as in England, is the actual head of both legislative and executive branches. Once or twice Governors-General did not quite understand, and tried to govern, but the last instance of that was a long time ago. At first international relations were theoretically and actually in the hands of Great Britain, but gradually Canada began negotiating directly with the United States and other powers: if a treaty of magnitude resulted, Great Britain signed on behalf of Canada, but a hundred little deals and arrangements have been made without the intervention of Great Britain at all. Need being felt of late for a direct Canadian diplomatic representative in Washington, a plan has been devised for appointing such an official, who is to be an appointee of the Canadian Government, authorized to substitute for the British ambassador when Canadian business is forward. It was the United States, and not England, which required this representative to be, nominally, a plenipotentiary of Great Britain.

Canadian nationalism did not begin with the late war: that merely helped to crystallize and reveal it to the world. Canada entered the war hastily, and without stipulations, but she took care that in quitting it she did so with due recognition that she had fought as a free nation. She signed the Peace of Versailles and was accorded membership in the League of Nations, and ever since then she has guarded jealously her national status, as her ratification of the Turkish Peace shows. When England had negotiated that peace, a cablegram reached Ottawa demanding Canada's consent to its terms, which were

unknown to the Canadian ministers. Moreover, the Canadian Parliament was not sitting. To shorten a long and rather humorous story, the Canadian government, in the face of Great Britain's anxiety for haste, ratified the peace only several months later, after a debate in the Canadian House of Commons. The episode was a significant gesture. Canada's relations with Turkey are not such that she was vitally interested in the terms, but Canadian statesmen of both parties have long made it plain that Canada will not consider herself bound to assist in the enforcing of treaties in whose making she has had no hand. Declarations to this effect were made repeatedly in the House of Commons by Sir Wilfred Laurier, Liberal premier, by his successor, Sir Robert Borden, Conservative premier, by Mr. Meighen, Unionist premier, and by Mr. King, Liberal premier.

When Sir John A. Macdonald succeeded in federating the provinces, he wished the country to be called the Kingdom of Canada, and this title was vetoed by British statesmen only for fear it would offend American susceptibilities. Had Kingdom been chosen instead of Dominion, Englishmen would have been quicker, perhaps, to recognize Canada as a sister nation. Since Canadians have never encountered any serious difficulties from England in the attainment of their ambitions, it is altogether likely that the dream of an independent and sovereign state in closest alliance with Great Britain will be realized eventually as the logical conclusion of Canada's steady progress through the various stages of autonomy. If so, Great Britain will find that the bogey of secession was only an imaginary terror, and that she is much better off with a strong, self-reliant ally than she could ever be with a colony, no matter how loyal. But it must never be forgotten that the British connection has been maintained primarily by the will of the Canadian people, and that in speculating as to his country's destiny no Canadian is withheld

from advocating independence or annexation to the United States for fear that Great Britain will use military measures to force Canada to remain a part of the Empire.

Goldwin Smith, who spent the latter part of his life in Toronto and had been tutor to Edward VII, predicted and advocated the annexation of Canada to the United States on the grounds that the natural lines of trade on this continent lay north and south, and that the countries were not divided by language, or by racial origin or creed, except in the case of Quebec. In order to have a Canadian nation at all it was necessary to build transcontinental railways at great expense, and many of the difficulties which Mr. Smith foresaw have materialized; but his prophecy remains unfulfilled because sentiment plays a larger part in national affairs than he was willing to believe. Here I touch the very basis of the present misconception of Americans. For the mention of sentiment will doubtless suggest a sentimental attitude on the part of the Canadian for the land where his father, or his great-great-grandfather, was born. In reality, this sentiment is far less a romantic love for the British Isles than the outcome of Canada's past relations with the United States.

At the time of the American Revolution, Canada was essentially a French colony that England had acquired almost unwillingly: the first important wave of immigration came from the United States, and was made up of people who had been driven from their homes because they were opposed to the Revolution. In the United States they were known as royalists; in Canada they are called Loyalists; and they established a tradition, and founded a national sentiment, which has affected the whole trend of Canadian thought and of which the present Canadian nationalistic movement is a natural outgrowth. They had been assured protection in the revolting colonies, but Alexander Hamilton, yielding to popular demand, confiscated their property: so they came to their new homes with a grudge and a grievance, be-

lieving they had been hardly and dishonorably used.

About 100,000 of them came in all, settling in the Maritime Provinces, in Quebec and in Ontario. A great proportion represented the old colonial aristocracy, and were persons of wealth and education. Into Nova Scotia alone in the first migration went no less than two hundred graduates of Harvard and two hundred graduates of other colleges, including the chief justice and three out of the four puisne judges of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton ("Sam Slick") was the Nova Scotia born son of one of these Loyalists. In a recent biography of him Dr. J. D. Logan says:

The Loyalist emigrés of Nova Scotia, even past Haliburton's earlier days, continued to regard the revolutionists of the United States as renegades so inferior to themselves in birth and culture that eventually the vulgar democracy of the United States would of necessity become self-canceled, and the people politically enfeebled. Meanwhile the descendants of the exiled Tory aristocrats would grow into a mighty people in British North America, and this new, strong nation in due season would win over the enfeebled Republic to join with them.

III

If any one doubts the power of anti-American sentiment to arouse the Canadian people, he need only review the history of the reciprocity negotiations of 1911 to find proof. The Liberal government of the day had arranged a tariff deal with the United States so far-reaching that a general election was held to give the government its mandate for ratifying the treaty. Most sound financial critics agree that the terms were fair and promised solid benefits to Canada, but comparatively little fiscal argument was used by the Conservative orators in opposition. They had only to wave the flag, to hint that this was the thin edge of the wedge in the "commercial conquest of Canada," in order to win their audiences. The election resulted in an unprecedented Conservative landslide.

If this suspicion appears to be over-

stressed here, it is only because Americans do not seem to understand the situation, and are all too ready to accept at their face value the compliments they are tendered at formal banquets. They see the enormous consumption of American goods, the circulation of American books, magazines and movie films, and calculate hastily that the Americanization of Canada is in its last stage, whereas, if they saw beneath the surface they would discover a deep, steady resentment of all such influences, which often have precisely the reverse effect of that presumed by Americans. In the year following the armistice, the chauvinistic tendency of the Hollywood producers, with their exclusive glorification of the American soldier, led to such revulsion among Canadian fans that Peter McArthur, a prominent Canadian author and journalist, felt impelled to write a book called "The Affable Stranger," whose avowed purpose was to allay Canadian hatred of the United States. The Canadian press has no more staple editorial pabulum than deploring the American influence; more than one serious attempt has been made to secure legislation that would tend to curtail or prevent the circulation of American periodicals in Canada.

It should be added that the Canadian dislike is for Americanism, and not for Americans, who, as individuals, are found exceptionally congenial by the average Canadian, who generally finds them more like himself, and therefore easier to understand and get on with, than the average Englishman. Canadians are immensely proud of the 4000-mile unarmed frontier and the international good will that makes it possible. Large numbers of Canadians and descendants of Canadians are living in American cities, but they usually retain their connection with Canada, and their sense of Canadian nationality, in contrast to the American settler in Canada, who soon loses his identity with the United States. These expatriate Canadians contribute to the general friendliness that undoubtedly exists between the people on

both sides of the international boundary. It is only the aggressive, flag-flapping citizen of the Republic, loudly disdainful of all he sees outside his own country, who fails to find Canadians friendly to him. But it is not this type of American visitor—scarce or numerous as he may be—that causes the Canadian to shy instinctively from union. It is the very idea of absorption that is repugnant.

Lately American readers of Canadian journals, and American travellers in Canada, have been impressed, perhaps, by the talk of secession in the Maritime and Western Provinces. In the *Toronto Star* of February 21 last more than a page was devoted to a sensational article entitled "Will the Maritime Provinces Quit Canada" which outlined the grievances of Eastern Canadians. Even in the Dominion House of Commons some such threat was made, though it was generally interpreted as a bluff to draw attention to the needs of the people along the Atlantic. Again, picking up such a book as "The Canadian Provinces" by John Nelson, the visitor may get the impression that the Dominion is divided into sections so alien from each other in aims that unity is non-existent except on paper, and that each section is in somewhat of an impasse, at its wits' end, and taking it for granted that it need not look for help, nor even understanding, to any other section. It is true that the Canadian desires to prosper; it is also true that the distances and the sparsity of population tend to a regional rather than a national outlook; and it is equally true that all the rumors of provincial secession from the Dominion arise from sectional discontent in money matters. But, as the question is being threshed out, it is asked repeatedly: What have political affiliations to do with it, and in what way could the situation be improved by the secession of any province from the Dominion, or the secession of the Dominion from the Empire, or the affiliation of the Dominion with the United States?

The Canadian pays less in taxes than the

resident of Great Britain, but considerably more than the American. The national debt of three billions is accounted for largely by the war, to which has been added very heavy expenditures for the Canadian National Railway. Like all taxpayers everywhere the Canadian grumbles that he is paying too much. But separation from England certainly would not relieve him of his obligation, and no one in his right mind supposes that the forty-eight States of the Union would pay his debts—even for the pleasure of his company.

Beside high taxes, which cripple trade to some extent, and certainly cause widespread discontent, there has been a business depression in Canada following the wartime high prices, and it has been intimately connected with the tariff policies of the United States. Nearly a century ago Sam Slick, in satirizing the Nova Scotians, said: "They buy more nor they sell, and eat more nor they raise." So far has this gone that Canada today, with a population of nine millions, in sheer bulk of imports and exports stands fourth among the nations of the world and absolutely first on a per capita basis. She is dependent upon foreign trade to a surprising degree: she is the greatest raiser of wheat for export on earth, and has the second largest wheat production, having grown 388,000,000 bushels in 1922; and unless she can sell almost all of it abroad there is nothing to do with it. In lesser degree cattle, forest products, minerals, fish and furs must similarly find foreign markets or go to waste.

Until recent years, the United States bought the bulk of Canada's raw products and sold her, in return, the bulk of the manufactured articles that she imported. But four years ago a prohibitive American tariff on cattle knocked the bottom out of Canada's livestock market in a day, and many cattle-raisers, particularly in the West, where Winter feeding was expensive, were ruined over night. Since then, the industry has recovered as the stock men have found markets elsewhere. In the same way the Fordney tariff, with its rate of

forty-two cents a bushel on Canadian wheat, caused consternation in the Canadian West, but as the American millers had to have the harder northern grain for mixing with the softer American wheat to make high grade flour, and as they arranged for a rebate of the duty if the Canadian grain was exported from the United States as American flour, the shipping south of wheat continued, and last Winter's prices were higher in Winnipeg than in Chicago. But the warning had been taken and Canadian grain dealers have sought and are finding satisfactory markets elsewhere.

It all looks to the Canadian as if the United States were trying to slam the door in his face. Already Canada's trade statistics show the effect of the changed American attitude. Canada remains the United States' second-best customer, but the United States is no longer Canada's best customer, for her exports to the rest of the Empire for last year amounted to \$466,000,000 as against \$416,000,000 to the United States. Should Canada place an embargo on the export of her pulp-wood, it would make a still greater difference. During the year ending March 31 Canada's exports to Great Britain increased \$35,000,000, and her imports decreased \$2,000,000. In the same period her exports to the United States decreased \$13,000,000 and her imports decreased \$90,000,000. Thus Canada and the United States, instead of drawing nearer, seem to be getting farther apart. Many thoughtful Canadians welcome this, despite the temporary inconveniences, as a sign that their nation's prosperity does not depend upon conditions in any one foreign country. These figures, of course, must be taken with some reserve, for they are partly the result of the prosperity of branch factories located in Canada by American firms, financed by American capital and established to take advantage of the lower tariffs on Canadian goods in England and elsewhere. Some of these branch factories are huge affairs. It is obvious that the interests of the parent firms require Canada to remain separate from the United States,

that they may continue to enjoy their present advantages.

Here the question arises of American opposition to the annexation of Canada. Were the latter taken into the Union it would be impossible to maintain tariff walls against its products. The same producer of grain, cattle, fish and what-not who now fears Canadian competition, and is powerful enough to persuade Congress to pass Fordney tariffs, will undoubtedly have something to say if he is ever told that Canada is to be annexed and the Canadian producer placed on a parity with himself. Arable lands in the prairie States are now worth several times what equally fertile lands are selling for across the boundary. If that boundary is ever abolished there is going to be a levelling up: Canadian land is going up, and American land is going down. There is no doubt that annexation would make many Canadians wealthy where now they are only potentially rich, but that profit would be at the expense of Americans.

IV

Returning now to the discontent in the East and West of Canada, it may be doubted whether any section of the Dominion could make a better trade deal for itself than the Dominion as a whole, with all its resources, has been able to make. A prominent New Brunswicker recently told the writer that his neighbors' troubles were being laid to Confederation, whereas they really are due to geographical situation and other natural causes. The Atlantic Provinces, being largely settled by Loyalists, would probably be more inclined to seek to re-unite with their kinsmen in case of a breach with the Dominion than the West would, despite the ancient and deep-rooted prejudice of the Bluenose against the Yankee. In the West, the people have always felt that they did not receive sufficient consideration from Ottawa for their sectional needs, but as they grow more populous their representation increases and

they obtain more and more legislative power, and thus outgrow their suspicion that "the East," as they call the central provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is making a mere convenience of them. That there is secession talk in the West is true, but there is none of annexation. The complaint of the Westerner is against the moderate tariff schedules Canada now maintains. If joined to the United States he would find himself under much higher tariffs, which would raise greatly the cost to him of English and other foreign goods. Annexation talk anywhere in Canada can be safely interpreted only in the light of history: it is heard whenever there is a period of hard times, and dies down as soon as confidence is restored. Those who remember the agitations of 1891-92 simply laugh at the rumors of the past year or so. The 1925 edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia does not exaggerate when it says: "The question of annexation is dead, and few Canadians expect ever to see it revived."

The American settled in Canada is seldom an annexationist. Many such men are successful farmers in the West, and others have risen to prominence in business in the central provinces. Having become used to Canadian laws and customs, they are usually well satisfied with their adopted country and seldom express a desire for annexation. Indeed, the Canadianized American of the central provinces is apt to be more emphatic even than the native-born in his repudiation of annexation. The type who is most apt to favor it is, curiously enough, the English-born Canadian.

Despite adverse tariffs and high taxes, sectionalism, and other ills, nationalistic feeling never ran so high in Canada as at present. Everywhere organizations of all kinds are springing up with the aim of establishing and maintaining better relations between the different parts of the country. The English and the French are paying each other visits and compliments; everyone is determined that there shall be a better understanding between Canadians of all classes and localities, and that the

unity of which the British North America Act was but an adumbration shall become immediately a firmer reality. That awakening of national spirit is the outstanding fact about Canadian life today, and in the face of it talk about annexation is the idlest gossip to the majority of citizens. Even those who do talk secession will be silent as soon as they feel that their interests as individuals or communities are not being sacrificed to the benefit of others.

Quebec is strongly national in sentiment. Under the constitution the French-Canadian is guaranteed his language, his religion, and his hereditary civil law: the Code Napoleon. Who dreams that the Constitution of the United States would be amended to give special sanction to the Roman Catholic Church and the French language in an area as large as several good-sized States? Would the *habitant* care to come under the rule of the Invisible Empire?

Canadians have been greatly impressed by the number of murders in Chicago, and the number of lynchings in the South, and by the goings on of the Ku Klux Klan. They show a marked partiality for their own system of justice, with its speedier, simplified court procedure, under judges appointed (not elected) for life, and so independent of political influences and affiliations. They seem perfectly content to go a little slower if their way can be more serene than what they see in the United States—and it should not be forgotten that Canadians have visited the States in greater proportion than Americans have visited Canada, and through a hundred media are more conversant with American life, and history and institutions, than Americans are with Canadian.

"Canada first" is the cry of the hour, and it may lead in time to theoretical independence in addition to the *de facto* independence that is already here. Except at Canada's request, Westminster would no more think of legislating for Canada than Washington would. The British connection, however, has been valuable finan-

cially, and in a military way and in connection with immigration, which is Canada's greatest present need. It has been wholly beneficial, and is therefore clung to, because it has enabled the younger country to grow and find its feet without undue parental restraint. But it may happen some day that at the councils of the Empire Canadian interests will be found to conflict with those of Great Britain, and if no compromise can be found, it may be expedient for Canada quietly to withdraw. That, however, would be no "throwing off of the yoke," but simply a friendly dissolution of partnership, leaving each partner the freer.

My own feeling is that annexation can never be a live question until after Canada has become in every respect independent. Canadian susceptibilities are often wounded by the failure of the United States to recognize Canada as a separate political entity—as at the Pacific Conference at Washington, which had its origin in a debate in the Canadian House of Commons. To it Canada, though vitally interested, was not invited by the United States, and in its deliberations she participated only through the courtesy of Great Britain,

whose interests were not, in all respects, identical with those of Canada and the United States. As an important part of the British Empire, Canada will never consider becoming a subservient part of the United States. Should events lead to her independence some understanding with her one neighbor will naturally be a necessity, but I believe that organic union will never be desirable for either nation.

This is a fair reflection of present Canadian views, and it is interesting to go to Haliburton again to show how little they have changed in a century, for he believed independence preferable for the Canadian provinces to annexation. Recently the *Listening Post*, a magazine published at Montreal, printed an article favoring annexation and purporting to be written by an American. The editor attached a note disclaiming the views of his contributor. His next issue contained an apology, and three out of the many vigorous articles he had received in reply—all in condemnation of the annexationist's platform. So far as I can learn no other paper in Canada even mentioned the controversy. That significant silence indicates how little Canadians think of annexation.

EDDIE GUEST: JUST GLAD

BY LEONARD CLINE

DOTY's drug-store has spawned prolifically in the last thirty years. Fecundated by Henry Ford, it has become a chain of stores from end to end of Detroit. The old place at Sibley and Clifford streets, where Mr. Doty himself used to compound prescriptions for our mothers, is probably gone now. Mr. Doty travels in Europe and vicarious hands paste the labels on the bottles. There is one-way traffic in Clifford street, and the brick residences that once bordered the adjacent avenues, each sedately aloof in its iron-fence enclosure, have given way to garages and motor salesrooms and rearing efficiency apartments.

It was in Cass avenue, five blocks north of Sibley, that I spent my childhood, and it was on Doty's marble that I spilled my first ice-cream soda. Summer and Winter, green and white, the years passed. When it was July Cass avenue would be the sleepest street in Detroit. Once a morning John Blessed's grocery wagon would jog somnolently up the street under the maples. Blessed's delivery boy would let me ride with him now and then, and from his seat I learned how to drive a horse. At Doty's I would get off and have a soda. When it was January the sporting folk of Detroit, the horsemen, the *noblesse*, would have cutter races down Cass avenue from the Central High-school to Sibley. How merrily the snow flew! We children of the neighborhood would gather at the finish line and watch there until our paws got stiff with cold in our mittens and the hot baked potatoes that Ma put in our pockets had become quite frigid. Then we would go into Doty's and have a soda.

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Who were we all, in those halcyon days? Philip Worcester and his sister Mabel: God knows where they may be now. And Hudson Pirie. Dear old friend! He and my sister and I were the whole membership of the White Swan Club, named for the laundry: Hudson was president, and Elizabeth was vice-president, and I was ex-president. And Hallie Burton and . . . and who besides? They are all grown, those brave fine children; they have carried their burdens with a grin; America is the richer and the world the wiser for them. As I muse with a tear in my heart the music of Eddie Guest comes singing:

Youth is the golden time of life, and this battered
old heart of mine
Beats fast to the march of its old-time joys, when
the sun begins to shine.

Eddie Guest! And he, in those sweet far years that are now but tenuous memories, tinted and fragrant—years when Ma and Pa and Granpa and my seven sisters and brothers did a heap o' livin' in that little gray brick cottage that shall always be home to me—he, in those years, worked at the soda fountain in Doty's.

II

From soda fountain to Parnassus, from pot-washer to Poet of the Plain People, Poet of America indeed, whose books—I have the authority of his publishers, Reilly and Lee, for it—have sold more than a million copies! Never has Providence wrought its wonders in stranger and more romantic fashion. John Masfield, to be sure, swept out Luke O'Connor's barroom at one time; and Knut Hamsun, as we all know, was

conductor on a Chicago street-car in the days before his triumph. But where is there another record of a soda fountain clerk becoming immortal? It is a story of indomitable will, the story of Eddie Guest. It never could have been written had there not burned in the soul of the man the challenging conviction that, as he phrases it, "No one is beat till he quits":

Fate can slam him and bang him around,
And batter his frame till he's sore,
But she never can say that he's downed
While he bobs up serenely for more.

We ignorant children, of course, discerned no least glare of celestial fire in the dark-haired, dreamful lad who mixed our chocolate and soda water and took our nickels. It remained for a humble book-keeper employed by the *Detroit Free Press* to be the first to recognize in Eddie those qualities of mind and spirit which have made him, as he is, the outstanding figure in our national literature—qualities

That all men picture when they see
The glorious banner of the free.

This was a book-keeper who, even in that Golden Age of Rum, preferred his ice-cream soda to his growler of bock, and regularly dropped in at Doty's on his way home, weary after a hard day of white collar toil.

One can imagine the scene. The book-keeper, honest fellow, sucking at his straw, twirling idly on his stool, gazing curiously at the industrious little shaver who polished the glasses on the other side of the counter. He was a self-made man, a Christian no doubt—one who had made his way dauntlessly against all adversity; self-educated, leaning on no one for support. He had himself all the high qualities that he admired in the dark-haired, serious boy who worked so earnestly while other lads his age frittered away their time in frivolities. He was a master of the science of book-keeping.

"Eddie," he said, putting his glass down and meditatively wiping a drop of cream from his beard; "Eddie, son, what do you expect to make of yourself in life?"

And Eddie, without ceasing his toil, replied, "God grant me the strength to do some needed Service. I pray for wisdom to be Brave and True, and for the gift of Clear Vision, so that I may see the Deeper Purposes and the Finer Significances of the tasks that are set me. To be content to keep on in the station where God has put me, to do always a little more than I am paid for, to get early to the job and never leave until the rest are gone. I may never be famous, but I'll not leave any sign of wrong behind me when I pass out."

Up from his stool jumped the book-keeper, and he stretched a white hand across the marble to the laddie, and he vowed then and there that the first opening for an office boy in the business department of the *Detroit Free Press* should go to Edgar Albert Guest. Who was there to witness the scene? I myself cannot remember having been there. Mr. Doty was probably dozing in the back room. They were alone, Eddie and the book-keeper, in that solemn and historic moment.

The words that Eddie said were from the bottom of his great heart. In almost all his poems the echo of them sounds; particularly in the noble "Plea" that dignifies the pages of "Poems of Patriotism." And the book-keeper's promise was fulfilled when, in 1895, Eddie went on the pay-roll of the *Detroit Free Press*. He has been there ever since, not now indeed as office boy, but as staff poet.

III

There are apple-trees and sand-lot baseball games and country roads and swimmin' holes in Eddie Guest's memory of his boyhood, but the bustle of the downtown streets is his principal heritage of dream from those days. He was born on August 20, 1881, in Birmingham, England, and his parents brought him to the land of the free when he was ten. Through the public schools he made his studious way. The family, it appears, was not opulent, and Eddie began to work after school hours as soon as he was able. In 1895, as we have

seen, he mixed his last soda, polished his last glass, and went to the *Free Press*.

His duties at first were arduous. One of them was marking the baseball scores on the bulletin-board in front of the *Free Press* Building. Attentively the serious little fellow studied the jostling morons who waited through the innings, and no doubt he wondered now and then how it would feel to be himself the hero they applauded. "Promotion," he told himself, "will come to me if I work unselfishly in my employer's interests. If I think less of what is in my envelope and more of my opportunity to serve, I will get there!" And sure enough, after two years of diligent and unwearying effort as office boy in the business department, Eddie was given his reward—promotion to the post of office boy in the editorial rooms!

Eddie's thoughts on this occasion were to become, later, that ode to "Promotion" which has inspired so many American youths to ever more assiduous toil:

Promotion comes to him who tries
Not solely for a selfish prize,
But day by day and year by year
Holds his employer's interests dear. . . .
The man who would the top attain
Must demonstrate he has a brain.

But not yet was that epiphany of beauty in Eddie's heroic spirit. He still had no idea of poetry. He confronted instead the problem of demonstrating that he was a useful lad, of winning still another promotion in another two years. Indeed, he told himself, I may even sometime be made a reporter! And so he buckled into his new job.

Craps he eschewed, it would appear; the cigarettes and the profanities and the viciousness of the other newspaper office boys never seem to have smirched him. He kept the paste pots full, he purveyed caramels for the switchboard gal, he saw that there was always an abundance of copy-paper on the desks. Early and late he worked; he did the tasks of two, of six, of a dozen ordinary office boys. And his joy can be easily imagined when one afternoon the editor summoned him and gripped his hand

and said, "Eddie, I've been watching your career. Your intelligence and your devotion demand greater opportunities. Here's your chance, boy! You are promoted!"

And so, just as the Nineteenth Century which had cradled him was yielding place to the Twentieth which was destined to immortalize him, Eddie found himself exchange editor of the *Free Press*.

"The exchange desk! A meaningless phrase to those who have never helped in the building of the daily paper!" exclaims Mr. R. Marshall, his official biographer, in "A Little Book About the Poet of the Plain People." "Every daily newspaper has an exchange desk. In fact many of them haven't much else! But on the big dailies, the man who sits all day in a four-by-six room, completely surrounded by wave upon wave of printed sheets, from the *Boston Transcript* to the *Wahoo Bugle*—he is the man who looks at the world through wide-angle lenses. Across the desk of the exchange editor sweeps the flood of the world's opinion, the sum total of the world's woe, the tinkling brooks of the world's joys. To him come the banker and the burglar, the women of high and low degree. To him," Mr. Marshall continues with jolly alliteration, "come the poet and the plunderer, musicians and murderers, jokesmiths and junkers, prophets and perjurers. It is he who sees history in the making—to him is shown the panorama of the world's fight in the midst of the fighting."

It is the ordinary practice, on the half-dozen metropolitan newspapers to which I have yielded Service, to assign to the exchange desk men who can be spared with least detriment from the work of writing news. But the *Free Press*, no doubt, was an unusual institution; and so we find Eddie clipping and pasting and studying through those wide-angle lenses the panorama of the world's fight.

It was here, on the exchange desk, that he first burst into song. The golden bell sounded, the finger of eternity anointed his temples, he leaned his ear to the clarion

call, he discerned for the first time the throb of the heart of the great American people: that audience which he was to make so completely and so significantly his own, "the plain folk who sit in front of base-burners, who wear overalls, and pay their grocery bills on Saturday nights, and say grace at meals, and stick up for the under-dog, and fish for trout in brooks."

Mr. Marshall in his careful way records the moment. "A poetry microbe wriggled out from between one of Marse Henry Watterson's virile editorials and bit Eddie Guest good and proper. Eddie started to write verse and more verse, and those verses that got into print were read and were then cut out and preserved in family albums."

But who first saw the flare of the levin, who bated his breath, who set eyes on that first epochal poem, while the shy lad, its creator, kicked his heels in embarrassment? Mr. Marshall does not say. But it is not difficult to picture the scene.

Back to Eddie the gray-haired, scholarly copy-reader hands the poem, with a faint smile. "Well . . . it *does* rhyme, in places, doesn't it?" he comments, reluctant but stern in the integrity of his own understanding. "Eddie, whatever made you think you could write poetry? Stick to your shears and paste-pot, old man. You'll get to be a good newspaper man yet."

So into Eddie's pocket went the firstling of his genius, rejected. With eyes downcast he lingered a moment, the everlasting poet on the drear threshold of derision, until he could control his emotions enough to mutter an abashed "Thanks!" Then into the corridor he groped his way; and there, ah! there at last the tears came, storming down his cheeks. Was this the end? Was this denial all he had struggled to achieve? Could he never write those poems that were already beginning to flower in his heart, poems that would leave the simple hearts of men gladder when he had gone: poems that would memorialize the goodness of Ma and Pa, the joys of the plain and wholesome grub that the missus pre-

pares for one, the nobleness of toil, the nearness of God and the transcending glory of Yankee Doodledom? Even as he wept he felt the songs in his spirit too wildly sweet to be hushed, a pæan of hope and courage renewed that swelled in a tumultuous diapason.

"I will!" he cried, his eyes shining, his fist clenching. "They may say that it can't be done, but I for one am not convinced until I try it! They scoff at me, they jeer! But I shall buckle in with a grin and win!"

And he did. It is in Eddie's own words that we have the inner, spiritual story of what Mr. Marshall has but hinted at, and of what I have tried in my lame way to revivify: the poem "It Couldn't Be Done" from "The Path to Home," whose periods are graven deep on the hearts of many a proudly aspiring, never faltering warrior of these splendid days:

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by
one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

He did it, and it was not long before dawn spread her rosy wings over the burgeoning gardens of his life.

IV

There has been little development since then in Eddie Guest's literary style. From book to book, as the years pass, it runs along the same high plane of brave delicacy. From the crest of the wave his genius sprang full-formed to life. One reads the lyrics of "A Heap o' Livin'," the first book of his poetry brought out by Reilly and Lee, in 1916, and one finds them exactly as sweet and juicy as the pieces in "All That Matters," published in 1922. They are the same in style and in theme; his particular genius was mature in its first manifestation; it lisped never, it chanted full-throated. Yet for a little while after his beginnings

in beauty Eddie continued a humble private in the cohorts of the *Free Press*.

From the exchange desk he graduated to the position of police reporter. Mr. Marshall lets us see him as he was in those remote days. "The crime reporter is the young man who knows all the policemen in town, who can point out the dope-fiends as they pass on the street, who wears a badge that lets him inside the lines at the big fires, who sits with the lawyers at the murder trials and who plays dominoes with the night chief when they're both doing 'the dog watch' in the small hours of the morning. The crime reporter knows the side of life where the seams are. And that, too, is a good experience for one who would school himself in the humanities."

I remember myself the reporters' room in the old Detroit Police Headquarters. We did not in my time play dominoes; we played poker, and the drawers of the rickety desks were filled with packs of greasy cards and chips. I remember the walls pasted thick with lickerish pictures from the *Police Gazette*; I remember the spittoons, the dirt, the jovial obscenities of the cops. And as I muse I find it incredible almost that Eddie, after this compulsory proximity to nastiness and crookedness and vice, could have preserved so chaste and unsullied the gentle ideals of his childhood: I am more and more amazed by the fact that he has yet to write "a line that father had to skip when he read to the family."

But he did not have to languish many years in that grotesquely uncongenial atmosphere. Presently the *Free Press* began to publish a short column of his poetry once a week, under the caption of "Chaff." And not long after that, as Mr. Marshall says, "they took Eddie off the crime beat and ordered him to be funny for a column every day." Again . . . he did it.

A poem a day! Perhaps his average was not, at first, so high as that. Yet in the decade up to 1910, so great was his facility, so indomitable his persistence, that he turned out some 3,650 poems. And so the time came when he determined to get out

a book. Like Whitman, he was his own publisher. He produced a volume called "Home Rhymes," for which his brother Harry set type in the attic of their house. The edition ran to 800 copies.

Two years later 730 new poems had accumulated and the Guest boys made another book—"Just Glad Things"—of which they printed 1,500 copies. In 1914 still another batch of 730 songs was on hand, and a third book was projected. But here the Rotary Club of Detroit intervened. Was not this a poet indeed, this slender, serious youth with the frank smile, who could dash off a poem a day? And poetry, too, that a red-blooded, high-powered Rotarian could understand: a poet who hymned in his swinging way "the peaceful warriors of trade," a poet who extolled the deliciousness of raisin pie in strophes one could sing to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic":

There are pies that start the water circulatin' in
the mouth;
There are pies that wear the flavor of the warm
an' sunny South;
But for downright solid goodness that comes
drippin' from the sky
There is nothing quite the equal of a chunk o'
raisin pie.

So the alert minds of the Rotary Club intervened. Boy still, Eddie was summoned by those men of Vision. "We want Guest!" they shouted. They instructed him to make this new book in an edition big enough to go around. It must be of 3,500 copies! And the Rotarians themselves printed it so.

Noon, bright noon! Winds of popular acclaim swept away the mists, and Eddie, looking at his feet, saw them set firmly on the pinnacle! The sun hung above him. The world of his admirers bade it stand still, and it stood. It hangs above him to this day.

Came "A Heap o' Livin'," reaching eight editions in twenty months and a total circulation of 50,000. Since then seven more books have been published, and a first edition of 50,000 is considered conservative.

North, South, East and West the word

winged its flaming way: Look to the heights! And the world looked, and there was Eddie: and the list of his poems in a quarter of a century numbered 9,125, and the number of his books in the homes of America was more than a million! The man who did it when they said it couldn't be done!

It remained for a prose-minded nomothete, a politician flaunting his efficiency-methods, a governor more interested in problems of reforestation, public schools and police protection than in the very essential spiritual thing without which all these mean nothing, to rob Eddie Guest of his final reward. In the Michigan legislature early in 1925 Representative Howell introduced Act No. 74, providing for the post of poet-laureate of the State, to be filled by the governor. Through both houses the act went without a murmur of dissent. For once, at the beckon of the Hon. Mr. Howell, both bodies of lawgivers turned from the crass needs of industrial and economic life to gaze a moment on Parnassus. There was never any doubt who would be honored as the first laureate of Michigan. The Kiwanis Club, eager to match the snobbish Rotarians, had already dubbed him such. It was admitted in press dispatches that Eddie was to have the job. And then the governor vetoed the act.

Why? Ah, why indeed! He explained idiotically that "such an office has no place in a republican form of government!"

V

But Eddie goes on. "Mr. Guest, as every one knows, writes a poem each day," marvels the reporter for the *Telegram Mail* who interviewed him last February. "Mr. Guest admits that some days it's a hard pull, but he often finds that the poem that has been the hardest to write and which he has thought his poorest has turned out to be the most popular of all."

He works without crutches. I well remember the consternation of a literary friend of mine, who, being in need of a

rhyming dictionary, and being informed that Eddie had one in his office, knocked on his door and asked for it. I am afraid that Eddie spoke rather curtly to my friend. But it is not hard to understand what an affront the request may have seemed to him. He makes up all his own rhymes.

For some time, at least up to a year ago, he conducted once a week "The Edgar A. Guest's Young Verse Writers' Corner." Children were invited to submit their poems. Eddie undertook to correct them, and gave instructions in the art whose confines he himself has so largely expanded. He printed every day a number of the pieces sent to him, with comment. A prize, an autographed copy of one of his own books, was awarded weekly.

One week he printed a stanza by a nine-year old child in Bay City:

If I were a singer
I would sing a bonny song,
And all those who stopped to listen
Would be happy all day long.

His own emended version—ininitely more precise, more measured; the thumb-print of the master!—he printed at the same time:

If I were a singer
I'd sing a bonny song,
And all who stopped to hear
Would happy be, day-long!

Eddie went on to comment upon the form. He cited the iambic structure with alternating tetra—and trimeter verses: Ta dum ta dum ta dum ta dum, Ta dum ta dum ta dum. This, he said, "is a very good form, and we recommend it to all readers who aspire to write good verse."

Good verse, indeed! It is to far more than that that Eddie himself aspires. In the *American Magazine* he once published an intimate, sympathetic, encouraging little essay called "My Job as a Father." In it he revealed the real aspiration which, beneath and beyond his quest for beauty, dominates his life. It is not to be an artist at all! "To be the father of a great son is what I should call Success," he declares. There stands the man in a gesture.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

THE JAZZ BUGABOO

By H. O. OSGOOD

AT A party given on the Pennsylvania Roof in New York to celebrate the return from London of Vincent Lopez that redoubtable jazzist stood up and made a speech. "The point is," he said, "that we are now beginning to do jazz artistically. Soon the real composers, not Gershwin but those like Wagner, will write jazz."

Unfortunately, Señor Lopez, a hidalgo from the ancient Spanish city of Brooklyn, was wrong. He was wrong three times in one sentence, something of a record: (a) Gershwin *is* a real composer; (b) there are none "like Wagner" today; (c) if there were, they would not write jazz, one reason being that they couldn't. Do you remember the futile efforts of Stravinsky and the late Claude Debussy? Have you heard the attempts of other learned contemporaries to "descend" to the jazz level—for example, John Alden Carpenter's "Crazy Cat" (the "American" ballet that was staged in New York by a Russian and conducted by a Frenchman), or Leo Sowerby's *Synconata*, or Eric Delamarter's meandering, meaningless Jazz Symphony?

Reading the jeremiads that have been launched against jazz in the last year or two by solemn bigwigs, one might imagine that the very existence of legitimate music was threatened. Nothing could be farther from the truth. What are the facts? Merely that one day Paul Whiteman made up his mind that the rest of the United States would be just as willing as New York to pay money to hear his cabaret band play, and so metamorphosed it into a concert orchestra, all by the simple process of

taking thought. He caused the news to be trumpeted in Suburbia and points beyond that his band was no longer a mere toe-inciter at the Palais Royal—that it had become suddenly a thoroughly respectable "symphonic" organization (two pianos, count them!) and had celebrated triumphs in Aeolian and Carnegie Halls, hitherto sacred to symphony orchestras, oratorio societies, Heifetz, John McCormack, Al Smith and Nate Miller, the Beethoven Association, Burton Holmes' Travelogues and Ignace Paderewski.

To live up to news like this one must offer a musical menu made up of things more substantial than "Raggedy Ann," "Moon Dear," and "I Love You." They are toothsome icing, to be sure, but unless supported by an underlayer of solid pound cake, they send the enlightened banqueter home with a void still aching. So Whiteman decided that the pound cake must be provided. Further, he said, "Let George do it," knowing well that George had done it to the queen's taste many times before. Whereupon George Gershwin, a young man whose system is filled with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of ingratiating tunes, was entrusted with the task of writing a *pièce de résistance* which, to change the metaphor, should make an honest woman out of jazz.

Gershwin, a pianist both rapid and rabid, responded by writing a piece for himself and jazz orchestra, and his lieutenant, Ferdie Grofe, confronted with an entirely new problem in orchestration, solved it with ingenuity and promptness. The whole job was completed in ten days. The result, happily christened "Rhapsody in Blue," sprang into fame with the rapidity of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" and the

Honegger "Pacific 231." More, it turned out to be better than either. Messieurs Stravinsky and Honegger had nothing to say and said it very cleverly, but Gershwin spoke with intelligence and conviction. He knows, of course, considerable about what is called the theory of music, but not enough to hamper the originality of his invention. If he wants to spell doughnut "doenut," he does so without hesitation or embarrassment, whereas Messrs. Carpenter, Sowerby, Delamarter *et al.*, hampered by early piety, invariably stick to the traditional spelling and lose all force in doing so.

The "Rhapsody," however, remains the sole, only and unique work to win serious consideration for the new music of America—the best and only good example of the only distinct musical style this country has ever originated and developed. It is a bit hard to understand, indeed, why this solitary success should have stirred up such a hornet's nest, save that it was the only target for the graybeards to shoot at as they flew to arms. "Vulgar!" cried the Brahms Verein. "Tawdry!" shouted the Cercle César Franck. Vulgar?—so was young Wagner. Tawdry?—so was old Liszt. Nobody understood better than cunning Meister Richard how to brighten the face of honest music with a suggestive daub of rouge, and nobody understands it today better than Richard the Second. But do any of the solemn friends of music get excited when the most circus-bandy of all overtures, "Rienzi," is played? Or shout "disgraceful" at the occasional insultingly sterile passages in a Strauss tone poem?

Then, gentlemen, why all this pother about jazz? One lone "Rhapsody" will never create a musical revolution, any more than one swallow will make a case of D. T.'s. You cheerfully welcome a jaunty cocktail at the same dinner that boasts a solemn joint of beef. There is just as much chance of the jazz rhapsody displacing the symphony as the cornerstone of musical architecture as there is of the roast being supplanted by the cocktail. Plenty of room

for both—and the musical epicure will enjoy both, each in its own way and at its own time.

Even those who denounce jazz most furiously as a disgrace to music cannot deny that certain of its by-products are contributions of real value to the art. The men who orchestrate for the jazz instrumental combination have invented many ingenious new colorings that legitimate composers never dreamed of. And this has been possible because the technical standard required of the player in a good jazz band is higher than that demanded from the same kind of instrumentalist in a symphony orchestra. Clarinets play *portamenti* that are theoretically impossible; trumpets soar aloft to dizzy heights and keep their temper while doing it; trombones coo *legato* melodies with the softness of a sucking dove; tubas gurgle gently instead of blaring or grunting. And the best jazz bands play with a precision, balance and elasticity, both dynamic and rhythmic, that are rivalled only by such orchestras as the Philadelphia and Boston.

On the other hand, jazz has the defects of its own qualities. The saxophone is its pride—and its undoing. Fascinating for the first fifteen minutes, its sweet, oily tone palls in another fifteen, and after that becomes a positive irritation. The ear, clogged with unctuous utterances, rebels. So with jazz orchestration as a whole. It is all glare and glitter. This is not the fault of the composer, but of the colors that the jazz instrumental combination loads upon his palette. Primaries follow each other with the shifting restlessness of a kaleidoscope. One sighs in vain for interludes of quiet gray or soothing green. The only recourse is to get up and dance.

Dance—aye, there's the word! The earnest souls who have cried out against taking jazz seriously might have saved their breath to cool their porridge, for jazz is but the child of the nimble hoof. Music began when the first savage beat on a hollow log to unify the steps of his fellows, and ever since then the fine music of every

age has evolved from the favorite dances of the preceding. Behind the classic symphonic *schizzo* as perfected by Beethoven lies the artful simplicity of the minuet. Behind the cleverness of the "Rhapsody in Blue" lie all the good fox-trot tunes that have been written—some of the best of them by Gershwin himself. But Gershwin is no Beethoven, nor in this restless, changing, slap-dash age will the fox-trot attain to more than a fraction of the span of life enjoyed by the minuet in its time. Signs of the gradual decline of the fox-trot are already to be discerned; the Charleston comes in, and there is a gradual revival of the waltz. It will die, and with it the jazz of today will go too. Thus the bugaboo will disappear inevitably and automatically—and be succeeded by another one for the solemn to wail about, as the case has been ever and again from the beginnings of music.

But maybe all this will come about too

slowly to suit the beard-waggers. Rather than see them suffer longer I have hatched up a little scheme to hasten things along and have been promised the assistance in carrying it out of a tall blond young man, well known in the highest and most careless society and a patron of all the lighter arts. About thirty-five minutes after the beginning of Maestro Whiteman's next New York concert my friend will spring out of his seat, grasp the likeliest-looking, nimblest-toed *jeune fille* within reach, and prance off up the aisle toward the platform with her in an exuberant fox-trot. It may create a sensation. Doubtless it will. He will be arrested, fined—perhaps even jailed. But what of that? What of a little personal discomfort? With that one spontaneous gesture, that sly *reductio ad absurdum*, the musical stars will be reset in their courses, and the world will be made safe again for Bach, Beethoven, George W. Chadwick and Daniel Gregory Mason.

Literature

A PERUVIAN ICONOCLAST

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

What have we here? In the government, ignorant gestures or mockeries of liberal movements; in the judicial power, venality and prevarication; in the Congress, ridiculous quarrels lacking any impulse of courage and soporific discussions without a spark of eloquence; in the people, no faith at all, for there's no longer any man to believe in,—a cold egotism, for no love is lost on anyone,—and Mussulman conformity, because hope is gone.

THESE words were not written of the United States in 1925; they go back to the Peru of 1888—a Peru which, in the words of the castigator who had arisen from the ruins of the national honor, spurted pus wherever the finger touched it; wherein government and people alike sent forth an enervating stench of mediocrity wherein pettiness was the rule in heads and hearts and even in vice and crime.

The appearance of Manuel González Prada in that Peru is one of those unpredictable occurrences that are so easily explained after the fact. By nature a fighter,

he was born appropriately during one epoch of European turmoil and died as appropriately during another. The dates January 6, 1848 and July 22, 1918 are but parentheses that embrace a life almost predestined to struggle and opposition. González Prada was one of the great "antis" of his day and generation. The parenthesis within the parenthesis was the war between Chile and Peru that ended so disastrously for his native country; and there was yet another: González Prada's own war against Peru. He proceeded by antagonisms. He was told, as he went on, that he was nothing but a destructive critic; he was ostracized by proper society and excommunicated by the clergy whom he had himself excommunicated from his own life; by instinct he sought new enemies and launched new causes. But in the end it was recognized by a few that he was of those who make the laws, not of those for whom they are made.

The complete works of the man com-

prise but a narrow shelf; they are "Páginas Libres," 1894; "Minúsculas," 1901; "Horas de Lucha," 1908; "Exóticas," 1911, and "La Biblioteca Nacional," 1912. There is mention, too, of a "Plesbiterianas"; what it is few can tell, as it is the rarest of Spanish American literary birds. In this list, prose alternates with poetry, the last dated work being a report upon the national library that assumed, as it was bound to do in González Prada's hands, the proportions of a literary attack. Fortunately, however, the earliest book, which is the easiest to procure, is in the opinion of many his best. In it are to be found the characteristic themes of the noted polemist, and if the volume seems to flout his poetry, it but does his verse justice. González Prada began his career in the orthodox manner of the South American literatus, as a rhymester; more than once he returned to his boyhood muse, and each time with a greater freedom from the conventional shackles. It would be too unlike him if he did not try to introduce new blood into the veins of the native poetry, even though it meant violence to the spirit of the language and to its natural prosody. From one who so loudly and so eloquently proclaimed the virtues of naturalness and spontaneity, his stanzaic experiments come, to say the least, somewhat inconsistently. Yet it is not this that speaks against his poetry so much as his instinctive bias for intellectual preoccupations.

In his poetry, indeed, González Prada is rather the critical experimenter than the simple, untutored singer of untutored passions. This man who fought for what later came to be termed "literary Americanism," who demanded of writers a concern with their own place and hour, imported for his verses the Spenserian stanza, the *rondeau* from France, the *rispetto* from Italy, the old *romance* from Spain. He tried his hand at blank verse, at free verse, and at a form the very name of which would have fascinated the late Amy Lowell: *unrhythmic polyrhythms*. In his poetry, then, we find but another phase of his rebellious

nature; for the real poetry of the man one must go to his prose.

That prose is a remarkable medium. It is, like the man himself, almost the antithesis of the *milieu* into which he was born. It is a prose as consciously and as conscientiously ordered as was the life that produced it. It rejected flatly the favorite devices of the Spanish literatus: a belling phrase, filled like sails with nothing but wind and devoid of their propulsive power; imagery that indulged in pictures for their own sake, all bright light and no vision; in two words, resounding hollowness. In that prose he created an imagery of his own that was an organic growth from the thought itself; every metaphor is relevant, an epigram in terms of sight. Time and again he paints, rather than speaks, his meaning, and in a single stroke of the brush. Of course there are moments when he falls victim to his own virtues; at such times he launches, if but for a passing lapse, into grandiloquence such as the objects of his assaults might envy. For in González Prada was not a little of the orator that he despised; not a little of the popular tribune. There was a time, indeed, when his political opinions crystallized into the National Union party; then he ran for the presidency of Peru, meeting an inevitable defeat. For all his sympathies with the oppressed, González Prada was not a man of the crowd; his humanity was a future hope wrenched from a bitter present. He is at his best, not as a conciliator but as a polemist.

His great fights centre about the principles of nationalism, religion and political independence. His impassioned outcries against Chile are not inconsistent with a later continentalism and even internationalism. It was natural that this patriot should be considered by most of his compatriots as a dangerous enemy from within. They had been nurtured in a tradition of conservatism, Castilianism, softness; this upstart summoned them to autonomy, selfhood and endurance. They were lulled in a society that was honey-

combed with clericalism, with what González Prada later called the black invasion (had not Rochefort written that among the clergy there are three black things: their soutanes, their nails and their consciences?) He excommunicated the excommunicators; he aimed squarely at the Church and, as if the better to emphasize his attitude, married a Jewess who bore him a son. About González Prada's irreligion there was nothing merely literary, as so often happens with the Spanish agnostic. He did not, again like so many of these godless ones, practice with himself a soothing casuistry with an inner mental reservation of decidedly religious hue. He married the Jewess to please himself, not to spite the Church. He was an atheist. Yet not one of the cracker-box variety, with its personal enmity for a God whose personal existence it denies.

González Prada was too much the active thinker to waste time upon theological hair-splitting. To him, Nature was neither just nor unjust; it was simply a creative force. Humankind did not exist for it. It knew neither love nor hate. In a single phrase he sums it up, in one of those images that abound in his writing. Nature is a "mother all bosom and no heart." Where, in so few, so simple words, has the case been better put? "We did not ask for existence, but by the very fact of living we accept life. Let us accept it, then, without monopolizing it or wishing to make it eternal for our exclusive benefit; we laugh and we love over the tomb of our forbears; our children will laugh and love over ours." Life, for him, held an infinite interest; with Guyau he said, "Let our last grief be our last curiosity."

Philosophically, González Prada was set off by such diverse thinkers as Guyau, Nietzsche, Renan (whom he had heard at the Collège de France during his unbohemian student days in Paris), Hegel and Schopenhauer. His progression toward anarchy was conditioned, though not determined, by such men as Reclus, Grave and Kropotkin. He demanded of the soft

Peruvians literally that they "be hard": "Let us solidify; rather be iron and steel than cloud." He summoned them away from the Spanish models to a native expression. He told them flatly that they were not even Christians, but fetichists; that they had craniums, but not brains. He would change not only their literary styles but their very orthography. So enwrapped did he become in his anti-Spanish campaign that he overlooked the literature of that very South America which he championed. It is a strange lacuna. For González Prada, when all is said and written, was one of the precursors of modernism in Spanish American letters; he was himself a leader in the epoch of renaissance which in criticism he failed to evaluate. Perhaps it was as well that he did not, however, and that he chose to devote his energies to smashing Castilian images. He resisted every attempt to effect a spiritual reconciliation with the mother country. Of Juan Valera he wrote: "With reason he considers Spain as our mother, and believing that our return to the fetal state is possible, wishes to make of himself the umbilical cord." This is true imagery. The picture is not only laughable; it fairly dramatizes the anachronism. Elsewhere he has applied the same method to linguistic loyalties: "Languages are not rejuvenated by returning to the primitive form any more than an old man can get rid of his wrinkles by bundling himself in an infant's swaddling clothes or returning to the breast of a wet-nurse."

It is in his attitude toward the language, I believe, that González Prada has best revealed his personality; in this, and, consequently, in his own prose. Here his independence appears as a desire for untrammelled thought and an expression correspondingly clear. What he asked of the language and tried to impart to it, he lived in his life. He made it thus the symbol of his own career. His innovations in orthography, radical as they may have seemed to his puristic contemporaries, were really not so new as they appeared. They had been

anticipated by the noted grammarian, Andrés Bello; to this day, by a pretty irony, Chile, and not Peru, employs the spellings for which Bello and González Prada fought.

Writing forty years ago in his little corner, this Peruvian dealt with letters in a manner almost contemporaneous.

"Who writes today and would live tomorrow," he proclaimed, "must belong to the day, to the hour, to the moment in which he handles his pen." His own day was Spanish America; his hour, Peru; his moment, Lima. Literary colonialism, intellectual dependency upon Spain, he regarded as an indefinite prolongation of childhood. "We do not speak today as the conquistadores spoke; the American tongues provide us with neologisms that we use with every right, since there are no equivalents in Castilian, and because they express ideas exclusively our own and name things intimately bound up with our life. Even in pronunciation, how we have changed!"

But he was independent of isms. Away with schools and systems, in favor

of clear thinking and writing! "Classicism and romanticism, idealism and realism, —a mere matter of names, pure logomachy. There are only good works and bad; a good work means truth in a clear, concise form; a bad work, untruth in both idea and form." He diagnosed the literary case of his country with the simple, sound analysis of an Ellis or a de Gourmont; he told his countrymen that they lacked good stylists because they lacked good thinkers, since style, rather than an external application, was the very blood of ideas. In almost Crocean terms he declared that where there is no clearness in statement there has been no clearness in conception. Yet he knew, too, that one "may be diffuse in a line and concise in a volume." Of the new writers he asked the elemental virtues of bread and water, an unwearying fare that sustains life. For reading "should produce the pleasure of understanding, not the torture of guesswork."

Of the few free thinkers of South America, Manuel González Prada was easily one of the most fearless, one of the most vigorous and original.

Language

CZECH SURNAMES IN AMERICA

By J. B. DUDEK

CZECH immigration to America has been going on, with fluctuations not pertinent here, practically since any other aliens began arriving in appreciable numbers. The present Czech population—alien, naturalized, and American-born—of this country is probably one-sixth of the number of Czechoslovaks in the modern European republic. That our census-takers do not obtain complete or accurate figures is due largely to the fact that prior to 1918 Bohemians were seldom distinguished from Austrians in immigration and court records; in the popular mind, they have been, all along, as they still are in Fundamentalist localities, confused with Germans. Then, too, not all Czech immigrants have

native names: *Viereck*, *Diembier* (*Dienstbier*), *Frieslinger*, *Friml*, *Herc* (*Herz*), *Najman* (*Neumann*), *Sinkmajer* (*Sinkmeyer*) and *Siller* (*Schiller*) are German; *Lacquement* (Cz. pro.: *Lakviment*) and *Lesebyr* (originally *Lesebore*), French; *Satrapa* and *Sigma*, Greek, as also, probably *Scofous* (*c = k*) and *Palides* or *Pallas* (Cf. Ger. *Palast*). *Dumřil* might be native or the French *Dumřil* Bohemianized, while *Nigrin*, *Kolumba* (*Colombo*), *Morales*, *Danbel* (*Daniel*), *Urban* and *Osvald* might indicate still other foreign origins. In general, proper names beginning with *A*, *E*, *F*, *G* or *I* are imported; *Q*, *W* and *X* are not in the real Czech alphabet. *Levin-ský* (with the Slavic root *lev*, lion) and the elaborations *Loewinsky* and *Loewenstein*, exist among Bohemian Jews; as surnames of Czechs proper, they have been suspected of replacing *Lavička* or *Lavičnik* (from *lavice*,

a bench). The native *Herec*, *Neužil* and *Zeman* are frequently mistaken for German names—and *Lamát*, *Dudek* and others for French by persons whose knowledge of the latter language does not go much beyond the articles. But, excepting inevitable concessions to American pronunciation and the spellings *Newman*, *Daniels*, *Oswald* and *Lamer*, the names so far noted have not otherwise been modified.

It has gone quite differently with real Czech surnames. These, being apt to find themselves in hot water the moment their owners land on this side of the Atlantic, are, voluntarily or not, sooner or later supplanted by something less likely to call forth a run on Ku Klux regalia. To English-speaking persons unfamiliar with continental European vowels and ignorant of an applied phonetic orthography, of which modern Bohemian affords an admirable example, names like *Cvrkál*, *Hrálka*, *Hruška*, *Kubálek*, *Pospíšil*, *Stoklasa*, *Trpavský* and *Tůma*¹ are calculated to present difficulties. Our self-styled "native" Amer-

icans, able neither to read them when written nor to pronounce, much less write, them after hearing them spoken, have treated them, on the whole, with an uncharity that might, more rationally, be directed toward certain combinations of letters by which American citizens of Anglo-Saxon origin are sometimes labelled. If, as a result of the prevalent standardization, a sensible revision of English orthography is ever undertaken, the Czech alphabet might be investigated with profit. *Sworckle* or *Circle*, *Hursky* (later *Hurst*), *Hruskie*, *Cobblack* or *Cuballick*, *Posssepissol* or *Posspsissle*, *Stocklassey*, *Trapslick* and *Toomer*, as suggested, if not actually adopted, substitutes for the Czech names mentioned, would then appear, as they are, rather questionable improvements. The compassion frequently lavished upon the Bohemian-American family that, since the California gold rush or the settlement of Racine, Wisconsin, has been handicapped by the outrageous patronymic *Březina*, *Chvoj*, *Drtna*, *Ještěrka*, *Kolomažník* or *Zděný* might well be saved for hundred-percenters dubiously blessed with the monickers *Dalgny*, *Dougherty*, *Fegertley*, *Farquharson*, *Hickox*, *Sodorus*, *Smythe* or *Tydfyl*, and the element of comedy discerned by vivid imaginations in *Biček*, *Dopis*, *Drdla*, *Důras* and *Rubál* sought rather in *Dollarhide*, *Hollopeter*, *Garsaway*, *Longnecker*, *Messingwell*, *Sizoo* and *Specknoodle*. However, *Burson*, *Tibby*, *Durden*, *Jefferkey*, *Colemasny* (later *Lomasney* or *Coleman*), *Stenny*, *Bessick*, *Tope*, *Durdle*, *Dorris* and *Rubens* have appealed to second and third generation Czecho-Americans as less conducive to emotional outbursts in their homespun neighbors than the originals in the preceding sentence.

The changes thus far discussed, being mainly evolutionary, have taken place unconsciously if not despite the immigrant's strenuous opposition. The wilful alteration of one's own surname was, up to ten years ago, comparatively rare among American Czechs and was, indeed, accounted as verging on the criminal. The farmers in a certain county, for instance, refused to

¹ The approximate values of Czech characters employed in native Bohemian words (printed in italics) throughout this essay are invariably as follows: Vowels: *a* = *u* in *dun*; *á*, *a* in *farm*; *e*, *é* in *met*; *ě*, *ya* in *yet*; *i*, *í* in *bit*; *í*, *i* in *police*; *o* as in German *dort*; *u* as in Ger. *Fuss*; *ú*, *oo* in *moon*; *y* and *ý*, except that they do not affect a preceding *d*, *n* or *t* as do *i* and *í*, are equivalent thereto. Vowel digraphs: *aj* = *ei* in *height*; *ej*, *a* in *mate*; *uj* shorter than German *ui* in *phui*; *ja*, like the German affirmative; *je*, the only instance of redundancy in Czech orthography, = *é*; *ji*, *yi* in the word *Yiddish*; *ji*, *ye* in *yield*; *jo*, slightly shorter than *yo* in *yore*; *ou* as in *dough*. *j* is a semi-vowel, like *y* in *yet*; occurring between two vowels, it may form a digraph with one or the other; otherwise vowels occurring together fall into separate syllables. Consonants are practically as in English, with the following important exceptions: *c* = always *ts* in *parti*; *č*, *ch* as in *church*; *d* before *ě* or *i* = French *d* in *diabole*; *n* before *i* or *í* (or if written *ñ*) = the Spanish *ñ*; *ř* (unmanageable except by Czechs), somewhat like *rh* in *Pershing*; *š* = *sh* in *shape*; *t* preceding *ě* or *i* = French *t* in *rien*. *H* is always as in *whom*, excepting the digraph *ch*, which is counted as one letter and is sounded as in the German *Buch*. There are no silent letters. An indefinite vowel, somewhat like *e* in *her*, must be understood between some two of several consonants that appear to form a vowelless word or syllable. The Czech accent does not depend on the diacritical markings; it is invariably on the first syllable. Foreign orthographical elements occurring in names taken bodily or partially Bohemianized from other languages will, in general, be evident from the context.

patronize a banker who had assumed *Newer* in place of *Novák*. (*Newman*, a better translation, is now more commonly substituted for this name.) A storm of protest immediately arose when a Nebraska politician, *Lapálek*, announced himself as *La Paché* (!), and a *Votruba* who translated his name to *Bran* was thereafter in such disrepute that, were Bohemians given to that mode of dealing with evil-doers, he might as well have been lynched. In spite, however, of indignation meetings, lodge resolutions and the newspaper jibes and denunciations provoked by the turncoats, some voluntary de-Bohemianization was constantly in progress, to which the younger set of Czecho-Americans, surreptitiously at least, lent hearty encouragement: removal to another, especially to a purely American, community, attainment of majority, engagement in a new occupation, entrance into connubial felicity, and the like, were seized as occasions for shaking off cognominal impedimenta. Instances are known of persons whose names, correct and fluent English speech and real or feigned ignorance of their mother tongue would never betray that their parents were born in *Plzeň* or *Budějovice*.

The material drawn upon for these rechristenings is almost invariably the old patronymic, but the form in which it emerges would doubtless have sent the manipulator's grandfather into paroxysms of holy wrath, and the manner in which it is sometimes handled provides the psychological student with excellent specimens of ideal association. However little connection may appear between the name adopted and the one discarded, the arbitrary assumption of something in no wise traceable to the latter is still very exceptional, e.g., *Long* for *Novosad*, *Johnson* for *Černák*.

The most natural and, whenever practical, the commonest method is simply to translate a name that exists as a substantive or adjective: *Kováč* by *Smith*; *Pekář*, *Baker*; *Holič*, *Barber*; *Mlynář*, *Miller*; *Truhlář*, *Carpenter*; *Mráz*, *Frost*; *Vlk*, *Wolf*; *Švec*,

Shoemaker; *Zima*, *Winter*; *Kopecký*, *Hill*; *Černý*, *Black*; *Zelený*, *Green*; *Silný*, *Strong*. Inspiration for hundreds of others may be found in any Bohemian-English dictionary. The same translation, as a rule, serves for the diminutives and derivatives *Pekárek*, *Mrázek*, *Vlček*, *Vlčan*, *Ševčík*, *Černoch*, *Zelenka*, etc., which are equally common as patronymics, though the accurate interpretation is sometimes quite different from that of the stem: *Vlčan*, a wolf-like person; *Černoch*, a Negro; *Zelenka*, a green-horn; *Zelenec*, an evergreen. A *Pivo* (beer), mentally associating the compound *pivovar*, brewery, with personal nouns ending in *ar* or *ář*, translated his name into *Brewer*. German versions of some of these, or of similar names: *Schmidt* (or *Schmitt*), *Müller*, *Schumacher*, *Schevčik*, *Schwartz*, *Breuer* (or *Brauer*), made in this country, are still in use; *Wolf* and *Winter* were, in fact, first pronounced as in German. For *Krejčí* (tailor), *Schneider* (also written *Šnajdr*), *Snyder*, and *Taylor* are concurrent. *Husák* (gander) was rendered *Genzer*, and *Dvořák* (courtier) never got beyond *Hoffman*. *Schmeller*, *Rech*, *Retz*, *Morawetz* and *Mathuscheck* are American-made, intended for German, transliterations of *Chmelář* (a hop grower or dealer), *Rek* (hero), *Řetěz* (chain), *Moravec* (a Moravian) and *Matoušek* (little Matthew). The first is pronounced *Smeller* by most Americans; the last, simplified in spelling to *Mathushek*, was eventually translated *Matthews*. Others remain in their Teutonic form without noticeable development.

De luxe editions like *Goode* for *Dobry* (good), *Taylor* for *Vocáška* (or *Vocásek*; dim. of *ocas*, tail) and *Byrd* for *Prák* (bird; dim. *Práček*) are found occasionally. Dictionary definitions and explanations sometimes offer more than one suggestion: *Suk*, a knot in wood, has begotten *Knott* and *Wood(s)*; *Lukášek*, *Lucas* and *Meadows*, depending on the interpretation of the stem—*Lukáš*, *Luke*; *louka*, meadow (genitive pl. = *luk*); *Bukáček* (*buk*, beech), *Doubek* (*dub*, oak) and other names based on those of trees, may become indiscriminately *Beech* (*Beach*), *Oakes*, *Birch*, etc. *Srnc* (buck) and *Srnka*

(doe) have both chosen *Bucks*, and a Bohemian *Roebuck* is reported, who may have been originally either. *Klíček* (dim. of *klíč*, a door key) and *Klíčka* (as a dim. = a door knob; a twirler) agree on *Keyes*.

When a literal translation cannot be utilized, it frequently brings to mind some current American name: e.g., *Sládek* (*sladký*, sweet), *Sweetman*; *Jablečník* (*jablko*, apple), *Appleton*; *Hrdý* (proud) and *Nádborný* (elegant), *Prout*; *Mlýnek*, *Mlejnek* (dims. of *mlyn*, mill), *Mills* or *Miller*; *Žvýkal* (a chewer), *Chew*; *Běloblávek* (a tow-headed person), *White*, *Whitney*, *Whitman* and *Towe*. *Hruška* (pear) became *Pearson*, the first syllable rhyming with *pair*, later with *peer*.

The explanation of probably the majority of altered names is a real or fancied resemblance of the one cast off to that assumed, ignoring the actual or possible significance of both: hence, *Kruška*, *Cross*; *Hanák*, *Hannah*; *Hodiš*, *Hodges*, *Hotchkiss*; *Rodiš*, *Rogers*; *Hudec*, *Hudson*; *Holiš*, *Hollis*; *Pačes*, *Patches*; *Kučera*, *Goodsheller*; *Rosa*, *Ross*; *Kozák*, *Cossack*; *Polák*, *Pollock*; *Trě* or *Trb*, *Turk*; *Jifík*, *Gerrits*, *Garrett*, *Garrick*; *Barta* or *Bartoš*, *Barter*, *Barton*, *Burton*, etc.; *Jíška*, *Kissick*; *Koší*, *Cutshaw*; *Páca*, *Pace*, *Packard*; *Máca*, *Macey*; *Mosnička*, *Mason*; *Kolář*, *Collier*, *Coleman*; *Vávra*, *Barber*; *Vališ*, *Wallace*; *Žába*, *Abbott*; *Havel*, *Hall*; *Brinda*, *Bryant*; *Prujin*, *Pryne*, more recently *Bryan* and *O'Brien*; *Ošťáčka*, *O'Tracy* (!) and *Machar* or *Machan*, *McHan*! These examples of modern Czecho-American nomenclature might, with the *Sturm und Drang* of recent years, be multiplied almost indefinitely. Attempts to transliterate Czech by English values might produce results similar to those noted, but being usually unsatisfactory are rather uncommon: *Roj*, *Roy*; *Stropek*, *Strawpack*.

Two individuals of the same name sometimes proceed along different lines: one *Benet* (the Czech form of *Benedišt*, occurring also in English as *Benet*) translates, practically, *Bennett*, another makes it *Banes*; one *Mužný* translates, correctly, *Manly*, another prefers the sound of *Musie*; similarly,

Veselý, *Jolly*, *Wesley*; *Král*, *King*, *Kroll*. A *Vopička* (little monkey) is, since the Scopetrial, reported to be wavering between *Darwin* and *Bryan*. A *Masťina* (greasiness) who was content with an Americanized *Maslena* (long English *e* and accent on the second syllable) was renamed *Mafina* (in the American-Bohemian vulgate, machine) by some of his countrymen. Among freak aliases, *O'Hare* for *Zajíc* (rabbit), *O'Shaughnessy* for *Ošenásek* (dim. "Our Father," used as a common term for the Lord's Prayer), *McLoud* for *Mráček* (a small cloud), and *Casey*, for which a Mr. *Sýr* (cheese) let pass a contemplated German *Käse*, will about tie for second honors. The first prize goes without question to one *Záchoď* (originally = a bypath; then euphemistically, and now exclusively, the *châlet de nécessité*), who fondly imagined that a German *Bachhaus* would escape the American interpretation, back house. It did not; and a rapid transition to *Bakehouse* failed utterly to remove certain first impressions.

Notwithstanding recent legislation, and much chatter, to the effect that the Czechoslovaks, as *protégés* of the late Woodrow and thoroughly impregnated with democratic ideals, are admissible to this country in larger numbers than foreigners less favored, the expediency of being unhampered by a patronymic reminiscent of the hyphen remains and is recognized. Czechoslovaks so relieved of suspicion are known to have aspired to American citizenship of the bedsheet variety, and to have been solemnly inducted into the mysteries thereof, even before documentary evidence of their naturalization as subjects of the United States was forthcoming—a mere detail that their fathers before them may have overlooked. The progressive Czecho-American, being tempted to indulge in such patriotic orgies, and having now less reason to fear a swift application of the paternal boot to the *Sitzfleisch*, will doubtless be, henceforth, even more active as a de-Bohemianizing ferment in the Americanization process that will continue as long as Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty endure.

FLORIDA

BY L. F. CHAPMAN

Baptismal Name

LONG before I came to Florida, I thought of the State as the Land of Flowers. The name was warrant for the impression. The aura of the word itself is flowery. "If Florida is not a State of flowers, why call it Florida?", queried old Mrs. Martin, my school-teacher in Texas when I was a youngster; a student had read aloud from a geography an account ending with the phrase: "heavy foliage, with flowers entirely lacking." So I looked for flowers. Repeatedly I asked about them. "There's a flower garden with some rose trees in it as high as you are," reported a native near Palatka, "but I jes' don't remember where I saw it. The missus can tell you."

There are, in fact, few flowers in Florida. True, I have seen the level plains in Okeechobee county in mid-Summer covered with millions of wild blooms that were wonderfully beautiful. Little blossoms they were, dainty, without perfume. The plains of Texas at certain seasons have the same flowers. Pale pink, brilliant yellow, rich red, with a scattering of white. But two weeks later every bloom had disappeared and I was told that there would be no more for twelve months.

What flowers do grow in Florida are rich in coloring. The bougainvillea and the flaming poinsettia (whose flowers really are leaves) have nothing to match them in the world. The cannon-ball tree and the royal poinciana bloom gorgeously. Yet there are few flowers in the State. Even tame plants are grown with difficulty. Across the ridge section, between DeLand

and Tampa, roses must be nursed like babies.

Florida got its name from the season in which Ponce de Leon landed, the Feast of Flowers. Eastertide. Early Spring. The name of Florida is religious rather than botanical.

II

Holding a Mirror . . .

Many varied accounts of the State are current. I have read in the same week a treatise by a New England clergyman on the immorality of the East Coast cities, and an editorial in a middle western paper praising the rare home-loving qualities of your true Floridan. Each, I take it, was telling honestly what he saw. That they did not see alike was the fault of their eyes.

Neither was painting the whole picture. My observation of the East Coast, over a period of fifteen years, points to the essential mediocrity of the State in matters moral as well as domestic. In morals Florida is like every other State with a rapidly changing population, neither better nor worse. People are what they are. If they seek unlovely sorts at home, they turn to these same sorts in San Francisco, Detroit, Florida or Texas. Visitors to Florida see what they bring with them. Many bring no background of experience and consequently see nothing but the obvious. Their eyes are like mirrors, reflecting only what is immediately in front.

A farmer friend from Tennessee visited us in St. Augustine, and my father-in-law, an old crony of the visitor, spoke up shortly after lunch: "Get your hat, Gabe.

We'll walk down and see the Ancient City." Gabe was in Florida for the first time and it was expected that he and my father-in-law would spend the afternoon afoot. In less than twenty minutes they returned. "Gabe might just as well go back to Tennessee," was the disgusted report. "We stopped in front of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, and Gabe began: 'One-two-three . . . twelve bullfrogs and four turtles!' He never saw the Ponce at all!" The iron frogs and turtles set about the edge of the artificial pond just within the massive gates had caught the eye of that Tennessean, leaving no room for the famous hotel, which, when it was built, was called the finest in the world!

Your traveled tourist is the best visitor. He expects neither too much nor too little. Appearances are not deceptive to him. "I enjoy Florida," said one, "but I could do without the ought-to-do-it-like-this uplifters." The uplifter is everywhere. Every day in every way he is telling everyone how it ought to be done. "Why don't you drain this swamp?" "Why not import bats and get rid of mosquitoes?" "There should be a big tourist hotel here."

III

Rugged Contrasts

Florida must be "read," it seems. The visitor to Pennsylvania has no difficulty in understanding that commonwealth; it is a State of immense industries, of mines and great cities, to be seen and known of all men. North Dakota is—, well, North Dakota. No one expects Missouri to be anything but Missouri. But judging by the variety and number of the "interpretations" of Florida there is something elusive about its palm-lined shores.

Will Payne declares that the State is America's outstanding exponent of the simple life. I agree. Life is simplified in Florida. Everything is ready for the visitor, from the palatial hotel set in a tropical jungle beside the shallow sea to the

freshly painted airplane bungalow, ready furnished, across the highway. Small things do not worry; an out-of-doors life readily supplants the rush for things that seem desirable but do not satisfy. Old clothes are a luxury here. Some of the best people wear golf togs and open collars at business and pleasure.

There is striving, however. In some ways Florida is the most restless State I know. Nowhere else does one slip from one occupation to another with such ease. A preacher retires from the ministry and "goes into real estate." Later he runs for office and is elected to the legislature. He promotes a construction company and sells out at a big profit. Finally he buys a newspaper and settles down to running things. His career is duplicated in every block.

Many there are, of course, who are "damned into standing on the edge of the current." They cannot quite get into the swim. The stream of development does not wash along their holdings. Contrasts are close in Florida. The flight of a millionaire's limousine along the highway is followed by the clatter of an ancient Ford, with the whole family on board and part of the wash drying in the wind. A nearby five acres may grow under the eyes into a park adorned with exotic trees and diamonded with a palace. The old settler only looks, and wonders, and longs.

A home of ease and comfort, far removed from the poverty next door, probably has thirty years of struggle, fight, contest, weary effort behind it in some distant State. That is not seen. What the hopeless eye of poverty sees is the rise of a dream palace only three hundred yards away.

IV

E Pluribus Unum

Florida mocks State lines. In the South, but not a Southern State. Sub-tropical, but with little of the dreamy languor of "the radiant night and fierce white day." Washed by the gray-backed rollers of the

Atlantic, but not Eastern. Its history is Indian, Spanish, French and English, but the only marks of these races are the ancient vine-covered sugar mills, the missions, the coquina forts and the picturesque names of towns.

A Methodist presiding elder from Boston called at my St. Augustine home some years ago to enlist my aid in getting a pass on the Florida East Coast Railway. Impossible, I said, owing to an iconoclastic legislative act of many years standing. "So this is your reputed Southern chivalry, is it?" he roared. "A sample of the famous Southern hospitality!" Explaining, expostulating, defending as best I could, I at last blurted out: "This is not the South. Don't condemn something fine in Southern history because of a rule established by a Florida railway. That railway is a Northern system, built by Northern capital and manned by Northern executives. If your cloth has been insulted, blame your own North!"

Even in that I was wrong, though the answer served to silence the clergyman. Florida is not Northern. It is American in the cosmopolitan sense. Floridians come from all the States. Churches in the cities advertise Vermont Night, Illinois Night, Kansas Night, and even California Night—this last somewhat facetiously. At a Chamber of Commerce meeting in our town last Winter, the secretary introduced the various States represented; there were twenty-four. Probably no Florida corporation is manned altogether by Florida men. Of the million and a quarter people, not over one in four is a native son. There are two native sons in our family, and we think that we are distinguished on that account.

Talent swarms in Florida. Something of the best talent in every State finds its way here, following the gleam and urged by the inextinguishable pioneering instinct of Americans. "You want to know whether the pyramids can be duplicated? I can pick out fifty men in Florida who can jack up the pyramids and move them all over the Sahara desert." Thus a world traveler who

calls Florida his home. The Western spirit, rollicking and wild, is dominant. The slogan of the old South was: "Who are you?"; that of Florida is "What can you do?" No, Florida is not a Southern State.

V

Where Uniforms Are Aces

The only evidence of the race problem in Florida is the color it gives politics. There is no Black Belt and there never has been. Old fashioned Uncle George and Aunt Barbara are unknown save in the narrow belt along the Georgia and Alabama lines, where some of them spilled over from those States. Even they have developed personalities of their own.

The Bahama Negro has touched the whole East Coast with the English intolerance of "midway darkies." Laborers are scarce. Work in the fields and in the industrial sections sometimes goes begging. A citrus manager declared: "Some of those South Carolina niggers have got to emigrate down this way, or we won't have orange pickers in a year or two." Easier lives have been opened to the Negroes and they have been flocking in by the scores and hundreds. As lackeys, house servants, butlers, waiters in the large hotels, restaurant chefs, and sailors on private yachts, they have come into their own. In most such positions, they find satisfaction of their racial desire for "a uniform and all de fixin's," and besides they have the services of a boss. After a taste of such luxurious surroundings and such habiliments they will not return to the fields if there is any way out of it. "Yassir, dey'll steal fust."

Aside from seeing to it that the Negro does not vote in the primary but does help swell the vote for every popular bond issue, no one pays much attention to him. He is no problem at all. Schools of the better sort are provided for him, and he has made great progress in many lines, as the Negro displays at the county fairs testify. Though

the race may be a little shy in readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic, it is long on jams and jellies, fancy sewing and home decorating, gardening and carpentry.

Occasionally the Negro shows a tendency to rise above his usual homely familiarity with the whites. His appearance as a business equal has its results. The Southern white man, who happens to pass, stops long enough to say:

"Hey there, nigger! Get around to the back door and let's don't have any more of this —— foolishness!"

VI

A Chorus

The one mission in life of every newspaper in Florida (and every hamlet has a weekly, at least) is to broadcast the virtues and splendors of its home town at the top of its voice. The big dailies lead the way.

According to the papers there is not a village in the State. "Coming little city"; "prosperous community"; "growing metropolis!" To find one of these towns one must purchase, perhaps, a map and trace it by the marginal figures. But once one arrives, one learns immediately that the makers of the map were jealous. It is no comfortable, sleepy village on the banks of the Caloosahatchie. No, Sir! The station agent and the bell boy impart the news that one has just arrived in time to get in on the ground floor. The papers get their tune from the citizens, and the citizens are kept heated by the papers. If the editor becomes lax and forgets to shout, he is reminded by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. If he grows honest and declares that Main Street is a fright and the trash barrels should be kept in the alleys, he is instantly damned as "anything but a booster." If he keeps it up, he faces a future barren of advertising and subscribers.

More ink is used on bold face type in Florida than in any other State in the Union. The news columns tell the story over and over. The editorial columns fairly

glow. I turn to one of the largest papers in the State, and one of the smallest—the Tampa *Tribune* and the Pierson *Transcript*. The *Tribune* is published in Florida's largest city; the *Transcript* in a thriving burg with a country store, a blacksmith shop and a depot. The *Tribune* was founded thirty-two years ago by Col. W. F. Stovall as a struggling weekly, "\$400 in debt," as the colonel says, and was sold by him last Spring for \$1,250,000; the *Transcript* was founded week before last and is published at job rates by a printer in another town. The *Tribune* has five leased wires and publishes seven large editions a week, eight columns to the page and with all metropolitan accessories, including the comic strip and Arthur Brisbane; the *Transcript* has four columns to the page, much white space advertising, and some boiler-plate.

Otherwise, the two are exactly alike. Their editors drink from the same tap. They are one in making known to an admiring world that Florida is the g.p.o.e.—greatest place on earth. The exact location of the best place within the greatest place is a matter of some dispute. The *Tribune* says Tampa in firm, authoritative tones; the *Transcript* chatters Pierson—Pierson.

Quotation from the *Tribune*: "What streets in the United States have the most traffic? Michigan avenue, Chicago; Park avenue and Fifth avenue, New York; LaFayette street, Tampa." Quotation from the *Transcript*: "Pierson is booming. Word was received at this office late Wednesday afternoon that Contractor Knight of Daytona Beach has returned from Jacksonville, where he has been purchasing material for the five new dwellings which he is starting immediately." As if this needed explaining, the editor asks: "Did you know that Pierson is the Hub City of Florida? The center of the wheel from which radiates hospitality, good will, prosperity and happiness?"

What kills ridicule is the fact that these papers actually do the work. They warrant the real estate men's cry: "Buy now, and sell at a profit this Winter."

VII

"Take Your Profit"

As regularly as marble time comes to bare-foot boys, the real estate fever comes to Americans. Happy the place where it breaks out. California in '49; the Oregon country, Kansas, Oklahoma, the Yukon, Texas, even cities such as Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and Seattle. A miner's pick turns up color dust; oil sand yields its pint of gummy substance. Or, as in the case of Florida, a realtor makes a sudden million. Presto! Off they go!

The boom is a symptom of an inverted pioneering instinct—pioneers seeking to make their fortunes in luxury before they tackle the soil. By special train, in Pullman cars, in automobiles and even by airplane they come. Part of the fun of living in Florida is playing tourist. In a hotel lobby recently, I casually remarked to a stranger that the "boom is all on paper. There's no basis for such prices." His reaction was instant and positive. He rose to eloquence, his eyes flashing and one hand continually in the air: "There's a reason for our prosperity. Could we do what we have done without a good, sound foundation? The longest automobile bridge in the world was built in Florida. The only over-seas railway is here. We have the tallest newspaper building in the world. The *Miami Herald* is leading in the race for the greatest amount of advertising ever published in a single paper—leading the *Chicago News* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Bartow, a Florida town, has more deposits per capita in its banks than any other town in the world—\$937 for every man, woman and child. Lakeland has built a house every hour of the day and night since January 1. There were twenty-three banks in Florida in 1900, now there are 261. Bank resources at the beginning of the century were less than \$5,000,000; now they are over \$363,000,000. Our citrus groves are the finest on earth, and we sold \$47,000,000 worth of fruit last Winter. Nearly \$400,000,000

worth of products were shipped out of the State last year. Does that look like paper profits only? Over ninety per cent of the phosphate mined in the world is taken from Florida ground."

He would have gone on all night if I had not choked him off. He told the truth. I've said those very things myself. How long will the boom last? I am reminded of the reply of a Southern senator when asked how long the panic of 1907 would last. "How long will a dog run with a can tied to his tail? As long as he thinks he can beat the can." There's your answer to the boom. It will last as long as newcomers think that they can make money by investing. New money has made the boom, and it will last as long as that money keeps on coming in.

Meanwhile, thousands are growing rich. About 300 acres of land, two miles from my home, were sold a year ago for \$9 an acre; two months later the tract was resold for \$150 an acre; less than five months later it brought a million and a half. Wild, raw land. The tale of fortunes is endless. A day laborer of my acquaintance bought 160 acres last Winter for \$4000, giving a mortgage for most of the purchase. Within the week, he had sold out for \$100,000 and bought a \$3000 automobile. Such sales, like measles, may break out anywhere.

The only safe rule is to buy on the water front, on a golf front, or on an improved highway near some growing town or city, and on terms that can be met indefinitely. Under these conditions, I have never known a man to lose money on Florida real estate, regardless of the price he paid.

VIII

History and Romance

Any large scale map of Florida tells the history of the State in the names of its towns. Wishing to complete this history, no doubt, somebody recently proposed that the Gulf of Mexico be called hereafter the Gulf of Florida. Spanish, French and

Indian lore is enshrined in the names of thousands of villages throughout the peninsula. St. Augustine, Glen Cove Springs, Palm Beach, Miami, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Key West. What more beautiful than Orlando? Daytona combines modern industry with feminine innocence. Palm Harbor, Palma Sola, Rio Vista, Ormond. Indian names, too: Chattahoochie, Kissimmee, Tomoka, Okeechobee, Wauchula. And American names: Hen Scratch, Cow House, Cow Creek, Gin, Gingerville, Nut, Potatoville, Pine Log, Pine Barren, Silo, Spuds, Yeehaw, Yabbo.

After Spain exchanged Florida to England for Cuba in 1763, the strip was divided into East and West and called the Floridas. For twenty years Britain maintained ownership, returning the land to Spain in a political tangle that rose out of the territorial ambitions of the dons. Spain prized Florida above all her colonial possessions; American statesmen tried in vain for years to purchase the territory. Talleyrand and Napoleon were called to assist, which they gladly did to undermine the power of Spain. Finally, financial difficulties overtook the Spanish crown, and Florida was sold to the United States. Sold is not the word, for the United States did not pay in cash, but simply assumed claims against Spain to the amount of \$5,000,000, with \$1,490,000 more in interest. Florida, then, cost the American people less than \$6,500,000. A half dozen ordinary real estate deals of today would pay the bill.

IX

Empire's Decline

The war is on. California and Florida are battling fiercely with typewriters at 4,000 miles. The field of battle is the newspapers. The Florida papers slide off the press carrying loads of explosive words. Not an editor in California but swells with pride, pushing his hat back from his brow, when he has sent booming into print a broadside of irrefutable facts and figures.

The war is as much a solemn duty to Floridans as belief in one of the eight original Ponce de Leon springs. There isn't the faintest glimmer of a suspicion that the far Southeast is not infinitely superior to the far West. A heritage, a holy gift handed down from father to newcomer. Yet Florida and California are not rivals but contemporaries. They are no more alike than Oklahoma and North Carolina. People who seek what California has to offer, journey to California. Those who love Florida, make the pilgrimage southward. The eminent William Gibbs McAdoo made the same discovery. "Florida has its points and California its points. There is no competition between them and there is plenty of room for both."

In California this Summer I saw the future death of Florida. Cities will kill it. There is now no such thing as a small town in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, and the time will come when cities will spread in the same way over the face of Florida, miles broad and three stories deep. The outlines are already drawn. This will be a sad business. The solemn depths of the jungles will disappear, the wide expanses of the palmetto flats will be seen no more, the quiet of the pines will give way. Florida will follow the flamingo into limbo.

Nature is Florida's chief charm. A two minutes drive at right angles from any highway takes one into the forest primeval, where moss hangs from the trees and birds fly with slow-moving wing. There are coffee-colored rivers, wide prairies and impassable jungles. Deep silences are there, a hush incredible. Soon neat bungalows will appear, and ordered and trim parks, overrun by thousands of magpies wearing fashionable clothes.

"When that time comes," said the storekeeper and philosopher at the crossroads near Crescent City, "I'll pack my suitcase, sell out for a million, catch a last glimpse of the only beauty remaining—the incomparable cloud effects of late afternoon—and seek a land where the future is still a-coming—if any such land there be."

THE CREE

BY THOMAS J. LE BLANC

AT one time the Cree was a healthy swashbuckler, roaming the dwarf timber and muskeg of Canada, from Ontario to Manitoba, and from the shores of Hudson Bay south to the summit of the watershed. Along his northern range were his friends the Eskimos, to the south and east were his blood brothers the Chippewas, to the south also were his sworn enemies the Blackfeet, and along the Saskatchewan were more enemies, the Sioux. To an ambitious young Cree the location was ideal. The country, rich in game, was laced with waterways, and he could travel anywhere in a canoe with what, to him, were but short portages. For friendly intercourse and trade he had the Eskimos and the Chippewas, and for diversion and to add to his social prestige there were always the Sioux and the Blackfeet to be raided. Thus he lived like a medieval knight, with plenty of food between raids and plenty of raids, and the one mark that he left on the history of the only real 100% Americans, the Indians, was the record of his forays upon the Blackfeet and the Sioux.

Then the missionaries came and his troubles began. They brought him salvation and smallpox, and it is difficult to decide which was the more lethal. Smallpox set to work immediately and in one dramatic blaze of virulence killed off half of the tribe. Salvation, being more chronic in its nature, even among non-immunes, has operated more slowly, but by bringing about changes in the environment it has begun at last to gather in those missed by the great epidemic. Early records place the size of the tribe at more than 15,000, but this was probably only a guess, placed too

high to impress the home contributors to the Foreign Mission Fund. Certainly the number is much less today, and the tribe has narrowed its range to a relatively narrow band of country running parallel to the shores of James Bay, with occasional reaches southward to the Lake Superior region. In spite of his misfortunes and with every reason to be otherwise, the Cree is still a very likable fellow. He lives by trapping, with occasional fishing in the Summer, and he trades his furs at the different posts for articles of food and clothing. For recreation, instead of going on the oldtime raids, he now hurries to the post with a few white fox pelts, and there he receives a box of sixty sticks of chewing gum, which he chews and swallows at one sitting.

He is harassed by two brands of Christianity in addition to the magic of his own medicine men, but he manages to come through it all with the detached expression that passes for a smile in his tribe. Judged even by our own standards, it is hard to imagine a more moral person. The early missionaries must have spent many a troubled night formulating a group of sins for him that were sufficiently convincing to warrant their rousing sermons. The Cree does not lie, swear or steal. In fact, it is next to impossible to convey the concepts of these offenses to him. If you point to the West and tell him that you once saw the sun rise there, he will nod politely and agree with his fellows that you are simply mistaken; you are guilty of an error in observation, but are not suspected of a deviation from the truth. Swearing seems pointless to him and the words that he affects have come from the white traders and are used

as a child would use them. Stealing is foreign to him simply because it has never occurred to him. A Cree's worldly goods come from a common source, the timber, and one Cree is just as able to trap as another, so why not get furs from the trap-line rather than from a friend's cache? Stealing would be a frank admission of incapacity as a hunter, and so it is unthinkable. Trap-lines run for hundreds of miles through the bush, sometimes crossing one another. They are handed down as heirlooms, and no matter how urgent the need for food one man never touches the furs in another man's traps.

Once I had a chance to see this strange respect for property in operation. A friend and I in a small fast canoe were following a large pointer (a double-ended, dory-shaped, fur-and-freight-bearing boat) manned by four Crees. For a day and a night we kept close alongside, camping when they camped and traveling when they traveled. We had not gained their confidence to the extent that we were friends. Rather they ignored us, or, as we thought, tried to shake us off by hard traveling, with practically no stops for food. On the second night, just at sundown, they became very excited, pointing back up the river and chattering furiously. From their signs we guessed that a moose was crossing the river upstream and that with their heavy pointer, which had to be poled, they had no hope of getting him. In a moment we swept alongside their craft and jumped aboard, making signs for them to take our light canoe while we brought the pointer ashore. They understood immediately and two of them went upstream at such a rapid pace that soon they were lost in the dusk.

After a few moments a single shot rang out. I looked at the old white-haired Cree who stood at my side, and gave my best imitation of a dead moose. He shook his head and ran a few steps limping painfully, meaning that the moose was wounded but not dead. How he knew, I don't know, but subsequent events proved him right. Soon

there came two more shots in quick succession and the old Cree nodded, closed his eyes and rolled his head to one side, indicating that the moose was now dead. Without further ado we pushed off the pointer and started poling up the river to the kill. The two hunters were already eating ravenously and our companions of the pointer lost no time in joining them. Our offer of the canoe and our help with the pointer had established us as friends—and now we found that *they had been starving, although they were manning a boatload of food!* They had not stopped for meals because they had no food. They could have easily taken some from the cargo and paid for it on their arrival at the post, but the stuff in the boat was not theirs and that settled it, so there was no point in thinking about it.

II

Despite his forefathers' raids upon his tribal enemies, the Cree of today never fights. A personal combat between Crees or between a Cree and a white man is practically unknown. Once I had a ringside seat at a brawl between two white traders, both filled with whisky. One accused the other of libel and the fight started. In two minutes the bank of the river was lined with Indians of both sexes and all ages. They watched the fight with amusement, entertained but puzzled. Finally one buck approached me and in a mixture of sign language and broken English asked what it was all about. With much difficulty I explained to him that one man had said "mistaken things" about the other. He asked me if beating and pounding the culprit would pull back the words from the ears of those who had heard them. When I answered in the negative, he said that he could not see any point to the fight.

It is this simple but searching attitude towards life and its living that makes the missionaries perspire. Take, for instance, chastity and continence. The Cree has no more idea of either than he has of voluntary fasting. If one is hungry and there is

an abundance of food, it is certainly stupid not to eat. Yet that is exactly what the missionary preaches with regard to chastity. Needless to say, in two hundred years he has made no headway against the simple analogies of the quizzical Cree. But though chastity is unknown to the Cree, he has a high sense of marital fidelity. If he finds that his circumstances permit the luxury of more than one wife, he always marries dutifully the sisters of his first one. Likewise, if he becomes a widower, he invariably takes for his next venture one of the unmarried sisters of his late wife. Thus when a Cree maiden marries she secures a sort of social insurance for her sisters. Given two girls married out of a single family, and the rest of the female members of that family may look into the future with a steady gaze.

The "Jesuit Relations" say that the Cree maidens of the early days were comely, and that they had pleasing profiles and graceful figures. That may have been true then, but if so things have certainly changed since the Jesuits had their relations. A Cree maiden of today is not comely and early in life her figure takes on the architecture of a war memorial. Due to their lack of personal cleanliness, both the men and the women of the tribe have a distinctive attribute that is not apparent in either song or story. To appreciate it one must be an observer to leeward. The maidens spend much of their time up to marriage in giggling. Courtship among them is brief and active. When a young buck is seized with the urge he fixes an intent gaze upon the maiden of his choice and dashes towards her. She runs and he follows. This continues for varying lengths of time, depending upon how coy the maiden wishes to appear. The whole transaction resembles the skylarking of sailors on a battleship. Finally, if the maiden wishes to accept the advances of the buck, she drenches him with a bucket of water and the deal is closed. So far as I know, this is the only time in a Cree's life when he voluntarily comes into contact with water.

The tribe is nomadic, the largest unit being the family. They live in wigwams and move about constantly. The wigwam, or megwam, as it is sometimes called, is a conical framework of spruce poles covered with skins or bark, with an opening at the top for the passage of smoke. A properly constructed megwam excels as an outdoor shelter anything the white man has ever designed. The family remains intact and includes all the living members. In camp, a large center megwam serves as a living-room; connected to it are the smaller megwams of the different branches of the family tree. Passing a family on the river is in the nature of reviewing a naval parade. A flotilla of canoes appears around the bend, manned by squaws, young bucks, six-year-old children and ninety-year-old great-grandfathers. They are piled helter-skelter with duffle and overrun with dogs. Upon sighting a stranger the dogs set up a bedlam of howls and begin leaping about. The paddlers then stop paddling and turn to beating the dogs. The yells of the Crees, the wailing of the children and the howls of the dogs all contribute to an uproar that in the silence of the wilderness seems magnified a thousand fold. As the fleet passes the occupants are so engaged with dogs and children that they are unable to look up. There is no time for greeting. Some are seizing all the dogs within reach and heaving them overboard. Eventually the canoes swing around the next bend, the dogs are quieted, the chatter among the Crees ceases, and silence again flows along with the river.

Sometimes while the family is *en route* a moose will be sighted splashing along in the shallow water in an effort to shake off the flies. At a signal from the leading canoe, the fleet draws over and lands on one shore. Two of the bucks slip ahead in a light canoe and soon the sound of shots tells of the kill. The family then moves forward and the butchering takes place. No implement is used but the blade of the ax, gripped firmly in one hand. With it a Cree can go down through the muscles and dis-

articulate a joint with the skill of a surgeon. Nothing is wasted; when the job is done all that remains are the horns, hoofs and vertebrae. The stomach is washed out and used as a bag to hold the viscera. The meat is cut into strips, and if the weather is clear is spread out on top of the duffle to cure in the sun. Otherwise a stop is made and the strips are smoked on a framework of poles over a hardwood fire. If there is too much meat for the hunters the carcass is left in the cold water of the river, and a sign placed on the bank. This consists of a birch stake split at the top, into which is wedged the front foreleg of the moose, pointing in the direction of the kill. Any one passing who needs meat takes what is needed, and when the carcass is exhausted the last visitor removes the sign.

Although he lives on the game of the country the Cree is probably the world's worst marksman. In fact, his marksmanship is inversely proportional to his acuity of vision. It is amusing to be riding in a pointer with four or five young bucks and have them suddenly cease rowing and take up their rifles. A drum fire starts; the bucks load and fire as rapidly as possible. Finally, the cause of it all is apparent. Two miles away on the water sits a lone duck, ignoring completely the bullets that are throwing up spurts of water in the middle distance. I have seen a dozen Crees firing feverishly at a young duck three hundred yards away, and any shot that came within a hundred yards of the game brought a round of applause.

III

A thing the Cree does well is handling a canoe. In this he excels any Indian that I know. As a child three years old he is given a small paddle, and after that he leans over the side of the parental canoe, solemnly keeping stroke with the adult paddlers. He grows up in that canoe and it becomes almost a part of his anatomy. It is amazing to follow a pair of Cree polers up a roaring rapids, and, just as their canoe reaches the crest, to see the bowman hurl his pole at a

trout while the man in the stern calmly drops the canoe back a little to recover the pole—and this at a point where two white men would be breaking their hearts to hold the canoe at all.

They will go anywhere in a canoe so long as the ground is little more than damp. In fact, one trader swears that two Crees could take a canoe up the side of a house if someone threw a bucket of water ahead of them. To a white man a channel is a water-course four or five feet wide and two feet deep, but to a Cree a channel is eighteen inches wide and three inches deep. He will weave back and forth along a dry riverbed, following such a channel, and he will never get out of his canoe. If a few rocks are in his path, he runs the bow of the canoe up to them, leans over the side, removes them and piles them neatly to one side. A stream that is low is dotted with these little piles of stones, and to follow their course is to follow the channel. This may mean weaving back and forth four miles to make one mile headway, but it is the only way.

Another faculty which the Cree possesses to a high degree is a sense of direction and location. Unfortunately, he cannot communicate this to the white man. If one asks him which way the river turns in the next two miles he solemnly points straight up! On the darkest night he is able to beach his canoe within a yard of a given point—for example, a cache. One of the missionaries tells of traveling up a certain stream and being attracted by an unusual pebble on the bottom. He asked his canoe men to stop and get it, but they told him that it was foolish to get it now and carry it through the whole trip—that it was better to get it coming back. Knowing the Crees, he agreed, although somewhat in doubt. His tour took him over six hundred miles of waterways, and yet on the return trip, one day just at dusk, the bowman muttered some low syllables, the canoe slowed for an instant, and a Cree leaned over the side, picked up the exact pebble, handed it to the missionary without comment, and the

IV

canoe moved on. There is nothing mysterious about this sense of location. It comes from being born and raised in the wilderness and being forced to notice things that the white man overlooks. A Cree becomes familiar with every detail of a waterway or trail just as a motorist comes to know every irregularity in a road that he travels frequently. With all his sense of location, a Cree would be lost in five minutes in the subways of New York.

I have said that the tribe is nomadic, but there are times when it gathers in large numbers. The principal time is the occasion of the renewal of the terms of the treaty with the British. This occurs every four years at some point on the shores of James Bay. A representative of the British government arrives by boat and the Indians gather to meet him. The terms of the treaty are renewed in a speech by the Britisher, which is translated word for word by interpreters. In order to eliminate the possibility of deception, two interpreters are used simultaneously, and the white man listens to see if they say the same thing. At this time the tribe also elects its chief. The office is purely honorary, since there is no work for a chief to do. The honor consists in being the wearer of a four-inch celluloid button showing the British flag in full colors.

The possibility of fraud or trickery that I have just mentioned could only occur in dealings with the white man. Among themselves the Crees are excessively honorable, generous and thoughtful, but with the white man they are shrewd and tricky and will do anything to win in a bargain. Undoubtedly this is mainly due to their desire to be agreeable. In their tradings with the white man they have been tricked and defrauded so often that they believe this is the sort of game the white man likes to play, and so, although it is foreign to their training and inclinations, they make every effort to play it. But the established fur companies, such as the Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Frères, treat them with the utmost fairness.

The Cree is a pleasant fatalist. Nothing upsets him. Sickness, death or lack of game are bound to come at times and there is nothing he can do about it. Every day is to be lived as easily and pleasantly as possible. Yesterday is forgotten and tomorrow may never come. This inability to feel any responsibility for the future causes him to do some foolish but amusing things. A family at the post will outfit for the Winter, drawing on account sufficient flour, sugar, tea, sow belly, etc., to last until Spring. If the family is large, this will make a huge cargo. Then, with many farewells and much confusion, they disappear down the river or bay. They travel all that day and camp at night. Then the presence of food becomes too much for them, and they decide that traveling is wearisome and it would be much more pleasant to eat. So the camp remains where it is, and a bout of feasting begins that ends only when the last scrap of food has been eaten. They eat until they can hold no more and then fall asleep. The first one to awake rebuilds the fire, prepares another feast and then awakens the others. It is impossible to believe how much they can eat unless one actually sees them do it. It is nothing for a young buck to consume at one meal six large bannocks along with his meat and tea, and a bannock corresponds to our loaf of bread. A circle drawn around any post within a radius of one day's travel is dotted with the remains of these feasting camps: flour sacks and cans, and even the new cooking utensils, which they have decided are not as good as the old ones. When the food is exhausted and the feasters have recovered, they start for their trap-lines, exactly where they were when they came out in the Spring—that is, with no food supply for the Winter and a five or six hundred dollar debt at the post.

The Cree goes to church during the Summer while he is at the post and sometimes receives visits from the missionaries during the Winter. He goes to church because it is

a form of pow-wow that entertains him and he wishes to please the missionary. But he takes no chances with this new Christianity. He brings his medicine man along and the conjuring megwam is pitched in the bush within a hundred yards of the church. The Cree sings the hymns as best he can and listens politely to a thundering sermon on false gods and superstitions. After the service, he files quietly out and down the trail to the medicine man to have the curse of this new *ju-ju* removed. Since the medicine man receives a fee for his services, Christianity is a godsend to at least one of the Crees. The missionary stands in the door of his church and listens to the rattle of the medicine man's instruments and the wail of the conjuring chant. One realizes the power of the messiah complex when one sees this simple-minded and sincere man turn to his desk to prepare another sermon for the evening service on the sin of superstition. Real sin, as I have said, was rare when the missionaries arrived, so it had to be created. It is amusing to attend the service at Mammawemattawa and hear the missionary thunder warnings to the silent Indians against the vices and iniquities of the gay white way of such a modern Sodom as Fort Albany. (Albany consists of a trail from the water, one post, a factor's cabin, a clerk's cabin and a few scattered and deserted shacks).

There are two branches of Christianity operating among the Crees, the Roman Catholic with its Jesuit missionaries and the Methodist (Wesleyan). The combined efforts of these two have made the Cree a Christian, but he is a Christian with his tongue in his cheek. He was converted because that was easier and more pleasant than resisting. If it pleases the white man to see him become a Christian then that is the obvious thing to do, since it is neither painful nor costly. The policies of the two churches, as expressed by the activities of their missionaries, are quite different, and of the two, the Jesuits seem to be acting with the more wisdom. On account of their

long experience in the field with primitive peoples they move slowly and set themselves a simple goal. They establish a crude school and a hospital and the bulk of their teaching is aimed at habits of cleanliness. I asked one Jesuit what he hoped to accomplish among the Crees and he replied, "I have been here fourteen years working hard, and if God is willing, I shall be here twenty more, and then, if everything goes well and we make the progress that we hope for, the man who follows me *may* get these poor Indians to use soap!" In contrast to this, the Methodists are bending all their efforts to making citizens and farmers of the Crees, despite the fact that, if there is one thing that the Cree is eminently unfitted for, it is the business of farming.

The white man brought him tuberculosis and it is now an acute disease. If there is anything in the theory that a race long exposed to that disease develops a high immunity to it, then the susceptibility of the Cree is an indication that he is of a distinctly different stock from that of the Eskimo, and that the latter may be Mongolian in origin, since on casual observation the Eskimo seems relatively resistant as compared to the Cree. Scientists would do well to investigate the two races with reference to this point.

The Cree is a hunter and timber man, constantly on the move, living in the cool, sepia shadows of the timber and muskeg or in the roar and flying spray of the rapids, and to try to coop him up in a poorly ventilated log cabin with his activities confined to an acre of sun-baked land is almost criminal. Fortunately for him, this enterprise will never come to full success, for the kindly tuberculosis will deliver him and his people long before they are reduced to the dull level of furrow followers. Thus the smoke that came with the fire will smother the fire itself. Through it all the Cree remains a pleasant and agreeable fellow. Once he was a healthy heathen; now he is a pseudo-Christian consumptive.

THE STRANGE CASE OF POE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FROM the very beginning of his journalistic career Poe achieved a sort of fame which, though it was not convertible into prosperity, was nevertheless highly congenial to him because it was dark, mysterious, and a little fearsome. Under his control the circulation of the *Southern Literary Messenger* leaped from seven hundred to five thousand, and it became a journal of major importance in the literary world of America. But his private reputation remained of an ambiguous sort, based partly upon stories which forced an unwilling and somewhat amazed admiration, and partly upon a series of book reviews which made fearlessness and impartiality an excuse for a scorn that descended sometimes to billingsgate. For an understanding of his personality and his career it is necessary to stress the ferocious and reckless egotism which inspired him. Here is a typical review:

In summing up an opinion of "Paul Ulrich," it is by no means our intention to mince matters at all. The book is despicable in every respect. Such are the works which bring daily discredit upon our national literature. We have no right to complain of being laughed at abroad when so villainous a compound as the thing we now hold in our hand, of incongruous folly, plagiarism, immorality, inanity, and bombast, can command at any moment both a puff and a publisher. To Mr. Mattson himself we have only one word to say before throwing his book into the fire. Dress it up, good sir, for the nursery.

Such was his habitual manner, and though no doubt "Paul Ulrich" deserved all that it got, he assumed exactly the same attitude in his controversies with established men, and from the beginning he was obviously determined to make no bid for inclusion in the kindly circle of

Longfellow. The young critic was one who would inspire fear but not love, and he was destined to get no more admiration than he could wring unwillingly from the contemporaries he despised.

Stung by some sense of inferiority connected with the frustration of his passions, and irritated by the sufferings which he had undergone as a ward of Mr. Allan, Poe sought in gratified pride a balm for his feelings, and that balm was most soothing when recognition was not begged but demanded. That he was a misanthrope we know not only on the evidence of his stories and of his innumerable quarrels with almost everyone he knew, but also on that of a recorded statement concerning the "multitude, every individual of which I despise." There are, too, the words of one of his defenders, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, who wrote: "The real contempt which Poe felt for his contemporaries came out at once under the influence of the wine-cup, and he ridiculed, satirized, imitated and abused them right and left without mercy." When we couple this with the almost insane thirst for notoriety which he expressed in the exclamation: "I love fame—I dote on it—I idolize it—I would drink to the very dregs the glorious intoxication; I would have incense ascend in my honor from every hill and hamlet, from every town and city on this earth," we cannot escape the conclusion that the ultimate felicity for which he strove was the double sense of superiority which comes from both distributing contempt and receiving adulation. Griswold, however much he may have been moved by malice and however distorted his famous article on Poe may

have been, was not wholly wrong when he wrote: "He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, nor serve—that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

It is, so the psychopathologists tell, the central characteristic of the neurotic to live by a fiction, and his vagaries are attempts, direct or indirect, to realize that fiction. Beginning with a sense of inferiority, he seeks methods of reassurance or self-glorification and, in fully developed cases, invents a legend of himself which it is his constant effort to realize both in his fantasies and, as completely as possible, in his life. So it was with Poe. The part which he played in life represented his attempt to act out the rôle which he imagined for himself when he created the various dark heroes of his tales, and his ferocious criticism built up his legend of himself as a man cut off from the majority of mankind by great learning, strange passions, and a dark destiny, not inferior but superior to those with whom he made no part.

With the rest of mankind he could not compete in any ordinary field. His dream that he might play the Virginia aristocrat had long passed, and when he turned to authorship it was evident that his fancies were not of the sort to win for him indiscriminate popularity. Moreover, both his poverty and his intemperance made it impossible for him to think of playing the rôle of popular lion. But all of these things did, on the contrary, point to the fact that whatever eminence he was to obtain must of necessity be a dark eminence, and it was accordingly that for which he strove. The reputation which he early gained as a daringly caustic critic was the first step in the growth of a legend which rapidly developed new features, the most important of which was the attribution to its hero of great and mysterious learning and an inhuman capacity for abstract reasoning.

There is an incident reported of his childhood which seems to indicate that even as a boy he had begun to seek distinction in the manner characteristic of his maturity. "I remember," says a certain John T. L. Preston, who was a fellow pupil at a school near Richmond, "that he would allow the strongest boy in the school to strike him with full force in the chest. He taught me the secret, and I imitated him after my measure. It was to inflate the lungs to the uttermost, and at the moment of receiving the blow to exhale the air. It looked surprising, and was, indeed, a little rough; but with a good breast-bone, and some resolution, it was not difficult to stand it." It would be absurd to insist too strongly upon the importance of this incident, but the technic which it reveals—that of achieving a superiority by the exhibition of apparently unnatural powers based upon esoteric knowledge—is exactly that which Poe, with his parade of fictitious learning and his delight in the exhibition of unusual powers, constantly practiced in later life. The tale, "A Descent into the Maelstrom," with its story of a man saved by his peculiar knowledge of the properties of a cylinder in a vortex, offers an unusually close parallel, for it involves an imaginary triumph of exactly the sort which Poe had actually achieved as a boy.

II

Certain it is that by the time he had written his first stories his tendency to pretend to strange knowledge was already evident. It will be remembered that at his first meeting with the judges of the *Saturday Visitor* contest he spoke of a story which he was writing concerning a voyage to the moon, and that he "at once went into a somewhat learned disquisition upon the laws of gravity, the height of the earth's atmosphere, and the capacities of balloons." Poe's actual knowledge of science, as of all other subjects, was extremely meager, but he always acted as though he knew a great deal, and his vari-

ous pseudo-scientific tales give the impression that he was thoroughly conversant not only with the laws of nature but also with the most abstruse of philosophical speculations.

Of his philosophico-scientific scheme of the universe, "Eureka," he said that the ground covered by Laplace compared with that covered by himself as a bubble compared with the ocean on which it floats; and he probably himself believed in his science in spite of the fact that it is greatly erroneous in many of its fundamental assumptions—wrong not only in such points as the statement, which violates Newtonian principles, that the planets rotate on their own axes in elliptical orbits, but also in such easily ascertainable matters as the density of the planets. Upon literary subjects he was, so far as knowledge is concerned, only a bit less at sea than in the sciences, for, to give an example, he could discuss the defects of the Greek dramatists and yet so far betray his ignorance as to attribute "Œdipus at Colonus" to Æschylus.

The strange and profound learning which he attributes to his typical heroes is the same which he longed to have attributed to himself, in spite of the fact that he knew too little to be able to speak of their knowledge except in the most general terms—which failed to specify, save very vaguely, even the subjects in which they were learned. Real learning interested him as little as anything else real, but the idea of learning, with the sense of power which it bestows, was absolutely necessary to his mind. Of the love of truth for its own sake, as the scholar or the scientist knows it, he knew nothing, and he made no systematic effort to learn anything except that which could be shown off; but he yearned imperatively for the fame which knowledge sometimes brings and the sense of superiority which those who do not have it imagine that it bestows. Thus he did not care actually to know, but was content if he could make it seem to others and to his own imagination that he did.

Like all whose interest in science or philosophy is of this emotional sort he hankered constantly after those easy short cuts to knowledge afforded by the pseudo-sciences. Whatever gave a promise of startling results without requiring any real study of complicated facts appealed to him immediately. References to mesmerism, character reading and phrenology sprinkle his pages. The last-named quackery he took with particular seriousness, returning to it again and again, and discussing its flimsy hypothesis with a great show of scientific earnestness. When he discussed it he seemed learned, he felt learned—and he asked no more.

To say with Andrew Lang that he had a scholar's taste without a scholar's training is to forget that he lacked absolutely the humility which is a necessary part of the scholar's temperament, and that his pretentiousness was enough, taken merely by itself, to suggest much more easily the charlatan. Indeed the effort which he made to maintain his guiding fiction to himself and others often led him beyond the bounds of common honesty. To the *New York Review* for October, 1827, he contributed a review of Stephen's "Travels in Arabia Petræa" in which he went through the motions of learned commentary and discussed at considerable length the geographical and the theological aspects of the work, entering among other things into a very pretentious discourse upon the appropriate translation of a certain Hebrew phrase. The review was simply put together from material taken from two sources—the book itself and Keith's work on prophecy—while the Hebrew learning was supplied, as we have a letter of Poe's to prove, by Professor Charles Anthon. Nor was this duplicity the result of a merely temporary aberration, for he seems to have been unusually proud of the article, and he reprinted his scrap of borrowed learning at every opportunity, using it again, for example, in "Marginalia." In another miscellany called "Pinikidia" he stole some choice bits from the elder Dis-

raeli's collections, and, then in one of those ecstasies of mendacity into which the faker sometimes falls, he remarked satirically that pretenders to erudition had been in the habit of pilfering from the "Curiosities of Literature," "Literary Character," and the "Calamities of Authors"—when this is exactly what he was doing himself.

His citations from other than contemporary books are almost always second-hand, and he often betrays the fact although he never confesses it. The quotation, "And the angel Israfil, who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures," which is prefixed to "Israfil" and attributed to the Koran, is not in the Koran at all, but in Sale's "Preliminary Discourse," which is quoted in an explanatory note to Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh," from which Poe took it. Incidentally, and in order to illustrate further the extent to which he had "the instincts of a scholar," it may be added that later on he deliberately and without explanation amended this by the addition of the phrase "whose heart strings are a lute," which is found neither in Moore, Sale nor the Koran, but in a quotation from Beranger also used at the beginning of "The Fall of the House of Usher."

III

If one were to judge Poe by ordinary standards it would be necessary, in view of such facts as these and of his persistent mendacity in regard to the events of his own life, to set him down as a mere charlatan and a liar. But it is not, I think, necessary to pass a judgment so harsh. Truth and fiction were with him inextricably mingled, and his imagination was quite outside his control. Sometimes what he imagined was so vivid as to constitute an actual hallucination, and, being afterwards recognized as such, it was written down as a story. At other times his wish to have done a certain thing or to have certain power was so great that he could hardly distinguish the desire from the fact,

and he pretended so passionately as almost to convince himself. We do not call a starving man who steals bread a thief, and so there is no reason to call Poe a liar. A compensating sense of superiority he had to have; it was necessary for him if he was to maintain even the poor mental equilibrium which was his; and there was no choice for him save that between pretense and insanity.

Doubtless that intense love of mystification which led him to perpetrate hoaxes of one kind or another was the result of a similar desire to call attention to himself, but there is another aspect of his mind which calls for some explanation—the fact that puzzles of all sorts had a great fascination for him, and that he seems in fact to have been extremely good at them. This may at first sight appear somewhat strange in a man of such unbalanced intellect, but the conflict is paralleled by the fact that his best fiction falls definitely into two classes, the one consisting of tales so fantastic and so utterly irrational as to be mere nightmares, and the other consisting of tales depending upon a logic which might seem to be the product of a mind completely devoid of imagination in the ordinary sense. The two classes have one thing in common—their complete absence of human interest. They contain no observations of real character or manners and touch normal experience at no point. In this similarity may be seen the beginning of an explanation. Poe's interest in the abstract is too striking a phenomena, running as it does not only through his fiction but also through his criticism, not to be somehow fundamental in his mental make-up. It is paradoxical and it demands investigation.

In the issue of the *Messenger* for April, 1836, appeared his essay, "Mæzel's Chess-Player," which furnishes the first extended example of his skill in what he called ratiocination and which is marked by the most elaborately methodical exposition. After a long passage of perfect clarity, explaining his reasons for not be-

believing the machine a real automaton at all, he proceeds by a process of analysis to discover the operator's hiding place and to explain his method of action. Though he borrowed certain facts about automata in general from Brewster's "Letters on Natural Magic," the essay is a remarkable achievement for a man whose fancy was as heated as Poe's, and it may well be considered as the first of his detective stories, since it is the first of his writings which bases itself not upon dreams nor upon pseudo-science but upon the logical faculty alone.

But it was not until five years later that there appeared in *Graham's Magazine* "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," in which he drew for the first time the dehumanized thinking-machine who appears under different names in his later stories and constitutes the second of the only two types of hero he ever created, the first being the learned madman most completely described under the name of Roderic Usher. Shortly afterward he made another effort to realize in his own person his ideal of a logical superman, and greatly contributed to the growth of the legend which pictured him as a man at once below and above human nature by his experiments in cryptography. This effort took form as "A Few Words on Secret Writing," a series of four articles. In the first he discusses various secret alphabets and makes references to other writings of his own on the same subject, one of which appeared "in one of the weekly papers of this city about eighteen months ago" and the other in a book review in a recent number of *Graham's*. The first of these articles appeared in a magazine so obscure that there are no files of it, so it is not possible to check up on his statement that, in response to a challenge which it contained, "letters poured in upon the editor from all parts of the country" and all the cryptograms in them were solved, in spite of the fact that many violated the conditions and one employed seven distinct alphabets. The book review referred to did, however, certainly appear;

it suggested that readers should send him for solution cryptograms devised according to carefully specified principles. As a result of this challenge he published, in all, three actual solutions of cryptograms said to have been submitted; then he printed a more difficult cypher which he did not attempt to read, adding that for lack of time he must consider the subject closed.

Thus concluded the whole incident of which, perhaps, too much has been made. Poe made the detailed solution of what he had himself described as the simplest sort of cryptogram the basis of, "The Gold Bug," but though the idea of a thinking machine continued to haunt him and gave rise to other detective stories and to his curious article upon literary composition by logical method, he made no other attempts to realize his ideal in his own person. Just how much of his power was real and how much pretense it is impossible to determine. It is unfortunate that the only explanation of his method which he gives, that contained in "The Gold Bug," applies only to the simplest sort of cryptogram, and that he nowhere discusses the method employed in solving the more complicated ones. There is reason to believe, however, that the subject got a good deal of his attention, and that he had at least a considerable proficiency in dealing with riddles of this class.

No one who has ever sought in cards, in chess, or in cross-word puzzles a temporary escape from anxiety or sorrow will find it hard to understand how Poe, to whom life was perpetual half-understood torture, should have sought a mode of escape by occupying himself with ingenuities which had the property of completely occupying the intellect without engaging the passions. It is easy, too, to see how the reputation so gained would serve to heighten the color of his legend and make it easier for him to pose as a man superior to others by virtue of mysterious powers. But neither of these causes is quite sufficient to explain the mania for rationality which developed in Poe. In the course of the articles on

cryptography his speculations went far beyond the concrete demonstrations which he offered. "Human ingenuity" he declared triumphantly, "could not devise a cypher which human ingenuity could not solve"; and when a little later he turned to write an article professing to explain his own method of literary composition, so enthusiastic had he become over the idea of ratiocination that he declared that imagination in the ordinary sense had nothing to do with the matter, and that he achieved all his most bizarre effects by a method of cold calculation.

IV

In attempting to understand the meaning of this determined attempt to deny the imaginative character of his own work, it is useful to note the steps by which the idea developed itself. Beginning as a specific attempt to solve a certain problem in "Mæzel's Chess-Player," it later generated the rational detective, and then, after this character was developed in fiction, there came the identification of it with Poe himself, who attempted to prove in a literary essay that he was merely Dupin turned author. His readers might suspect that such grotesque fantasies as his were the product of a somewhat disordered mind, but he could prove that they were born, not of fancy but of logic.

Dupin first appears in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and bears in some respects an obvious resemblance to earlier heroes. Like so many of the others, he comes from an illustrious family, but "by a variety of untoward events" he has been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character has succumbed. He is living secluded in one of those remote chambers lit by brasiers and perfumed by strange incenses which are affected by all the Poe heroes of the more frankly insane type. But Poe, as if frightened by his habitual impulse to portray madness, makes Dupin a man in whom no faculties but the logical remain and we are first introduced to his

strange powers when we see him read the mind of an acquaintance whose train of mental association he has followed during a fifteen minute period of silence which has fallen upon their conversation.

The incident is sufficiently convincing for romantic fiction, but it requires but a moment's thought to show that the logic in it is as speciously fantastic as that of any of Poe's confessedly fantastic imaginings. No one could do what Dupin does, because in actuality the associations of random thought are so capricious as to be absolutely unpredictable over any considerable period. Here Poe's imagination is fired by the idea of the power lying in the possession of extraordinary logical faculties exactly as it was once fired by the idea of the power in scientific knowledge, and without caring any more for real logic than he cared for real science he imaginatively identifies himself with a character endowed with this power to a superhuman degree. He abandoned his experiments in cryptography because he was thus able, through the force of his imagination, to obtain from fancy, less laboriously and more completely, all the satisfaction which the actual practice of the powers of deduction could give him. Inventing problems for his super-detective to solve and inventing elaborate *ex post facto* explanations of the process by which his own works were written, he played at being a logical genius in exactly the same way that he had played at being a scientist.

It is pretty generally agreed that the attempt he made in "The Philosophy of Composition" to convey the impression that all his own works were the result of logical and deliberate contrivance was either a conscious or an unconscious hoax. There are *a priori* objections to the belief that works of art are created thus, and no writer ever lived who seems less likely than Poe to have so created them. In the management of his own life he was moved almost always by prejudice, passion or perversity, and almost never by reason. His works, characterized at their best by the

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fantastic logic of dreams, are such as no man could contrive by a purely intellectual process, and they are so uniformly similar in content and effect as to prove that they must in a sense have written themselves. No one who was struggling for bread and knew what a monotony of horror was complained of against him would willingly repeat himself so often when he could, according to his own statements, produce in story or poem whatever effect he chose to select. When it is remembered that the characters of his stories and poems are frequently suffering from disorders of the mind of exactly the sort which give rise to fancies such as those amidst which they are represented, that his works are replete with *obiter dicta* upon the subject of obsessions, perversions, and manias which he could have learned of only from himself, and that he gave in the mysterious wreck of his own life proof of his intimate relationship to the characters which he created, it is impossible not to see that instead of being deliberately invented his stories and poems invented themselves.

"I say to myself, in the first place, 'Of the innumerable effects or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?'" So Poe wrote. But the fact remains that though he may have succeeded in convincing himself that he made such a choice, something unconscious within him saw to it he should "choose" always an effect which belonged to a very small class of the "innumerable" effects of which he spoke, and one which, moreover, was rarely experienced by any sane persons of markedly abnormal mind. He "chose," perhaps, but his choice was simply between the indulgence of this or that neurotic fantasy—between the embodiment of this and that idealization of his own traits and capacities.

There is, however, good reason for believing that Poe succeeded in convincing himself, at times at least, that he was the mere logical engine which he liked to

imagine, and one may find both the roots of his delusion and the origin of the need which generated it at a time before Dupin had been created or "The Philosophy of Composition" written. The preface to the volume of collected stories published in 1840 protests violently against the accusation that he deals too much with the "grotesque and arabesque," and says that the uniformity observable in his tales is due only to the fact that they were written with a view to republication in a single volume. "It may even happen," he says, "that in this manner I shall never compose anything again." From all this it is evident that Poe resented the implication that his imagination could generate nothing but horror, and it is probable that this resentment was not unmixed with fear. Notwithstanding the suggestion that he might perhaps never write again in the same manner, he was constrained in spite of himself to do so, and thus to be brought closer and closer to a realization of his perilous position upon the brink of madness. There must have been times when he knew that the "effects" which he liked to imagine himself as deliberately choosing were in fact thrust upon him, moments when he realized that in giving his vividly intimate pictures of temporary insanity in "Berenice," of sadism in "The Black Cat," or of mad obsession in "The Tell-Tale Heart" he was confessing to himself and others the giddy instability of his own mind. Mrs. Whitman remembered a penciled note appended to a manuscript copy of one of his later poems which read, "All that I have here expressed was actually present to me. Remember the mental condition which gave rise to 'Ligea.'—I regard these visions even as they arise, with an awe which in some measure moderates or tranquilizes the ecstasy." While this confession gives the lie direct to his statement concerning his mechanical method of composition, it helps to explain why he himself should want to believe it.

His whole life was a struggle against mental instability. It was a battle doomed

to be lost from the beginning, and shortly before the final simultaneous dissolution of his mind and his body Poe confessed to at least one fully developed delusion of persecution. But no doubt he considerably postponed the final breakdown by means of the ingenious rationalization which convinced him, partly at least, that his imagination was under perfect control.

We must imagine, I think, that he first turned to the practice of logic as an escape from feeling, but that he soon found it a valuable contribution to his legend. To seem a man endowed to a super-human extent with the gift of rationality gratified that thirst for fame of an unusual sort which I have already noted, and it served at the same time an additional internal function. As the realization that he was, as a matter of fact, the victim of irrational and uncontrollable emotions gradually forced

itself upon him, he countered it with the pretense that he was, on the contrary, abnormally clear in his mental processes. He demonstrated the fact as best he could to both himself and his public by his article upon the chess-player and by his experiments in cryptography, and then, warming to the subject, he created the character of Dupin, with whom he imaginatively identified himself. Finally, he attempted in "The Philosophy of Composition" to convince himself that all his previous work had been but the fruit of this same rational faculty, to which he now clung desperately as a proof of his sanity. Thus the process was complete. First reasoning in order to escape feeling and then seizing upon the idea of reason as an explanation of the mystery of his own character, Poe invented the detective story in order that he might not go mad.

PHILADELPHIA'S JOHNNY INKSLINGERS

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS's *Ledger*, with something of the inertia of a wartime tank laying low a swath of forest trees, has moved ponderously across the map of Philadelphia newspaperdom and three morning papers, the *Times*, the *Press*, and the *North American*, and one evening paper, the *Telegraph*, have been removed from its path. Of these only the *Times* was toppled over, root and branch, before Curtis acquired the *Ledger*.

If, in absorbing these four papers, the *Ledger* could have taken over the distinctive merit of each or have retained certain qualities of only two of them, there would have been purchased something beside circulation. The old *Ledger*, nominally owned by George W. Childs, host of world notables, but actually controlled by Anthony J. Drexel, head of the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Company, was accurate within its limited news field. It was credited with submitting to worthy Philadelphians for verification or amiable alteration such news items about themselves as it intended to publish. Therefore, at the breakfast table it was seldom a source of irritation. In promoting an undertaking or in opposing another the owner had means more effective than those afforded by his newspaper. These direct methods worked better, though sometimes they failed, as in the instance cited by Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia banker, who placed three thousand millions in government securities during the Civil War. Cooke said that George W. Childs distributed throughout the country thousands of circulars intended to prevent the success of the loans.

Viewed from either an ethical or a patri-

otic standpoint the direction of the *Ledger* today is superior to this conduct of the nominal owner during the Civil War. During the World War, however, it was edited by an unnaturalized Englishman, who broadcasted the inventions of Northcliffe's forty or fifty thousand propagandists. During the World War, therefore, it was on a plane similar to that which George W. Childs had vacated—one which it shared with the *Providence Journal*, edited by another Englishman.

The *Times*, for a decade ending some years before the *Ledger* bought it, was the best newspaper Philadelphia has ever had. From the age of seventeen years its editor, Colonel Alexander K. McClure, had been a politician and the editor of country weeklies. The country weekly has now become a feeble thing, but when McClure was the owner of the *Chambersburg Repository*, and Matthew S. Quay owned and edited the *Beaver Radical*, in nearly all of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania there were local editors who had views upon political and other questions, and expressed them with understanding and vigor. In a "boss-ridden" State these editors were partly responsible for the excellent practice of the bosses in thoroughly sounding the State before a candidate for a State office was nominated. The method did not prevent the usual campaign cries of the opposition, but it got far better results than are reached today by the primary elections system—by which a candidate for a seat on the bench is chosen by ignorant voters because he belongs to the Elks.

McClure was editing his paper at Chambersburg in the year 1864, when Confed-

erate raiders burned the town and made a special trip to the outskirts to destroy his home. It indicates a certain bigness in the man that the loss of his property was followed by no bitterness in him towards the South. He was a skilled poker player, took his loss as the fate of war, showed a temper unusual in civilians, and shortly after the war entertained the Southern leaders, opened the columns of the *Philadelphia Times* to their communications, and frequently supported the Southern view.

McClure's was a striking personality. Above six feet in height, of a massive frame, hardened by country labor in boyhood, he brought to the founding of the *Times* in 1875 audacity, finesse, intellectual force, long experience in public life and a knowledge of Pennsylvania, its people, their history, convictions and hostilities that was excelled only by that of Quay. His associate in founding the *Times*, Frank McLaughlin, was skilled as a printer, and made the paper typographically a credit to the printer's art. It burst upon the city like a brilliant asteroid from another world.

At that time the shrewdly dull *Ledger* was practically unread outside of certain narrow circles. Colonel John W. Forney's *Press* was going into a decline. The *North American* had become a shipping and commercial paper with a circulation of a few hundreds. The *Inquirer* was struggling along on a Civil War reputation that had been made, not by printing good accounts of campaigns and battles, but by printing personal items from the camps of Pennsylvania regiments. Here was McClure's opportunity, which he improved by gathering about him a group of newspaper workers that has not been equaled in Philadelphia since, and would be hard to excel anywhere.

McClure himself was a lawyer. Dr. Alfred C. Lambdin, of a cultured family, a local historian with a sense of perspective and proportion, was next to him in authority. Major Moses P. Handy, another member of the staff, was a Confederate from the Delaware Peninsula and Missouri, president of the Clover Club and its quickest

wit, and had been a star reporter on the New York *Tribune* of big events like the *Virginian* affair. Thomas A. Janvier was the author of magazine stories that are still reprinted and read. Cathcart Taylor, a lawyer, was the city editor.

George Morgan, from Delaware College, in after years author of romances and of biographies of Patrick Henry and James Monroe, showed that good breeding was not incompatible with first-class reporting. James H. Lambert, who also became a colonel, had the congressional, State senatorial and representative districts of the State, and their votes, past and present, at his fingers' ends. George Seilhamer, a Pennsylvania German, had been the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and in later years was the compiler of a painstaking history of the American theatre. In the middle 90's of the last century he declared that the then present held the most ignorant generation America had ever seen. He died before the present generation had a fair chance to show how far it could assist the decline. Howard M. Jenkins, a Pennsylvania Quaker, had founded the *Wilmington, Delaware, Commercial*. He wrote later the most valuable volume of John Russell Young's "History of Philadelphia," an admirable and illuminating study of provincial politics. Henry Loomis Nelson became a judge in Connecticut. George F. Parker was the biographer of Grover Cleveland. These men gave an air to the *Times*, and associated with them were a number of practical newspaper workers of a different personality and, perhaps, less culture, all bent upon having their newspaper present the first, the best and, if possible, the only account of important news.

It is worth while to recall these men today, for they have in Philadelphia no like successors or almost none. Their aim was to make each day a newspaper that a circle of readers much smaller in numbers but of higher intelligence than that of today would be eager to read. Quiet periods when big news, national, State and

city was scarce did not deter the *Times* from getting out a lively paper. In the absence of a World War or a Secretary Fall scandal or a Scopes trial the *Ledger* and the other current Philadelphia newspapers fall into the doldrums, but the *Times* was always opened with curiosity. The *Ledger*, which has absorbed it, is now laid aside with a recurring wonder that, with all its resources and opportunity, it should fail to make itself more interesting.

II

To be sure, the environment has also changed. The city of less than a million inhabitants now has two millions, with a suburban district wherein live well on to a million more. The former Philadelphia standards have been submerged, and survive only among a diminishing number of choice spirits. Forty years ago the people to be seen on that Philadelphia street which Oliver Wendell Holmes declared to be one of the great streets of the world had, like the mummies of the Pharaohs, an unmistakable air of distinction with much individual variation. The masses of today on the same street present a uniform monotony of aspect, manner and speech, and if among them by chance there appear a few of the almost vanished type, they are marked as aliens. Even the city's nomenclature is going by the board. On a sign at the new *Ledger* Building, now under construction, the passerby may read that the present *Ledger* offices are one "block" to the westward. "Square," not "block," is the Philadelphian term for a dimension which is neither a block nor a square.

Biologists tell us that to transmit with any certainty a desirable quality to human offspring both parents must possess it. In a family where one parent has ability in one line and the other ability in another, the children often have had no appreciable force, knack or talent of any kind. The crossing of dissimilar newspaper stocks in the *Ledger* seems to have resulted in a newspaper product not unlike that which the

biologists have found in humanity. Certainly the *Ledger*, in purchasing the *Times*, did not take over that paper's understanding and intimate knowledge of the State. An earthquake would not do the violence to Pennsylvania geography that is now and then committed positively or by implication in Mr. Curtis's paper. Lately in its page of book reviews it printed a eulogistic notice of a story based on the Mennonite migration from Pennsylvania to Canada about the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The school geographies used in Canada teach that Philadelphia is situated on the Susquehanna river, but the Canadian author of the tale made the Pennsylvania rivers run the wrong way. This geographical upheaval went unnoted by the *Ledger*; possibly it was estopped by its own Paul Bunyan feats in the same line.

The same book notice naïvely avowed entire ignorance of the Mennonites beyond the misinformation to be acquired from such oafish tales as those of Mrs. Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Yet the Mennonites, contemporary with William Penn, were the founders of Germantown, which with its 80,000 inhabitants, is a city within the city. In the library of the Site and Relic Society of Germantown are 2,000 books all of them relating to the locality, and most of them to its founding and early development—more books, it is asserted, than have been written about any other small town in America. These Dutch Mennonites with the German, Pastorius, were the signers of the first written protest made in America against African slavery, a protest celebrated in Whittier's poem misnamed "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." It is to be inferred that the present *Ledger* editors are so far out of sympathy with the Victorian age that they are not familiar with the poetry of Whittier and Longfellow. In this day's *Ledger* they quite casually give permission to Kathleen Norris to attribute some of Whittier's most widely known lines to Longfellow.

In the sheet of the *Ledger* given over to books I lately fell upon a long list of

American historical novels, printed for the instruction of a Philadelphia correspondent. There were New England novels, New York novels and Western novels, but the Philadelphia novel, "Hugh Wynne," by the Philadelphian, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a best seller in its day and the best historical novel about the upper classes that we have, wasn't on the list. During the last eclipse of the sun the *Ledger* day after day implied that the best place to see the phenomenon was in Connecticut or up the Hudson above New York City. A glance at the map would have shown that the forty-second degree of latitude is the southern boundary of Western Massachusetts and the northern boundary of both Pennsylvania and Connecticut. There are many towns in Pennsylvania as far north as Plymouth, Massachusetts, and a number of Pennsylvania towns further north than New Haven, Connecticut, or Poughkeepsie, New York, which were places indicated by the *Ledger* as points favorable for seeing the eclipse.

III

In the decade of its youth the other Philadelphia morning papers offered no rivalry to the *Times*. Colonel John W. Forney, owner of the *Press* and of the *Washington Chronicle*, "both daily" as his head lines declared, was, like McClure, from the Pennsylvania interior, a politician knowing the State and having the knack of memorable statement. Forney's "Halt," addressed to President Andrew Johnson, and McClure's phrase about a popular candidate's "running like a fire in an August cleaning" are remembered examples of a gift which both editors had. Under Forney worked Charles Godfrey Leland, author of the "Hans Breitmann" ballads; Dr. R. Skelton MacKenzie, intimate with famous English authors; John Russell Young, afterwards managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, and John F. Graff, whose "Graybeard" articles held their popularity through many years. Grown old and tired, Forney sold the *Press*, and its successive

owners and editors were unable to restore its earlier vigor or regain its lost readers. Then Calvin Wells, a Pittsburgh iron-master, bought the paper, and in 1880 he brought Major Charles E. Smith from Albany to edit it.

It will be noticed that there were almost as many military titles among these Philadelphia editors as among the Johnny Inslingers out in Kentucky. Most of them were bestowed in Pennsylvania, but Major Handy won his on the fringe of the Confederacy, and Major Smith's was won in New York. Frank McLaughlin, the *Times* publisher, began to dig the grave of that paper when his desire to have the income stay in the till and not go out for news service and salaries became a controlling policy. Soon most of the men who, under McClure, had made the *Times* what it had been were lost. Handy became managing editor of the *Press*, and took with him to that paper a number of the younger men from the *Times* force.

But Dr. Lambdin stayed with McClure, and so did Colonel Lambert for a time, going later to the *Press* and then to the *Inquirer*, which he edited for a brief space for James Elverson. Charles H. Heustis also remained with the *Times* until Elverson bought the *Inquirer*, where he soon became chief editor and convinced the owner of the expediency of dropping the price to a cent, the starting point of the *Inquirer's* growth to a vast circulation, now further increased by the *Ledger's* obliteration of the *North American*. George Morgan went from the *Times* to the *Record*, where he has remained for forty years.

When Curtis bought the *Press* he was also negotiating for the purchase of the *Record*, a project which fell through because the *Record* editor persuaded the owners that one Democratic newspaper in the city was essential. During the Civil War and afterwards the Republican majorities in Pennsylvania were small. When the State was "boss ridden" under the Camerons and Quay no opposition was made to the reelection in Philadelphia of judges who

were Democrats; Republican nominating conventions endorsed the nominees of the Democratic conventions. The city judiciary of that period had the respect of the bar and the public. During that same period of iniquitous bossism Democrats held the offices of governor and secretary of the Commonwealth, in spite of which, and of the lack of any federal patronage during Cleveland's two terms, the "bosses" held their own. But the Pennsylvania Democrats, like the South Carolinians of an earlier time, were not free-traders, and Pennsylvania became overwhelmingly Republican under Grover Cleveland.

In the *Press* office there was a temperamental discordance between the vivacious Major Handy from the fringe of the Confederacy and the impassive Major Smith from Connecticut *via* Albany. Although Handy had, beside a news-gathering talent, the faculty of getting the best work out of his men, and soon made the *Press* the foremost newspaper in Pennsylvania, there were obstacles to its complete and final success that were beyond his control. Charles Emory Smith, the editor-in-chief, continued to be an estray in Pennsylvania, keeping his eye turned eastward or upon Washington. In varying forms he could express successfully the ideas of other men, but he was without the originality of Forney and McClure. His faculty, such as it was, made him the laureate of the platform committees of Republican National Conventions. His editorial attitude towards the political leaders of the State was fretful; towards the Republican national administration adulatory. The home bosses viewed him with amiable toleration. They knew the people of the State far better than he did, and how slight was the influence of the Philadelphia editorials. Therefore, he was permitted to go as a delegate to conventions where he could be of service in shaping platform platitudes. Smith's interest in and liking for politics brought him only to the outskirts of a political career. He was Postmaster-General in McKinley's Cabinet, and ambassador to Russia, but in

the State of his residence political leadership and power were elsewhere.

A prophecy he once made causes doubt whether he possessed any real political acumen or was a good judge of men. This prophecy was made in the 80's, and related to Quay, of whom Senator Platt wrote in his memoirs that he was the greatest politician who had ever lived in America—one who could win battles with money or without it. But Smith said, when Quay had lost his money and was selling his library, that his political power was gone and his career ended. Almost immediately Quay met the words by being elected to the office of State treasurer, which he held for about a year, when, after it had served his purpose, he resigned it as he had resigned other offices. Immediately thereafter he became the chairman of the Republican National Committee, and had so large a share in the election of Harrison that James G. Blaine declared his own election over Cleveland would have been certain if Quay had managed the campaign. About the same time Quay became a member of the United States Senate, and in the next decade won a Napoleonic victory over his enemies at home, though their forces were made up of the Republican organizations in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the governor of the State, the two most important railroads, John Wanamaker and all the dilettanti, the *Press* included.

If at any time from 1880 until it was swallowed up by the *Larger* the *Press* was greatly prosperous it must have been for a short period between the time when Bob Cooke, Yale oarsman and son-in-law of Calvin Wells, came on to check its lavish expenditures and the beginning of its subsequent decline. Samuel C. Wells, editor of the *Press* during Smith's stay in Washington and Russia, and subsequently in the period between Smith's death and Curtis's purchase, guided the paper with sound judgment, legal lore and general culture, but without the complete authority necessary to make such a newspaper as he could have made under more favorable conditions.

IV

Of the technique of newspaper work the present generation of newspaper workers has complete mastery. But so has the factory hand over his machine. The *Ledger* presently, and the *Inquirer* from now on, will be issued from great buildings wherein, beside space and convenience, will be found art and luxury. The *Evening Telegraph*, since absorbed by the *Ledger*, was issued from simple quarters, but about those plain walls a half century ago was arranged Ambruster's famous collection of clippings, classified and indexed, covering politics, American and foreign, military campaigns, art, literature and science. Darwin's books, Herbert Spencer's latest writings, the Huxley-Gladstone debate, the appearance of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," the new poetry of Tennyson and William Morris, Thomas Carlyle's bursts of indignation over some new or old stupidity—these were some of the matters which the *Evening Telegraph* considered to be news. It was William Clark, the art critic of the *Telegraph*, who gave to A. B. Frost his first opportunity to illustrate a book. Clark's brother, Charles Heber Clark, of the *Evening Bulletin*, had written "Out of the Hurly-Burly," and William Clark recommended that Frost be engaged to make the drawings.

Charles Godfrey Leland, whose pen name, Hans Breitmann, gave Oliver Wendell Holmes an opening for the punning line, "So bright a man was he," wrote in his memoirs of Gibson Peacock, sometime editor of the *Bulletin*, that he was an editor of will and character, skilled in music and a man of culture. Leland worked on the *Press* under Forney and on the *Bulletin* under Peacock. His characterization of Peacock may account for the *Bulletin's* being the only American newspaper to recognize and assert immediately that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was what the American chorus, led by an English wand, afterwards

united to acclaim it. The culture that Leland attributed to Peacock enabled the *Bulletin* one afternoon to reprint an editorial from Charles Emory Smith's *Press* of that morning and in a parallel column an extract from one of Macaulay's essays, the two being identical. Today the *Bulletin* and the *Inquirer* are the two Philadelphia papers that are reported to have the largest circulations. It is Girard's column that gives distinction to the *Inquirer*—a daily wonder of curious and diverse information.

In the old *Press* office there was current a story, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, that when a young man Cyrus H. K. Curtis lost his job in the business department of that paper because the manager thought he did not know how to increase the newspaper's circulation. Even if true, the story is no reflection upon Mr. Curtis's ability in this direction. It would merely indicate that the acumen in another department of the *Press* was no keener in estimating a personality than Charles Emory Smith had shown his to be when he prophesied the downfall of Quay. If there is fact in the tale, Mr. Curtis's turn came when he bought and obliterated the *Press* with the profits arising from the enormous circulations of his other periodicals.

By and large, the Philadelphia newspapers of to-day are hot foot in the chase after the pettinesses of politics and personal trivialities, and still as clumsy about the fundamentals. Their heads are hidden under an overwhelming avalanche of commonplaces. They were incapable of analyzing the League of Nations scheme or the outcome of Harding's Disarmament Conference and left their readers to be spared in the one case from European machinations by Philander C. Knox, and a few other Americans, and in the other case to learn from Rear Admiral Fiske, when it was too late, how the United States had been made helpless. There is no prospect that their public will ever be served any better in the near future.

RHYMES OF GAY THOMAS

BY JOHN McCLURE

The Grey Goosander

As he was recalling great Alexander
And all the glory of kingly crowns,
Gay Thomas saw the grey goosander
Circling over the eildon downs.

This fowl was old when young Tiberius
Pranced in green purple over Rome:
This bird was venerable and serious
Before the sibyls fetched Julius home.

And Thomas pitied the grey goosander,
The lone bird flapping its wistful wings,
But more he pitied great Alexander,
And much he pitied all kingly things.

No Hooves, No Horns

I was no devil, pray remember.
Flesh of Adam was my disease.
And we go always breaking our hearts, lady.
The road is rugged in these countries.

Pain came to you over my sorrow.
I first traveled that thorny way.
And other pilgrims are torn on the brambles,
And we no more than they.

Address to the Merchants

Pig's feet and clabber,
These are sturdy cheer.
I have joined your circle, sirs.
Match me pennies here.

Once I ate air only, masters,
And shouldered no load.
Oh, I lived a great way from the world,
But have traveled the road.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Triumph of Criticism.—Over a period of eighty years hundreds of critics have been laboring to improve the taste of the American people in music, drama, literature and politics. And today, as a result, Nevin, Tobani and Tosti are program favorites over Brahms, Beethoven and Bach; Anne Nichols is thirty thousand times more popular than Hauptmann; James Oliver Curwood is twenty thousand times more popular than James Branch Cabell; and Calvin Coolidge is President of the United States.

Memorials.—One of the most foolish things in this foolish world is the erection of statues, shafts, monuments and memorials to members of the illustrious and venerated deceased. Not only is the practice foolish; more, it is insulting to the very persons it makes a show of honoring. The statue, the shaft, the monument itself may be all that the dead hero desires; it may be as much to his taste as if he had picked it out himself before being killed in battle, succumbing to heart failure while addressing the Kiwanians of Bucyrus, Ohio, or being shot by the girl's fiancé. But though it may thus do honor to the dead hero in concept and intention, what does it do to him in actuality?

I answer the question by saying that nine times out of ten it flouts him, cheapens him, makes ribald mock of him, and disgraces his memory. Not intentionally, to be sure, but none the less absolutely. Look at any such monument that happens to be in your neighborhood and consider. Erected in admiration and humility out of funds subscribed by all the local Elks, golf players, oil-stock salesmen and officials of the

local branch of the National Security League, and dedicated with speeches by the leading local Jewish banker and Methodist clergyman and with Sousa marches by the Y. M. C. A. band, what happens long before even the two-dollar American flag and the five-dollar wreath of petunias that have been deposited upon it begin to fade? For the first few days, the natives come around to take a look at it, one or two of the more sentimental perhaps removing their derbies in its presence. The following Sunday, the local newspaper prints a large photograph of it, embellished with an inappropriate quotation from Milton. And then? Thenceforth the monument or statue or shaft or whatever it happens to be is completely forgotten and becomes for the rest of time by day a *châlet de nécessité* for dogs and by night an *al fresco* bordello for chauffeurs and servant girls. Or, if the memorial happens to be in a spot somewhat too conspicuous for amour, it generally soon becomes a stand for the sale of picture post-cards of the illustrious corpse and of paper-cutters, paper-weights, necktie clasps and suspender buckles bearing his image.

How a hero can find honor to him in such Rabelaisian and obscene uses to which his memorial is invariably put is something beyond my powers of appreciation. On that day when memorials to our heroes are put to other uses than garbage pails for banana skins, sandwich ends and peanut shells, platforms for cheap political speeches and Fourth of July orations on the indivisibility of the Anglo-Saxon nations, public comfort stations for mutt dogs and baggageless hotels for concupiscent cops and cooks, on that day shall

I perhaps at length persuade myself to permit my fellow countrymen, after my death, to honor me in the prevailing fashion.

The Mystery of Sex.—One of the drollest phrases ever concocted by mortal man is "the mystery of sex." Save in the instance of boys and girls under the age of sixteen or thereabout (in the country districts the age limit is one or two years lower), there is no more mystery to sex than there is to an amateur card trick. The average boy and girl of eighteen in this enlightened and realistic age know almost all there is to know about sex (in the accepted sense of the word), if not by actual experience, at least by vicarious experience, and it is no more mysterious to them than their breakfast oatmeal. True enough, they contribute to the life of the delusion by professing a surprise at and ignorance of the matter in order to safeguard their parents from concern and their panties from parental wallops, but any man or woman who will reflect upon his or her young years knows that sex was, if not an open book, at least an open pamphlet to him or her long before he or she permitted anyone else to suspect the fact.

What is called the mystery of sex is really not concerned with sex at all, or at least in very small part; the mystery is that of personality. It is not sex that causes half the trouble of the world, but the thrill and romance of personality. To say that the average man is attracted to the average woman by the mystery of sex is the sheerest sort of drivel. The average man is attracted to the average woman, and vice versa, by the thrill of a comely face, the charm of a bag of tricks, the challenge to preposterous vanity—one or more of a half dozen such things. Sex has very little to do with it, except in the instance of actors, barbers, sailors and other such often mythical guinea pigs, none of whom, incidentally, by any stretch of the imagination may be said to regard sex precisely as being very mysterious. Sex, to the more

civilized man or woman, is a too familiar business longer to hold out any overpowering thrill. From a matter of the first importance it soon descends to a matter of secondary importance. Its romance, so to speak, generally fades contemporaneously with the age at which the romance of "A Prisoner of Zenda" and novels of a piece begins to seem just a trifle nonsensical. And with the evaporation of sex's mystery and the subsequent diminution of its romantic aspect, man and woman, ever desirous of hocus-pocusing themselves into a captivating illusion of one sort or another, begin to look around them for new materials of delusion. These materials they find in one another's looks, manners, thoughts, clothes, tastes, and what not—in short, in one another's personalities. Around these personalities they weave the mystery and romance that have ceased to enwrap sex some time since.

To argue, as is argued, that the sex impulse is nevertheless at the bottom of this personality attraction is, I believe, to argue a fallacy. It is true, of course, that sex lies at the end of the road, that it constitutes the third act of the personality attraction, so to speak; but, unless I am peculiarly in error, it is infinitely less deliberate and infinitely more casual than is commonly maintained, chiefly by biologically stale gents who offer contradiction by way of persuading others that they are still in the ring. The average civilized man, some of our leading novelists excepted, thinks of sex only in off moments. He has tried it often enough to know that there is three times more thrill in an airplane flight and ten times more pleasurable satisfaction in a bottle of Dry Imperial 1906, or, for that matter, even 1911. He knows that it is occasionally amusing, as a burlesque show, a coon ball or a debate in the Senate is amusing, but he knows at the same time that the humor, the gentleness, the nonsense and the charm that is woman is, compared with her sex, as greatly superior in amusement power as is the "Bauern Cantate" to the "Trauerode." The so-

called mystery of sex has produced the novels of Elinor Glyn and the songs of Tin-Pan-Alley. The explicitness and obviousness of sex have produced the novels of all the first-rate artists that the world has known, and the music of Richard Strauss.

An Ambassador.—Of all the men whom the Republic has sent as ambassadors to the courts of Europe, none, I believe, has been so authentic and representative an American as the Hon. Alexander Pollock Moore, at present head of the *corps diplomatique* in Madrid. The usual American minister plenipotentiary is less an American than an imitation Englishman: a fellow who has cultivated a political bedside manner and a social suavity to the point where he can use the broad *a* without feeling too self-conscious and where he can wear a silk hat without getting a headache. The courts of Europe have long been full of such pseudo-Americans who no more fool the nations they are assigned to than a Bull Durham sign fools a cow. The spectacle of one of these *de luxe* hicks in silk knickers, spouting French and trying to look like Arthur Balfour is enough to send the other ambassadors to the pantry to stifle their horse-laughes. The estimable Mons. Moore of Pittsburgh, Pa., is, on the other hand, a bird of different feather. A Knight Templar, a Mystic Shriner, an Elk, and the Lord knows what else, he is as thoroughly and incontrovertibly American as Cal Coolidge, baked beans and the Ford automobile. He is and has been the only representative of the United States abroad in the last ten years who has been content to present himself personally for what he actually is—a plain, everyday, jolly super-Rotarian—and who hasn't bothered to be any more British in speech, manner and conduct than the *Oberkellner* of a Munich beerhouse. Where the average American ambassador, when he gives a reception, seeks to make an impression on the capital he is accredited to by filling the embassy with visiting American moneybags, corn-belt mayors and social pushers, Moore

fills the dump with vaudeville hoofers, pretty "Follies" girls, baseball players, prize-fighters and jazz band leaders—in short, with precisely the kind of Americans the Spaniards are most greatly interested in, and so endears himself to the latter where the other ambassadors bore every one to death. Moore, to the Spaniards, is the archetype of American, as, indeed, he must be to every other European nation. The other nuncios are, the most of them, simply preposterous actors, half-British, half-American, with their monocles constantly getting out of place, with their spats half a size too large for them, with their French the French of Ritz bus-boys, and with their polish the polish of so many stock company Jenkineses and Pottses. More representatives like Moore would earn for us the respect that we currently do not get from Europe, since his naturalness, lack of affectation and personal honesty would evoke the respect that the current omnipresent headwaiter diplomats fail to evoke. A Mystic Shriner, an Elk and an admirer of soft-shoe dancers may not, perhaps, constitute the ideal American ambassador, but he surely constitutes a vastly better and a vastly more engaging one than a Berlitz sophomore in a Truly Warner silk hat who has laboriously coached himself how to bow like the late Charles Hawtrej.

Symbol Serfs.—Men are the masters of actuality and the slaves of symbols. For a cross, a flag, or a woman's name they will rush to lay down their lives, but they won't cough up a cent to lift the mortgage on the corner church, or stop guzzling enemy lager on the day of bloodiest battle, or keep their eyes from appraising the upstairs-maid's ankles.

Pianissimo.—I find some difficulty in working up any excitement over the recent anti-evolution hullabaloo. What if a Tennessee school-teacher *was* fired for teaching evolution? Is there a State in the Union in which a school-teacher wouldn't be fired

just as promptly if he taught the truth about the late war?

Flippancy.—Our humorless college professors, third-rate authors, bad actors and magazine-cover artists who are constantly howling against humor in criticism—a humor that, to them, is synonymous with flippancy—will find, if they care to take the trouble, that fine art itself is often just as flippant as the criticism which they deride. In the midst of his finest tragedy, Shakespeare is periodically as flippant as Shaw is in the midst of his finest criticism. There is more flippancy, in the meaning of the howlers, in Mozart than in all of Huneker's criticism from beginning to end. The literary, dramatic, musical and art critic of the Kutztown, Pa., *Patriot* is not one-half so flippant at his flippantest as is Brahms' bassoon, Beethoven's flute, Wagner's "Good Friday" music, Swift's "Modest Proposal" and "Argument," Goethe's "Hanswurst's Wedding," Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," or the entire canon of Aristophanes.

The Decline of the Audience.—The decline of the audience is one of the saddest phenomena of modern American life. There was a day, handily within memory, when the American audience, whatever the spectacle it figured before, was at least half the show, but that day seems to have passed into melancholy limbo. The audience, whether it be a baseball, theatre, concert, opera, racetrack, circus or any other kind of audience, is today approximately as gay and interesting as a three days' corpse. Not only is it no longer part of the show; it actually detracts from the show. Yet who doesn't remember the gay days when things were different, when the

audience was as lively as it now is lifeless? Those were the days when the baseball bleachers were twice as diverting as the game itself, when the badinage was as of five thousand stewed George Ades and Ring Lardners in action, when the hat stores for blocks around had to keep open until after seven o'clock to refurbish hundreds of heads, when pop bottles and cushions were considered the height of repartee, when the umpire was verbally murdered thousands of times every afternoon, when volunteer low comedians entertained the grand-stand as it has never been entertained since. Those were the days when theatre audiences made it necessary for Shakespearian hams to play behind nets, when an Ibsen second act generally found the stage strewn with dead cats, when the hero of melodrama was warned that the villain was lying in ambush behind yon rock, when a hussy with a hole in her tights drew down thunders of applause, interrupted by considerable friendly advice, when the mere spectacle of an actor's false moustache becoming dislodged was sufficient to make ten or twelve willing pairs of hands crawl over the footlights to assist politely, if emphatically, in its readjustment. Those were the days when racetrack and football audiences, pickled to the eyebrows, contributed their mite to the *comédie humaine*, when opera audiences would cuckoo the performers' sour notes, when circus audiences fed lighted cigarettes to the elephants, stuck pins into the fat woman, and hung around after the show was over to beat up the ham who played Nero in the Kiralfy spectacles. Those days, alas, are no more. The American audiences have come to be so many blocks of wood. The youth, the spirit, the fun of America seem to have gone the way of all flesh.

NOTES & Queries

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes & Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 59

I am interested in obtaining the titles of American novels and short stories dealing with religious matters in any way, particularly those not commonly known. Have such sects as the Mormons, Christian Scientists (beyond Georgie Sheldon's "Katherine's Sheaves"), Spiritualists, etc., ever been presented in fiction? What books of this type, translated from foreign tongues have had influence in this country? Has anyone ever investigated the subject in any of its aspects?

C. H. GRATTAN, *Salem, Mass.*

QUERY NO. 60

Where can I find Alvin Sellers' "Classics of the Bar," published several years ago, containing stories of great legal trials, legal arguments, and—this I remember especially—W. J. Gaynor's "Arrest and Trial of Jesus from a Legal Standpoint"?

S. HARDEN, *New Orleans, La.*

QUERY NO. 61

Will some Samaritan inform me as to the etymological origin of the word *gypo*, meaning a lumber piler working by contract, or, in fact, any man doing piecework? This word is rapidly becoming good American; in fact, its use is so complete as to almost entirely exclude the use of contractor, except among the intelligentsia. I asked one

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bearded veteran lumber handler, who worked by the day, as to its origin, and he informed me, with many a juicy damn and S.O.B., that "In the old days when the animals was big there was an animal called a gypo. It was so goddamn big that it ate up even the smaller animals' share of food, and they starved." The analogy is, of course, simple. One contractor piles as much lumber as two or three men working by the day.

JOSEPH KALAR, *Clementson, Minn.*

QUERY NO. 62

I have a boy who seems to me to be a damned idiot, chiefly due to inheritance from his mother's father. He has got through high-school and now I want to send him to college—a good one, if possible. Of the big ones, which is the easiest? He has good manners and weighs 165 pounds at 19, but he simply has no sense. Where will he have the best chance to get by? This is no joke. I am a busy man, and serious.

MANUFACTURER, *Cincinnati, O.*

QUERY NO. 63

Why doesn't someone write an article for THE AMERICAN MERCURY on the famous boozers in American history? I nominate Daniel Webster and Edgar Allan Poe, and call for further nominations. There might be a footnote on John Hancock as a bootlegger. Such an article would give many a man a lot of consolation. Why don't you try to lift up once in a while, instead of always tearing down?

ARTEMUS WOLFGANG, *Red Lion, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 64

I have often heard that it is cheap and easy in this country to get a D.D. degree,

but now that I desire to get one I find that there are difficulties. One college that I have approached demands \$1,000 in cash and proofs that I am a Christian, and another wants me to give a trial sermon before opening negotiations. Can any of your clerical readers help me?

BIBLE STUDENT, *Galesburg, Ill.*

QUERY NO. 65

I am interested in the doings of the Ku Klux Klan and want to get more news of them than I can find in the daily papers. Doesn't the Klan itself publish papers? If so, which is the best of them?

CLERGYMAN, *Bristol, Va.*

QUERY NO. 66

Can anyone tell me the origin of any of the following sayings: "How old is Ann?" "Why don't pigs fly?" "Curiosity killed a cat." "Let George do it."

G., *Plymouth, Mass.*

QUERY NO. 67

Who wrote the poem entitled "The Man Who Drinks His Whiskey Straight" and where can I get a copy of it?

WALTER KLINEFELTER, *Glen Rock, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 68

I wonder why the good Russian word *grobian* is not incorporated into the American language. As yet I have seen it used in very few places. The word has not only the meaning of the German word *grob*; the final syllable *ian* adds a juicy spit to it. Moreover, it is more expressive than *Babbitt*, for it includes what *Babbitt* does not readily signify: sliminess and hog-pen charm. There are surely more *grobians* in this Great Democracy than perhaps any where else on the planet.

VLADIMIR PETER DUMBROVITCH,
New York City

QUERY NO. 69

What has become of LaJoie—the great and gracilent La Joy, the Big Frenchman, the

Sultan of Swat? Where does he live? What business is he in? How does he spend his afternoons between May and October? What museum has received his bat and glove as cultural relics? How far has he got on his autobiography? What kind of tales does he spin to the fondlings on his knees? To what trade or profession has he contributed that rhythmic grace which was more wondrous than Mordkin's? Is his raven black hair still black? Does he go through the day at his shop or his store or his office as coolly disdainful as he was when he used to cover the first sack and later played second? Is his boss as cowed as Tim Hurst and Bob Emslie used to be? Does he still need a shave all the time? What has become of La Joy?

J. D. REITZ, *Baltimore.*

QUERY NO. 70

Has anyone in his morgue of clippings the parody of "Excelsior" which involves the episode of a young man struggling home at evening with a lamp-shade amidst bales of excelsior?

L. E. M., *Baltimore*

QUERY NO. 71

I am told that somewhere in Persian literature there is a will which bequeaths various human qualities, such as happiness, courage, kindness, laughter, and also other things such as these: the moon for lovers, the seas for those who have an unquenchable curiosity, the sound of beautiful words for poets. Are there any other such wills in any other literatures?

A. B. ELIOT, *Chicago*

QUERY NO. 72

How, when, and where did the word *broad* come into use to designate a member of the lower sex? This word is in common use in this neighborhood, and is applied to all females, married or virgin, technical or imaginary, without distinction.

INQUIRING FARMER, *Minneapolis*

QUERY NO. 73

Will some reader be good enough to tell me the author of the following poem:

Wilhelmina Mergenthaler,
Had a lovely ermine collar,
Made of just the nicest fur,
That her mama bought for her.
Once when mama was away,
Out a-shopping for the day,
Wilhelmina Mergenthaler,
Ate her lovely ermine collar.

RUSTICUS, *Duluth, Minn.*

QUERY NO. 74

What is the truth, if any, in the common belief that Abraham Lincoln, early in life, was a partner in a saloon? Down here in the wilds I have no access to books.

A WET CHRISTIAN, *Winchester, Tenn.*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 3

Perhaps R. L. O'F. hasn't come across this short one. I know of no better expression of grace before meals:

Good bread
Good meat
Good God
Let's eat.

GEORGE POHLMAN, *Baltimore*

Here is another for R. L. O'F.'s collection. It is a poetic biography of a pig:

Born—
Corn—
Whizz—
Sizz.

B. L., *Portsmouth, Ohio*

ANSWER NO. 9

The Chicago newspapers, which are celebrated for their high intellectual quality, now use *moron* to designate one accused of any abnormal sex crime. This use arose during the Leopold-Loeb trial. *Moron* thus

takes the place of *degenerate*. I suspect that the headline writers adopted it because it is short. Cf. their constant use of *paid* for *agreement*. It is now dangerous in Chicago to use *moron* in its correct sense.

L. B. SYLVESTER, *Chicago*

ANSWER NO. 17

Senator Borah's surname is Bohemian. I am a descendant of Catherine von Borah, who was Martin Luther's second wife, and so was my mother's cousin, Jacob A. Riis. I vaguely remember having written to Senator Borah at one time to find out if he was a descendant of the same family, but I did not get a reply.

D. M. FREDERIKSEN, *Minneapolis*

ANSWER NO. 19

I don't know where Shaw places the accent in Bernard now, but in days gone by, when I was frequently in his company, he always placed it on the first syllable.

R. ESTCOURT, *Oakland, Calif.*

ANSWER NO. 20

Nostromo, the name of Joseph Conrad's hero, is the Italian for boatswain.

VICTOR D'ERCOLE, *San Francisco*

ANSWER NO. 21

I recommend to W. S., who is desirous of getting some beginners' literature on sea life, that he get a copy of the "Blue-jacket's Manual" and then read a school edition of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." After these two he will have to chip the salt off his frame.

O. W. PHILLIPS, *New York City*

ANSWER NO. 23

The word *maverick* comes from the name of Samuel Maverick, who went to Texas in 1832. He had graduated from Yale in 1825 and fought a duel in South Carolina. Maverick refused to brand his cattle, and soon any unbranded long-horn came to be

known as a maverick. The word has since traveled to Australia, India and South Africa. Kipling, it will be recalled, wrote a story called "The Mutiny of the Mavericks."

A TEXAN, *Dallas, Tex.*

ANSWER NO. 26

I suggest to A. F. that he begin Huxley by reading "Science and Hebrew Tradition" and then proceed to "Science and Christian Tradition." After that he won't need any guidance: he will gobble it all. So far as I know, there is no good critical work on Huxley. His letters have been printed.

ALBERT J. SAGE, *Des Moines, Iowa*

ANSWER NO. 29

It may interest Mr. Brenner to know that there is a Dreiser first in the 1924 issue of *Leonardo*, an annual magazine issued by the Leonardo da Vinci Art School, 288 East Tenth street, New York City. On page 54 there is a full-page poem by Dreiser, entitled "The Great Blossom," together with a new portrait of him.

ROBERT T. METCALFE, *Boston*

ANSWER NO. 31

According to Channing's "History of the United States," vol. VI, the origin of "John Brown's Body" is obscure.

John S. Wise in his book, "The End of an Era," gives the most reasonable explanation I have ever found concerning the origin of the song. He states that it was an adaptation of a favorite camp-meeting hymn sung by the Negroes long before the war. The original version ran as follows:

My poor body lies a-mouldering in the clay,
My poor body lies a-mouldering in the clay,
My poor body lies a-mouldering in the clay,
While my soul goes marching on.

Refrain

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As my soul goes marching on.

Rhodes in his "History of the United States, 1850-1877," vol. II, in a note on page 416, also touches on the origin of this tune.

RICHARD R. MURPHY, *Corning, Ohio*

ANSWER NO. 33

The Catholic objection to cremation has no connection with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Such a postulate would leave the Irishman who sat over a blast-hole and was blown to vapor in a bad position. The antipathy under discussion dates back to the Second and Third Centuries, when cremation was distinctly a pagan religious rite in Rome. As such, the early Christians were forbidden to practice it. Other church practices can be traced to similar negative sources, as, for instance, the reception of the Eucharist under one form. This was made mandatory to combat the fast-growing heretical belief that the sacrament could only be administered validly under both forms.

SISTER IRENE, *Chicago*

The *Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. IV, p. 482, has this to say on the present attitude of the Church toward cremation:

The legislation of the Church in forbidding cremation rests on strong motives; for cremation in the majority of cases today is knit up with circumstances that make of it a public profession of irreligion and materialism. . . . The Church has opposed from the beginning a practice which has been used chiefly by the enemies of the Christian Faith. Reasons based on the spirit of Christian charity and the plain interests of humanity have but strengthened her in her opposition. She holds it unseemly that the human body, once the living temple of God, the instrument of heavenly virtue, sanctified so often by the sacraments, should finally be subjected to a treatment that filial piety, conjugal and fraternal love, or even mere friendship seems to revolt against as inhuman. Another argument against cremation, and drawn from medico-legal sources, lies in this: that cremation destroys all signs of violence or traces of poison, and makes examination impossible, whereas a judicial autopsy is always possible after inhumation, even of some months.

A. H. THIEMANN, *Cambridge, Mass.*

ANSWER NO. 35

Perhaps the "Aboriginalities" column of the *Bulletin*, Sydney, Australia, can give the best information in regard to the origin of the word *wowser*. I believe the word comes from the older Australian word *rouser*. In Australia, a rouser is one who makes wordy warfare, and in his language is pugnaciously wrathful and rebellious; but the word is not applied to one who tries to rouse by prayerlike pleadings and exhortations. If *wowser* was not suggested by frequent repetition of the word *rouser*, it may have been suggested by the closely shaved face and ear-to-ear underbeard, quite common among Australian Methodists and kiljoys thirty years ago, which gave their features an extraordinary resemblance to those of the wow-wow, the active gibbon of Sumatra.

HUGH SWINDLEY,
St. Catharine's, Canada

ANSWER NO. 47

The line, "But he, he never came to Carcassonne," about which Querry McGill asks, is not a direct quotation but merely an allusion to an old French poem by Gustave Nadaud, translated into English by one Mrs. J. Sherwood. I am under the impression that it was quite well known forty years or so ago, since it appeared in school readers of that period. Dunsany himself did not know the origin of the line but said he received it in a letter from a friend and, liking the sound of it, made his tale about it. He, too, thought it a direct quotation. Here is the entire poem:

How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet, patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen,—
It almost seems a wrong,—
A dream I had when life was new.
Alas our dreams! they come not true;

I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city, Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue;
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—
I do not mind the road's fatigues—
Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frosts would fall at night
And on the grapes that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds!
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right! he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, "O, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart
And against ambition's snare!"
Perhaps in Autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind;
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne!

My God and Father! pardon me
If this, my wish, offends!
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me;
Tomorrow then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

JAMES CLAY ELLIOTT,
Jacksonville, Ill.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Mr. Arlen

THE colossal admiration of the two great English-speaking nations of the earth for the literary genius of Mr. Michael Arlen, while immensely gratifying as an indication of improved taste over the erstwhile ichthyophagy of Nat Gould and the Rev. Thomas Dixon, would yet seem to indicate that the Anglo-American æsthetician has still some distance to go before he will be able duly to appreciate and prostrate himself before the even more remarkable literary genius of such fellows as Edward William Poel and Mr. Rupert Hughes. But the future is in the future's hands, and the present is Mr. Arlen's. One hears his eminence shouted from the housetops and the roofs of jazz palaces; one sees his volumes on the tables of ladies and ladies' maids; one reads of fêtes in the great man's honor at all the movie studios, supper clubs and breakfast flapjack houses. The splendor of the gentleman's waistcoats, the morsel of repartee with which he floored Mr. Adolph Zukor, the unbelievable amounts of mazzuma he gets for writing so much as one choice paragraph, the Cloisonné monograms on his lingerie, the Chinese jade pant-button presented to him by the Marchioness X. as compensation for the one lost in the Daimler on the way home from the Metropole "Follies"—with such news are the literary prints aburst. It was only the unfortunate accident of the M. Anatole France's death, indeed, that compelled Mr. Smyth, of the *International Book Review Digest*, to kill one of Mr. Arlen's photographs at the last moment and thus bring out his intelligencer with but eleven likenesses of the great man instead of an in itself all too measly dozen.

The artistic success of Mr. Arlen is thus

hardly open to question. Wherever one finds persons open-mouthed before the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, the "William Tell" Overture and the performances of Ukulele Ike, or eating boiled bird-shot at two dollars and a half a portion under the impression that it is Beluga caviar, or thrilling to the masterful prose of Gertrude Atherton, or drinking California Sauterne with a Seidlitz powder in it in the belief that it is vintage champagne, or complaining that *Young's Magazine* isn't what it used to be—wherever one finds such persons one finds coincidentally impassioned devotees of the Arlen art. Seldom, indeed, in the history of more recent æsthetic phenomena has a writer been so widely acclaimed by the jazz babies and coon shouters of literary criticism. And what, one asks, is the reason, the *risposta*, the *éclaircissement*, in a word, the *verdammt Ursache*? Let me at this juncture introduce the amazing, aye, uncanny haruspice and seer, the M. G. J. Nathan.

The high favor in which Mr. Arlen is held by the Anglo-Saxon connoisseur is the high favor that is ever the reward of the purveyor of what, for want of a politer phrase, may be termed rented dress-suit literature. In other words, the species of literary composition that smacks internally of having been born on the backstairs but that has been cunningly disguised in evening clothes, given the title of Duke, instructed to allude periodically, with something of a bored drawl, to Lake Como, the bad manners of Mayfair and the passably fair quality of the host's Emparador sherry, and brought into the drawing-room. In the last forty years there is no record of the commercial failure of beautiful letters of this school. Where literature to the manor born may find a limited audience because

of a wider audience's discomfiture in its strange and to a degree alien and unintelligible presence, literature that apes literature to the manor born, that wears its lapel bloom and spats with a certain readily penetrable embarrassment and that betrays its unfamiliarity with the charming absurdity of high life to the extent of taking it seriously, generally finds a brother Elk in the reading public. For that public, numbering into the hundreds of thousands, is itself like that literature. When a John Galsworthy speaks to it—or, even an Edith Wharton—it believes only the half of what is told it; but when a Robert W. Chambers or an Arlen speaks to it, it recognizes in the butler an old boyhood friend and grasps his hand warmly and inquires, albeit mannerfully under its breath, about the home folks. The world of Arlen's prose is the fashionable world of Mr. Cecil De Mille. And like the latter great artist he profits by its immediate recognizability on the part of the million elegantos in mufti who sit in the pits of the Kingdom and of the Republic.

It was once remarked and it has since become a platitude that the average hero of the late Richard Harding Davis was the office boy's idea of a gentleman. The average heroine of Mr. Arlen is a couturier's idea of a romantic lady. But though Mr. Arlen, like Davis, never fails to wear a top hat to market, he lacks Davis' very real skill as a writer. His talent lies rather in the Chambers direction. Like Chambers, he knows how to tell a story; like Chambers, he is, as I have once before observed, privy to the trick of taking an ordinary sex story and making it seem romantically important to the modish yokels by laying it in tony surroundings, giving the characters such doggy names as Major General Sir Maurice Harpenden, Bart., and causing them to use a species of language that is a cross between the poetry of Cale Young Rice and the dinner-table conversation of an over-educated Negro; and, unlike Chambers, he has a measure of humor and even, indeed, an occasionally nice wit.

And so it is that he goes down the reading public's gullet like Epsom salts. To those in that public who have less taste and relish for romantic physics of this sort, Arlen's art is perhaps more readily appreciated for what it is: a simultaneous *reductio ad absurdum* of the manner of Arthur Wing Pinero and sublimation *ad absurdum* of that of the earlier Robert Hichens. It takes cleverness to achieve such a technic, and to that extent is Michael Arlen a very clever man.

"The Green Hat," Arlen's *magnum opus*, reaches the stage in his own dramatization. Like his published fiction, the play is inordinately successful—and for the same reason. The fine skill of Miss Katharine Cornell, that worthiest of our younger American actresses, is laid upon its sacred altar.

II

The American as Frenchman

The American actor can play the rôle of an Englishman, a German, an Italian, a Russian, a Greek or a Zulu, but it seems that one thing he cannot play is the rôle of a Frenchman. I have seen hundreds of American actors try to play Frenchmen, yet thus far I haven't been successful in laying eyes on one who got much further into his rôle than pronouncing Montmartre correctly and wearing a top hat in the mornings. Those American actors who, appearing in French drama or farce, have been most highly praised for the accuracy with which they have interpreted French characters are simply those who have interpreted the French characters not as French characters but rather as the French characters are customarily regarded by American eyes. The American theatregoer has definite and fixed ideas as to the way a Frenchman looks and comports himself, and the American actor has exactly the same ideas. To the American theatregoer and actor, all Frenchmen, from hack-drivers to members of the Academy, are cut from the same cloth. To them, the

Frenchman is not conceivable as a diversified human being susceptible of as many interpretations as, say, an Englishman, but only as a fixed pattern, and that pattern something of a freak. This point of view has gone so far and has become so set that when French actors come to America to interpret French characters in French plays, they invariably fail. The American, his mind made up as to French characters through long association with their American interpreters, actually feels that the French interpreters are faulty. And, as a consequence, the American generally comes to the conclusion that the French actor is a bad actor. Lucien Guitry, the best French actor of his time, is dead; but if he had come to America in French drama, I feel as certain that he would have failed as I feel certain that his talented son would fail were he to present himself to local audiences. Some of the critics would praise him, of course, but the audiences would not cotton to him. They would not understand his Frenchmen and they would not believe them. The characters in his plays they would understand and believe, but his interpretations of these characters would fail to make much of an impression on them. It would be the old case of the giraffe. The American, when it comes to giraffes—which is to say authentic French characterizations—has spent his entire life looking at mocking-birds.

It is not, however, that the American actor doesn't occasionally try to work himself into the soul and fibre of the French character he is called upon to interpret. It is, rather, that, try as he will, he is unable, for one reason or another, to penetrate it and, penetrating it, expound it convincingly in its various detail. The trick of dialect—I am speaking, plainly enough, of translated or adapted plays—he now and then masters; the Frenchman's dress he now and then similarly duplicates; the Frenchman's gestures and carriage he also now and then manages to get in hand. But he simply cannot get in hand the sense and feel of the Frenchman.

What we customarily engage, accordingly, is a French character more or less accurate in the matter of externals, but otherwise little more Gallic than the *Paris Herald* or the Ritz bar. It has been said that the reason for this is the ineradicable difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Frenchman, a difference that makes impossible even an Anglo-Saxon mummer's interpretation of a Frenchman. But the argument does not convince me. Surely, there is an equal difference between, let us say, the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard, yet even so poor an American actor as Robert Edeson has, in the Maugham play called "The Noble Spaniard," done excellently by the rôle. On the other hand, were I to be threatened with a year in the calabozo if I didn't name an American actor who had performed the rôle of a Frenchman with moderate accuracy, I fear that I should have at once to put in an order with my tailor for black and white striped mufti.

But if the reasons usually assigned for the complete inability of American actors to play French characters are wrong, what are the reasons? I answer the question with the utmost ease: I don't know. I have thought up eight or nine reasons that have a superficial ring of truth to them, but none of them, duly meditated, holds water. I conclude, indeed, that it may not be the fault of the American actor at all. The burden perhaps lies with the French dramatist. The latter, particularly if he be a writer of comedy or farce, has his characters ready-made to his hand in the persons of French actors, who are 100 per cent Frenchmen and typical of the French as a nation from the crowns of their heads to the tips of their white spats. The French actor, in heart, in processes of mind and in general deportment, is the symbol of all Frenchmen, or at least of all Frenchmen who are material for the pen of a dramatic writer. He is an exaggerated symbol, true enough, but the stage is the home of exaggeration. Hence, the French dramatist—with obvious exceptions—may al-

most be said to have his characters written for him by whoever is the Chamberlain Brown of Paris. Such a playwright as Sacha Guitry, indeed, doesn't go to the trouble of creating characters at all; he simply writes himself and then plays it. And to ask an American subsequently to play the rôle, which is less a rôle than it is Sacha Guitry himself, is to ask not one actor to play another actor's rôle but to ask one man to *be* another man. Nor have I, for purposes of argument, hit on an unduly exaggerated case. We hear much in America of so-called type actors. In France, it is not a case of type actors but of type men. The French dramatist doesn't pick out an *actor* who is the type for a particular rôle; he picks out the *man* among the actors who *is* the rôle. Cataloguing is a sin for which I have received many a brick in the neck, so I shall refrain from persuading you in this direction with a lengthy list of names and dates. Let it therefore suffice to suggest the evidence merely by citing the instances of the casting of Edgar Becman during the heyday of the beauteous Lantelme, of Raymond Bernard cast by his father, Tristan, for the rôle of Bernhardt's *jeune premier*, of the casting by Bataille of the MM. Roger Vincent and Pierre Magnier in his "Vierge Folle," and of the original casting of Desjardins for the leading rôle in the light love symphony called "Petite Hollande." Now, obviously enough, when such rôles or rôles of a kind are imported by American producers and American actors bidden to interpret them, the latter must find themselves in sore straits. It is logical enough to request an American actor to play a rôle written for a French actor—though, as I have said, the request is factually ridiculous—but it is hardly logical to ask him to play a rôle written around and for a definite and peculiar Frenchman who happens to be an actor. If it be reasonable to ask him to do any such thing, then it is equally reasonable to ask and expect Firmin Gémier to be a wow in "Is Zat So?"

These remarks are inspired by the acting

in three more or less recently divulged French adaptations and by the acting that we are certain to get in several similar exhibits due in the near future.

III

Contra Mundum

At the risk of supporting further the estimable Dr. Walkley's opinion of me, to wit, that I seem to have a fondness for the *contra mundum* attitude, I find myself liking the new Anderson-Stallings play, "First Flight." And this for all the circumstance that everything that has been said against it strikes me as being sound criticism. The play is, in fact, heavily conversational; it moves with disturbing slowness in an age of theatrical jazz; it shows the same disregard for compact form that the authors' antecedent plays, written singly or in collaboration, have shown. Yet there is in it, for the patient ear, a fine ring of brave beauty and the soft melody of an understanding tenderness, and these are surely something in a day when the hysteria that passes for criticism is reserved for such dramatic shooting-gallery practise as "The Vortex" and for such symbols of adultery as the millinery of Mr. Arlen. In this tale of young Andrew Jackson's first venture into the restless backwoods of the dawning nation and of his meeting there with blackleg treachery and white-frosted love, the men who wrote "What Price Glory?" and—one of them—"Outside Looking In"—have caught something with the fragrance of honest romance in it, a romance that, true enough, doesn't always catch and hold the glitter of the footlights and that frequently calls for printer's ink instead of canvas and rouge, but that withal captures now and again a trace of the mood of drama that holds in its heart a dream of glory. If it be a pose, an arbitrarily oppugnant attitude, to like that kind of drama above the more generally effective five-and-ten-cent store kind, then I am a poser and shall continue to be one until

the ambulance fails to arrive in time with the antidote for wood alcohol.

"First Flight," not a good play as good plays are bottled and labeled today, in point of fact periodically a poor play and one that doubtless will be in the storehouse long ere this, is still a play from the hands of men whose fancy is high and whose talents appear to be the most important—next to Eugene O'Neill's—in the present-day American theatre. Their last act of this particular play, denounced as tedious drivel, is to this mind the most charming instance of sound sentimental dramatic writing that the native stage has disclosed in some time.

I have mentioned "The Vortex," the Noel Coward importation which has been greeted locally as the greatest dramatic gem since the "Maidens of Trachis." No such scenes of excitement on an opening night have been witnessed since Rudolph Schildkraut lost his whiskers in "John Gabriel Borkman." The engaging author's friends and well-wishers crowded the theatre to the doors and began applauding the play before the first curtain went up. And by the time the last one came down the yelling and cheering were so loud that the cast of "Love's Call," playing six blocks away, came out and took ten bows. That Mr. Coward's play, even with a house full of such transparent thumb-pullers, should have been so ecstatically received is a matter for considerable surprise even on the part of those of us who are used to the monkeyshines of initial night audiences. That it is theatrically effective in certain of its phases, there is no denying, though that effectiveness is grounded vastly less upon sound, penetrating drama and character than upon the obvious emotional superficialities of actor-made entertainment. The theatrical effectiveness of "The Vortex," in a word, is simply the theatrical effectiveness of a sudden revolver shot, a tin-sheet thunder clap or a mechanical cloudburst. It no more stands analysis in the light of authentic drama than the exciting race climax of a Drury Lane

melodrama or the hand that steals around the door-jamb to extinguish the lights in a detective play. The author, an actor by profession and a skilful one, has gauged the stage kick of his manuscript with all the shrewdness of one experienced in jockeying artificially with a popular audience's sensibilities, and he has got the result he aimed for. But of reality—the reality, say, of some such not greatly dissimilar play as Maugham's "Our Betters"—he has got next to nothing. His "Vortex" is shiny and it glitters, but the shine and glitter are of polished brass. Yet a reading of at least one of his other plays, not yet produced in America, persuades one that there is promise in Coward's future. His present, the present of "The Vortex," is largely a fire-fly that has been mistaken for a new comet.

IV

Briefer Mention

"Outside Looking In" is a solo effort by Maxwell Anderson; its basis, Jim Tully's excellent hobo saga, "Beggars of Life." The play made from the book is a fresh and lively thing the amusement power of which doesn't quite obscure a structural weakness and a padding as obvious as that of the Raglan overcoats of the early nineties. More, though the hoboos presented to us in the dramatization are diverting fellows, they smell less of actuality than of the vaudeville stage. The impression is of a stageful of Joe Jacksons without bicycles rather than of actual hooligans. But back of the play there is a sense of life. Not even the movie melodrama plot upon which the exhibition is built can hide that.

"Cradle Snatchers," by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell, is a funny farce-comedy adaptation of the French gigolo idea to a Long Island setting. Some tasty rough-and-tumble humor and some good comic acting go to constitute a commendably saucy evening. "Canary Dutch," by Willard Mack, is cheap sentimental crook

stuff. "The Jazz Singer," by Samson Raphaelson, is poorly written comedy-drama not without a periodic trace of sound emotional forthrightness, admirably acted in its leading rôle by the vaudeville boy, George Jessel, and, in a secondary rôle, by a Miss Dorothy Raymond. In "Harvest," by Kate Horton, and in "Courting," by A. Kenward Matthews, I can see nothing. The former is diluted Manchesterism concerned with a yokel girl who succumbs to the slick ways of a city fellow and with the obvious reactions of her family to the fell catastrophe. The latter is a Scotch importation and plays the venerable Cinderella tune on a bagpipe plainly lacking enough wind. "The Pelican," by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood, is a machine-made tear-squeezer, 1890 model.

"The Butter and Egg Man," by George S. Kaufman, is a thoroughly amusing farce-comedy dealing with the adventures of a provincial come-on who puts his money into the theatrical business. The author's humor is based upon observation and experience, and his play, for all the crudity of its plot mechanics, is a fetching example of the sort of theatrical entertainment launched in America by the late Charles H. Hoyt and developed by George M. Cohan. I observe that it has been said against the play that it deals with subject matter and interests too far removed from the lives and comprehension of the generality of people. The same devastating criticism may be made of "Oedipus Rex."

"Human Nature," by J. C. and Elliot Nugent, is an attempt at profundity by two gentlemen whose philosophical studies have been pursued chiefly on the vaudeville stage. The cogitations of the gentlemen in point revolve about the problem of sex and the deduction they finally arrive at, after much polysyllabic deliberation, is that if a very young girl marries a very old man she will soon or late feel stirring within her certain suppressed impulses. This amazing contribution to the philosophical knowledge of the world the gentlemen set into the framework of the kind of drama in which two young people, left alone in a room, are irresistibly drawn, after much visible trembling, into each other's embrace and in which the heroine conveys to the audience the fact that she is with child by looking steadily at her shoes. "The New Gallantry," by F. S. Merlin and Brian Marlow, both members of the acting profession, is an excessively windy recommendation of the sex-sedative for overly nervous and fretful young women. The heroine is a former worker in French war hospitals; the hero, a lusty hobo. The authors, during the course of the evening, deliver themselves of quotations from all their favorite authors in support of their thesis. At 10:30 p. m., when I made my departure, they had got to the P's and were still going strong.

The best of the new tune exhibits are "Sunny," with a score by Jerome Kern, and "The Vagabond King," with a score by Rudolph Friml.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Fiction Good and Bad

SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR, by Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FIRE-CRACKERS, by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

PRAIRIE, by Walter J. Muilenberg. New York: The Viking Press.

THE WHITE OXEN AND OTHER STORIES, by Kenneth Burke. New York: Albert & Charles Boni.

THE GRACE OF LAMBS, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Conrad's Napoleonic novel, long in prospect and left unfinished at his death, will certainly not go into the first rank of his canon; nevertheless, it is a glowing and beautiful piece of work, and shows clearly that, even beyond sixty, he was still learning how to write. Such diligence and application reveal a humility that is rare among authors. Only too often the first half of their work is better than the second half. But Conrad was of a different sort. He labored immensely and indefatigably, shut in his room; he was never satisfied with his accomplishment. The fruits of that heroic endeavor show themselves in "Suspense." It begins clumsily, but after the first chapter it is a truly superb piece of writing. Napoleon is at Elba, preparing for the Hundred Days; Europe trembles like a Presbyterian in his cellar, with Prohibition officers afoot. One never actually sees the Corsican, but on every page one hears him, feels him, smells him. His shadow flits through every *salon*. He is present in every tap-room. No rumor flies that he is not part of. Conrad takes us to Genoa on the Ligurian Sea, with Elba it-

self just over the skyline. We are among ambassadors, princes, adventurers, thieves. Through all of them runs that baleful current of uneasiness, of foreboding, of alarm. It is a magnificent evocation of a mood. One admires it as one admires Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. It is a fragment, but that fragment is well-nigh perfect. Sheer virtuosity could go no further.

Sherwood Anderson, like Conrad, seems unable to stand still. His whole career has been a history of seeking, of experimentation, of hard effort. More than once, groping for ideas that somehow eluded him, he has come to grief. There was the early case of "Marching Men." There was the recent case of "Many Marriages." But in "Dark Laughter," it seems to me, he has at last found his method, and achieved his first wholly satisfying book. It is, in essence, extremely simple in plan, and even bald. A man and a woman, each married, meet by chance, and are presently in flight together. An obvious story? Its merit lies precisely in the fact that it is *not* obvious. What Anderson seeks to convey is the fundamental irrationality of the whole proceeding. He shows the two propelled into each other's arms by forces that are quite beyond them—not great cosmic currents, turned on by the angels, but a complex series of trivial impulses, arising out of the dullness of every day. John Stockton, a second-rate newspaper reporter, flees from life in two rooms with a banal wife, and goes to work, idiotically enough, in a wheel factory. It is in a small Ohio town, and the owner of the factory has a wife. She and John float together like leaves gliding down a stream. It is scarcely a love affair, as such things are understood. There is no grotesque Freudian machinery. John and Aline Grey simply collide in the void.

When they depart together it somehow seems impossible and unreal. But are such things clearly real in actual life? Are they rationalized before the fact—or after?

"The only thing I could possibly write about," says one of the minor characters in the tale, "would be just about this stuff I am always giving you—about impotence, what a lot of it there is." It is a statement of Anderson's own limitation, and of the sources of his peculiar merit. The fatuous omniscience of the average novelist is not in him. He does not set out to tell you exactly why his characters do this or that; he is content to show them doing it. What he offers, beyond that, is mere speculation—often vague enough, but sometimes vastly more illuminating than cocksure explanations. I don't think he is altogether successful with Aline, but certainly he has never done a more brilliant and searching portrait than that of Stockton. Nor has he ever managed his background with greater skill or finer feeling. Nor has he ever bespattered it with more striking minor personages. The book, in brief, shows him coming to a genuine mastery of his manner. It is not the manner of any other novelist ever heard of. It has defects, disadvantages, even absurdities. But if the central purpose of a novelist is to make his people breathe and move, then surely Anderson has come to be one of the most adept of the craft in practice among us.

Miss Cather, in "The Professor's House," shows all the qualities that one has learned to expect of her. Her observation is sharp and exact; she is alert to the tragedy of every-day life; she sees her people, not in vacuums, but against a definite background; above all, she writes in clear, glowing and charming English. I know of no other American novelist, indeed, whose writing is so certain of its effects, and yet so free from artifice. She avoids both the elaborate preciousities of Cabell and Hergesheimer and the harsh uncouthness of Dreiser and Anderson. She has, obviously, a good ear, and apprehends the world as symphony more than as spectacle. Her defect is a

somewhat uncertain grasp of form; her stories often seem to run away with her. It is apparent even in "My Antonia"; in "The Professor's House" it comes dangerously near being fatal. Tom Outland's story, 75 pages long, almost breaks the back of the story of Professor St. Peter. It is, in itself, a story of singular power, and it is essential to what goes before it and yet more essential to what follows after; nevertheless, the feeling persists that throwing it in so boldly and baldly is bad workmanship—that the business might have been managed with far more nicety. One submits to the shock only because the book as a whole is so beautifully written—because the surface is so fine and velvety in texture that one half forgets the ungraceful structure beneath.

In brief, "The Professor's House" is a study of the effects of a purple episode upon a dull life—perhaps more accurately, of the effects of a purple episode upon a life that is dull only superficially, with purple glows of its own deep down. Professor St. Peter is a teacher of history, and spends half his life at work upon one monumental monograph. His subject is the early Spanish adventurers; he writes about them in the attic room of a colorless house in an inland college town, with the neighborhood seamstress for company. Into his quiet circle there pops suddenly a romantic youth from the very land of the ancient conquistadors—a fellow curious and mysterious, half hind and half genius. A few years, and he is gone again. But not from the professor's memory—not from his heart. Tom Outland lives on there, though his bones lie somewhere in France. (Once more, alas, Miss Cather hears the bugles of 1917!) . . . Not, perhaps, much of a story. Rather obvious. But how skillfully written! How excellent in its details! What an ingratiating piece of work!

Van Vechten's "Fire-Crackers," for some reason that leaves me guessing, does not lift me. The Van Vechten marionettes, as a rule, give me a great deal of pleasure. I enjoy their intricate and sanitary adul-

teries, their gaudy adventures in the seven arts, their combats of epigram, their immense capacity for frolicking happily in a Christian and infamous world. Here they are again, and with all their customary baggage of outlandish and fascinating words: esurient, brumous, nimiety, pinguid, etc. But somehow I follow them less pleasantly than in the past; perhaps my mounting troubles have put me, at least temporarily, out of the mood. Nor am I moved by Mr. Muilenburg's peasants in "Prairie." They never seem real to me for an instant. I can't get rid of a feeling that they are set up in front of me, not by one who has lived among them and sweated with them, but by a spectator from the Ford of some agricultural experiment station. The glow of G. D. Eaton's "Back-furrow" is not in "Prairie." The short stories of Messrs. Komroff and Burke drop me even further. Both authors seem to have ardent followings in esoteric literary circles. I can find nothing in Mr. Komroff's pieces save a vague desire to be poetical and profound. They have no direction, and only too often they have no sense. Mr. Burke is one who began as a writer of conventional fiction, and then took to the fourth dimension. His career thus follows that of James Joyce. There is, however, an important difference. Mr. Joyce's conventional fiction had genuine merit; he wrote capital fugues before he tackled the music of the future. Mr. Burke's early pieces, printed in "The White Oxen," are simply bad. His later ones are such muddy, indignant stuff as thrills the bold minds of the Café Rotonde.

There remains "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish, a prize novel, but nevertheless a work of sound virtues. Its theme is the ancient one of female sacrifice; its manner is that of irony. All the Champion women devote themselves gloriously to the ease of Victor, heir of the house. Two of them lose good husbands because marrying would annoy him; two others drudge away their whole lives in his service. And what is Victor at the end?

A frayed and preposterous old beau, vaguely and unprofitably engaged in a real-estate office—a man not worth the furfural it would take to send him to the morgue. The story, obviously, offered the author technical difficulties of considerable magnitude. She had to carry it over a long term of years; she had to have recourse frequently to ticklish foreshortenings; her characters had to grow as well as live. It seems to me that she met these difficulties with great ingenuity, and got over them in a highly competent manner. The narrative moves without a hitch; there is not a false note; the final effect is achieved surely, and even brilliantly. Altogether, the work of a new novelist whose talent is unmistakable. I know nothing of her previous books, two in number; they seem to have made little impression. But in "The Perennial Bachelor" she has done a story that has good ideas in it, and shows a civilized habit of mind, and is written with quite unusual skill.

Genesis vs. Sense

CAN A MAN BE A CHRISTIAN TODAY? by William Louis Poteat. Chapel Hill, N. C.: *The University of North Carolina Press*.

THE EARTH SPEAKS TO BRYAN, by Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Both these books owe their origin to the Bryanist uprising against the evolutionary hypothesis in the Bible Belt, and both seek to maintain the thesis that there is nothing essentially antagonistic between science and religion—that it is perfectly possible to be intelligent and enlightened, and yet remain a good Christian. Dr. Osborn's approach is from the battered bomb-proofs of science; Dr. Poteat's is from the swarming trenches of orthodox Christianity. This last must be said in spite of the fact that Dr. Poteat, for twenty-two years, was a professor of biology, and has done time in the Zoölogische Institut at Berlin, a reeking nest of infidelity, monarchism and *Biergemütlichkeit*. He is nevertheless, I take it, primarily a good Christian—more,

a good Baptist. For years, indeed, he has been a sort of liaison officer between the Baptist revelation and human progress in his native State of North Carolina, where he is president of a small and highly Christian college. On the one hand he has stuck valiantly to such curiosities of the Baptist sorcery as total immersion and Prohibition; on the one hand he has served his State magnificently as a public critic of the Bryan bibliolatry. The fact that North Carolina is now the most intelligent of all the Southern States is largely due to him. They are still Christians down there, but they no longer believe that the earth is flat, that man is not a mammal, or that Jonah swallowed the whale.

In "Can a Man Be a Christian Today?" he reveals himself as a writer of singular grace and charm—well-informed, full of plausibility, and not without eloquence. His argument seems to be that modern man should continue to accept all those parts of the Bible that have not yet been disposed of by science. This includes, of course, most of the ethical parts, and many of the historical parts. The scientific parts are nearly all gone, and Dr. Poteat appears to harbor little regret for them. Unfortunately, there is a hole in his argument. What he asks us to do, in brief, is to give full faith and credit, on the ground that we are yet unable to show their falsity, to passages that are inextricably linked to passages that every schoolboy now knows to be nonsense. In other words, he asks us to trust a discredited witness once more—until he is caught again. This is surely a hard demand. Nor is the learned doctor more convincing when he argues that science itself is largely based upon faith, and that it cannot explain that faith. This is nonsense. What science teaches is based upon observation, including especially its doctrine of the invariability of natural processes. There is certainly no "intuition" here, as Dr. Poteat argues. There is only overwhelming experience. Whenever it is discovered that a natural "law" is not true, that "law" is promptly abandoned.

Science simply generalizes from experience; it does not dogmatize *a priori*. Dr. Poteat, in fact, destroys his whole contention by quoting, with approbation, the definition of faith in Hebrews, II, 1: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," or, in Moffatt's modernized translation, "Faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see." To say that any genuine scientist believes in what he merely hopes for, in what he cannot see, is libel. That, indeed, is precisely what he does *not* do. The essence of his position is that he gives no credit to anything that he cannot see—if not with his physical eyes, then at least with machines that compensate for their infirmities. What he cannot see, he simply does not believe. He is the exact antithesis of a man of faith.

Dr. Osborn, who is also a Christian, wanders into fallacies still worse. He argues that Aristotle "was right in claiming that the order of living things as we know them precludes fortuity and demonstrates purpose." Where is the evidence for this? Dr. Osborn hints that it is to be found in Paley. But where is it to be found in the visible world? My hand is a beautiful instrument—though, as F. Wood Jones long ago demonstrated, it is by no means the exquisitely perfect one that romanticists believe it to be. It is adapted to handling my razor, to playing the piano, to reaching out for a cocktail. But how do I know that it was designed for these purposes? All I actually know is that it came to be, and that these purposes happen to fit into its design. The Fundamentalist, I suppose, argues that God intended me to keep myself cleanly shaven, and Dr. Osborn apparently joins him. My own belief is that, when the human hand began to differentiate itself from the paw of the *Ur-Fundamentalist*, God had no more thought of my shaving in mind than He had of my composing this present monograph. There were other things to think of in those remote days, if, indeed, any thinking was done at all. If there was a purpose, it

remains to this day a wholly inscrutable purpose. Thus when Dr. Osborn speaks of it, he speaks of it as a man of faith, and not as a scientist. Scientists know nothing of purposes; they know only demonstrable phenomena.

My belief is that all the current effort to reconcile science and religion will come to nothing. The two things have entirely different aims. The aim of science is to observe and describe the universe; the aim of religion is to reassure man when he confronts breaks in his knowledge. It is essentially a scheme to deprive the unknown of its terrors. If there is actually any such thing as the unknowable, religion will serve a useful purpose to the end of the world, but every time the unknown is converted into the known it loses something. That is to say, every time science makes an advance it loses something. Before anyone knew that typhoid fever was caused by a bacillus resident in polluted water and milk, people turned perforce to religion when there was an epidemic of the disease. Man was impotent; they had to appeal to God. But today they appeal to science, and science helps them far more effectively than God ever did. The more ignorant the man, the more religious he is. The savage in the jungle sees an evidence of God's wrath every time he stumps his toe; the barbarians at Dayton, Tenn., waited daily for God to strike Clarence Darrow dead for refusing to believe the balderdash in Genesis. But as man rises the number of situations in which he feels the presence of God tends to diminish, and so he tends to be less religious, whatever his fidelity to the forms of a liturgy. He may continue to go to church, as Dr. Poteat does and Dr. Osborn does, but he is no longer favorable fodder for the rev. clergy: science has made it harder to scare him.

As I say, religion will continue to flourish so long as man confronts the unknown, and is puzzled and alarmed by it—that is, so long as the unknown menaces his every-

day comfort. It is not ignorance *per se* that shakes him, but ignorance that is practical, pressing and personal. No man is ever led to give money to foreign missions because the exact value of π is unknown, but many a dollar has come in, I venture, because no cure for sorrow is known. Thus religion supplements and complements science, *i. e.*, knowledge. I am certainly not one to deny its high uses, though I do not make avail of them. But neither am I one to overestimate its place in the modern world, among enlightened men. It is doomed to diminish in importance as knowledge increases, as science makes progress. In the form of Christianity it is already violently in conflict with much that we know positively about the origin, nature and operation of the visible world. Here no educated man follows its teachings any longer, not even Dr. Poteat; he rejects whole sections of the Bible as in contempt of the known facts, and denounces the Fundamentalists as ignoramuses. In the department of ethics it is still but little challenged, but even here increasing knowledge may eventually force the same revisions that we have already seen in the department of cosmogony. I don't know. But this I do know: that the practical effect, upon professing Christians, of the Christian ethical theory is by no means so salubrious that we can afford to accept it wholly without scrutiny. It would be hard, I believe, to find an agnostic man of science who is as violent a foe of all ordinary decency as the average Prohibition enforcement officer, or as implacable an enemy of every sort of intellectual dignity and integrity as the average Baptist pastor. Maybe, in the end, it will turn out that there are far better ways of making men good than by the device of appealing to their faith, *i. e.*, to their capacity for believing what no man knows. If that time ever comes, religion will go the way of phrenology. It continues to flourish, not because man has progressed beyond the ape, but because his progress has not yet gone far enough.

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